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PUNCH

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A COLLOQUY IN CLOUDLAND.

SCENE—Cloudland, nigh to midnight of the last day of the Old Year. *The Incomparable Sage of Fleet Street and "La Mancha's Matchless Knight" mounted on their respective wooden horses.*

Mr. Punch (spurring the Spotted One). Yoicks! Tallyho!! Hark forward!!! Something like space-consuming speed this, eh, my dear Don? Who talks now of a Horseless Age?

Don Quixote (turning the peg of Malambruno's magic steed). Only your scientific and sensational journals, who, dryasdust dogs! are, after all, endless leagues behind Merlin the Enchanter, and the magic-aided heroes of old romance.

Mr. Punch. Kim up, my timber-built timber-topper, and spotted space-devourer! As though the much-talked of motor-carriage, auto-cycle, or petroleum-propelled tram-car of these mouthing days of modernity might compare with the Trifaldi's steed, my spotted Pegasus, or even the peripatetic carpet of Persian story! Speed you well, valorous knight!

Don Quixote. Heaven guide thee, undaunted Sage! Hah! How you fly aloft! How you cut the air more swiftly than an arrow!! How you mount, and soar, and astonish the world below!!!

Mr. Punch. Haha! Ours is no imaginary, bellows-blown flight, as was yours, worthy knight, when seated with SANCHE on the wooden crupper of Clavileno, pressed aforetime by the valourous PETER of Provence, and the fair MAGALONA!

Don Quixote. Nay, indeed, Sir Knight of the Spotted Bucephalus—for thou art no chivalry-scorning TRIFALDI—we are not now blindfolded, and thy Pegasus, thy Brilladoro, thy Bayarte, thy Frontino, thy Clavileno el Aligero—or Wooden-Peg the Winged—might give a lead even to my renowned Rosinante!

Mr. Punch. Blindfolded? Nay, dear knight, I am the Dazzling Illuminator, not the Bewildering Blinler!

Don Quixote. I plainly perceive that thou art a Progressive.

Mr. Punch. I am a Progressive Moderate and a Moderate Progressive. Badge me not therefore in any less comprehensive fashion, O Knight of the Rueful Countenance.

Don Quixote. I presume, Sir Sage, that those same Progressives, however, who claim to initiate all the forthright movement of the Age, did originate and invent the motor-carriages, auto-cycles, and other the horseless locomotive vehicles of which we spake but now?

Mr. Punch. Who better than yourself should know, my dear Don, that all are not Progressives who make a stir about Progress? Like the circumgrators in the game of "Giant's Stride," many of them ramp round in a circle, and "get no forrader." I am the only true and trustworthy Progressive, and my auto-motor cuts *all* records!

Don Quixote. And is it propelled by petroleum?

Mr. Punch. By nothing so crude, flaring, and fuliginous, dear Don. It is "motived" by—LIGHT!

Don Quixote. Wondrous machine! How would I like to mount it! Is it in likeness of a horse?

Mr. Punch. Say not the wittings and wiseacres that we are on the verge of a Horseless Age?

Don Quixote. They do. But, by the bones of my beloved Rosinante, the idea liketh me not. The horse is indeed a noble animal——

Mr. Punch. And will continue to be "useful to man," our current cyclo-and-auto-motormania notwithstanding. The cycle doubtless hath its utility, and even charm, though in certain of its characteristics it seems qualified to give mankind the hump!

Don Quixote. And womankind the wobbles!

Mr. Punch.

When lovely woman stoops to wheeling,
And finds too late that bikes betray,
Beauty, and grace, and finer feeling
She 'll see the sex hath chucked away!

Don Quixote. Verily, had my peerless DULCINEA herself bestraddled a spinning-wheel in ungraceful posture and unseemly garb, I, her sworn knight, should have deemed her the victim of diabolic enchantment. Why, even the afflicted duenna, with her fair cheeks beard-begrown by enchantment, she whom SANCHE called the Countess Three-Skirts, would not—save under dire compulsion—have donned the modern divided skirt and mounted the man-saddled steed of steel. Art sure, Sir Sage, that after all it is *not* enchantment that hath so far unsexed *your* afflicted damosels and duennas, and that 'tis not my duty in their defence to lay lance in rest——

Mr. Punch. Nay, sweet soul of chivalry, Mayfair is not La Mancha, and you may safely leave its fair denizens to the defence—or, if need be, chastening—of that knightly lance of to-day, my own invincible and unerring *bâton*. But, verily, 'twere a punishment not ill-deserved by certain of our mannish maidens and male-mimicking matrons did MALAMBRUNO clap bristly scrubbing-brush hairs upon them as upon your distressful Duenna of Toledo.

Don Quixote. Verily, Sir Sage, we are mounting skyward, dawn-ward, New Year-ward in a wondrous manner! Thy spotted steed is surely Pegasus itself, for Skyworld is full of myriad voices of wisdom and melody.

Mr. Punch. But my Auto-Motor, comparable only with the Sun God's glowing chariot, shall outsoar and outshine even our present empyrean flight.

Voice (suddenly sounding behind them). Wuff! Wuff! Wuff!

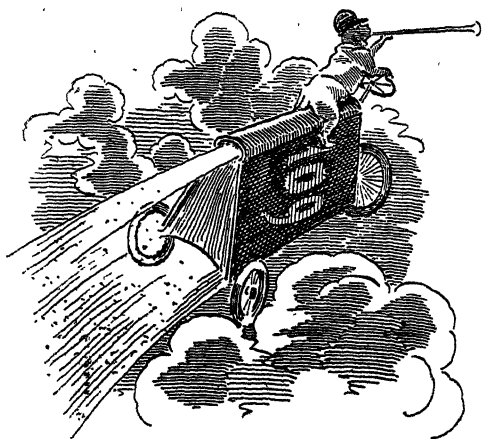
Don Quixote (looking round). Saints preserve us! What is this new marvellous enchantment? Hath Sirius itself broken loose?—doth the Dog Star follow our trail?

Mr. Punch. What seest thou, Sir Knight?

Don Quixote (with awe). I behold, as it were, an aerial fire-wheeled car, shapen in the guise of a Titanic Tome, coruscating comet-like in its career, whereon is mounted—yes, verily—a Dog—a Dog of Dogs! What, Sir PUNCH, may be this portent?

Mr. Punch. Why, my dear DON QUIXOTE—who seems scarcely the Quixote Quicksight of the nursery rhyme—what should it be but TOBIAS himself with that promised specimen of my Auroral Autocar, or Mirific Motor-Carriage, self-impelled, self-steered, self-lighted, self-heated, the most peerless outcome of the true Progressive spirit, the true acme of sure and speedy Progress; in other words, dear Don, and at your entire service, my

One Hundred and Ninth Volume!!!





A PATH OF PEACE.

(The Baltic Canal, June 22, 1895.)

["Peace reigns over the whole fleet," &c.—"Daily News" Special.]

A WORK of Peace, whereto from near and far
Gather the iron-bosomed brood of war,
Like new Stymphalian birds, whose claws and wings
The warrior welcomes and the poet sings.
Oh, gentle Peace, how strange in our strange day.
Thy mailed retinue, thine armed array!
Those flower-deck'd obelisks, that silken rope,—
Bright illustrations of the Tales of Hope,—
The royal speeches and the loyal cheers,
Disguise misgivings as they silence fears,
But Denmark's memories, and the thoughts of France,
As through the stream that yacht's white bows advance,
Breaking that slender cord from bank to bank,
Might move reflections strange. Yet let us thank
Adventurous skill which gives our ships to-day
A shorter passage and a safer way!
Not war alone, but trade, will take the track
That shuns the wild and stormy Skager Rak;
And may Brunsbüttel's now familiar name
Be little linked with Empire's big War-Game
May battle-echoes in the Baltic cease,
And the Canal be a new Path for Peace

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

OUR B. A. (i.e., "Baron's Assistant") begs to congratulate Mr. GERALD CAMPBELL very heartily on the success of *The Joneses and the Asterisks* (JOHN LANE). It is no easy task to write a story in a series of what may be called monological dialogues,—dialogues, that is to say, in which only one party speaks while the rest are understood,—and yet to keep that lightness of touch and that sparkle of wit without which dialogues become mere barren boredom. This is the task that Mr. CAMPBELL has brilliantly accomplished. *The Joneses and the Asterisks* is as keen and telling a piece of social satire as it has been the B. A.'s good fortune to come across for many a long day.

Thursday, June 27, Mid-day. The Baron opens ventilators, doors, windows. Then, at haphazard, he takes up a book. Its title, *What is heat?* . . . Answer immediately given by thermometer, "95° in the shade." That's heat! And if that isn't, what is? The second title of book is, *A Peep into Nature's Most Hidden Secrets*. But the Baron is not *Paul Pry*; he doesn't want to peep; at all events he cannot undertake any exertion until about November, say, when he will be delighted to peruse the work of Mr. FREDERICK HOVENDEK, F.L.S., F.G.S., F.R.M.S.,—"Three single Fellows rolled into one." "Let me descend to the ice-cellar, or in cool grot let me sit, with a soothing iced beverage and a choice Havannah; let me read there *About the North Pole*, and *Gunter's Tales of Ices*," quoth the

BURDENED BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

SHAKSPEARE ON THE SITUATION.

Caius Marcius Coriolanus . . . MR. CH-MB-RL-N.
Tullus Aufidius . . . L-ED S-L-SB-RY.

Act IV., Sc. 4. Antium (Downing Street). Before Aufidius's House.

Cor. O world, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast sworn,
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meals, and exercise,
Are still together, who twin, as 'twere, in love
Unseparable, should, within this hour,
On the dissension of a doit, break out
To bitterest enmity: so, fellest foes,
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep,
To take the one the other, by some chance,
Some trick, not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends,
And interjoin their issues. So with me:
My birth-place hate I, and my love's upon
This enemy town.

Auf. (entering, Sc. 5). Say, what's thy name?

Cor. My name is CAIUS MARCIUS, who hath done,
To thee particularly, and all the VOICES,
Great hurt and mischief . . . Now, this extremity,
Hath brought me to thy hearth.

Auf. O MARCIUS, MARCIUS!

Each word thou has spoken hath weeded from my heart
A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter
Should from yond' cloud speak divine things,
And say, "'Tis true," I'd not believe them more
Than thee, all noble MARCIUS.—Let me twine
Mine arms about that body, where against
My grained ash a hundred times hath broke.

. . . I do contest

As hotly and as nobly with thy love
As ever in ambitious strength I did
Contend against thy valour. . . Why, thou Mars! I tell thee
We have a power on foot . . . O, come, go in,
And take our friendly senators by the hands . . .

Cor. You bless me, gods!

Auf. Therefore, most absolute Sir, if thou wilt have
The leading of thine own revenges, take
The one half of my commission. But come in:
Let me commend thee first to those that shall
Say "Yea" to thy desires. A thousand welcomes
And more a friend than e'er an enemy;
Yet, MARCIUS, that was much. Your hand! most welcome!

[Exeunt CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.]

TOBY'S MEM.—Wednesday, July 3.—"Dog Days begin." Go
down to coast. "My bark is on the sea!" Avoid going south for
fear of the Muzzle-man.



IN THE SHADE.

Lord R-s-b-ry. 'WHO 'D BE A MINISTER?'

Sir W. V. H-r-r-r. 'WHO, INDEED? WHY I WOULDN'T DO IT IF THEY ASKED ME!'



HOW ROMANTIC!

She. "I SAY, THIS IS PRETTY AWFUL! POOR LITTLE MISS MESSUP!—IT SAYS HERE THAT 'SHORTLY AFTER THE WEDDING SHE DISCOVERED HE WASN'T REALLY A BARON!'"

He. "WELL, THINK OF THE POOR JOHNNY WHEN HE FOUND OUT SHE WASN'T REALLY AN HEIRESS!"

THE CANDIDATE'S VADE MECUM.

Question. Why do you desire to enter the House of Commons?

Answer. Because, if I am honoured by my fellow-men by being chosen to represent them, it is my ambition to serve them faithfully and maintain in all its glorious integrity the time-honoured heritage of this mighty empire.

Q. Yes, so you have said in your address to the electors; but have you no other reason for wishing to occupy a seat in Parliament?

A. Certainly. The prestige bestowed by the letters "M.P." is pleasing, and if the honour ultimately culminates in a baronetcy or a knighthood the distinction will be gratifying to my wife.

Q. Then you would not be adverse to receiving promotion in the line to which you have referred?

A. No; because I should consider that I acted merely as a trustee to my constituents—that I, in fact, appeared in the character of their personal representative.

Q. Yes, you said something of the sort the other evening at a canvassing meeting in reply to a question put to you by one of your voters; but surely the decoration would be desirable for some other consideration?

A. It undoubtedly would have a certain market value in the City in the eyes of promoters of public companies of limited liability.

Q. What measures have you taken to secure election beyond issuing the very admirable address to which I have, more than once, referred?

A. For the last two or three years I have assiduously nursed the constituency.

Q. What do you mean by nursing a constituency?

A. Obtaining a stake in the shape of land and a house in the division, and making myself generally popular amongst my fellow-ratepayers.

Q. How can you become popular?

A. By subscribing largely to local charities and institutions, laying foundation stones, and opening fancy bazaars with untiring energy.

Q. What considerations weigh with you when you are invited to add your name to a subscription-list?

A. I take care to make the sum I give a little larger than that contributed by my opponent, and take it as a general rule that lawn

tennis is of more importance than dispensaries, and polo, from a benevolent point of view, takes precedence of associations established to relieve dire distress.

Q. Is there any other method which may be adopted with advantage by those desirous of nursing a constituency?

A. Speaking frequently in assembly rooms, taking nursery gardens for the same purpose, and generally improving trade in the neighbourhood.

Q. Then the money paid for the hirings to which you refer is commercially popular?

A. It is, and (joined of course to the eloquence of my friends and myself) should distinctly influence the election.

Q. And should you be elected, what do you suppose you will have to do?

A. To thoroughly enjoy the honour of being able to treat the House of Commons as a club, and being asked by the leaders of my Party to all their entertainments. I shall see my name in every newspaper report when I have happened to take part in a popular function. I shall find that I have mounted the social ladder by leaps and bounds, and be able to pleasurably patronise or cut direct those who now become my inferiors.

Q. And what consideration will support you in your general demeanour?

A. The conviction that all I do, and have done, is and has been actuated by the purest patriotism.

"DALY NEWS! SPECIAL!"

ONCE again we welcome the return of Miss ADA REHAN, with JAMES LEWIS the Lively, and Mrs. GILBERT the Good, to DALY'S, in Leicester Square. But so short is their season, and so many are the pieces announced, that to take more than a snap-shot at any one of them is impracticable, seeing that the Daly changes are weekly. Ere anyone sees these lines AUGUSTIN DALY'S train of thought will have passed over, and beyond them. *The Railroad of Love* will have served its purpose, and become a siding. *Two Gentlemen of Verona* will be travelling first-class on Shakspearian main line leading to *Midsummer Night's Dream*, which, with its fairy revels and its music, will represent the terminus of this short journey. When will DALY & Co. come to stay?

THE SOMALIS AT SYDENHAM.

IN THE STABLES.

Miss Simplicia Simpson (looking at the native saddles on brackets). I suppose those are what they put on the ostriches!

Her Companion. They don't ride ostriches.

Miss Simpson (in a tone of pity and reproach). That only shows you've never read your *Swiss Family Robinson*!

A Gobe-mouche. Well, I never see a white lamb with a black 'ed before; that is a curiosity, ain't it?

His Phlegmatic Friend. Not arf such a curiosity as if it 'ad 'ad a black 'ed be'ind.

A Censorious Lady (before a row of baby elephants). Oh, aren't they horrid! Look at their horrid little eyes. (As one of them protrudes a predatory trunk.) Oh, get away, do! They are the most hideous creatures I've ever seen! Look at that one, all wrinkled and baggy like an old man. See, it's wagging its head about like a Chinese doll! I do think they're quite loathsome, don't you?

Her Companion (a more Tolerant Person).

I daresay they would'n't look so bad if they were varnished up a bit.

IN THE OSTRICH FARM.

The Keeper (who apparently considers his Show as moral as ARTEMUS WARD'S—to the Public generally). I've come over here from California, whose golden waters kiss the mouth of her Sunny Sands, and where there air strawberries all the year round. On the farm where I live there were only fourteen days in all of last year when we had no strawberries. The most Glorious climate in the World; and, if anyone don't believe it, all they've got to do is to die; and then, if they've been good, they'll go there, and find out for themselves. I'm not under Contract to say a single word here, but I want to talk to you about these birds, because they're generally misunderstood. They walk en-tirely from the Toe, which gives them the graceful, springy action you see. They air all named after the greatest people now living on airth. This one close to the rails is called JIM BLAKE. Mark well the Peculiarities, Life, Habits, and Characteristics of the Ostrich, and you will all of you go away And lead A moral life. The only absolutely Purrfect Being on this ole Universe is the bird now passing in front of me. Her name is GAIL HAMILTON, and She has The Smallest Feet of anyone here present, and the Smallest Head. She has only one ounce of brains inside of it, and that is Sufficient for her requirements, and nobody would have any use for more if they did not suffer from swelled heads. . . . Yes, little girl, you're purrfectly right—the ostrich does run zig-zag, which is A Fact that is Unknown to many Scientific men. The kick of the ostrich is as quick as lightning—quicker 'n lightning, be-cause you can see lightning, but you can't see an ostrich's kick, which is four kicks to the second, and kills a man every time. At certain seasons it is Impossible to go among these birds except On horseback, and provided with a stout pole with a fork at the end for Self-defence. All of these birds are here on Sale, and there is a large demand for them for Gentlemen's Parks and Country seats.

A Suburban Humourist (to his Wife). What d'ye say to gettin' a pair on 'em fur our back-yard, eh?

His Wife. 'Ow you do tork, 'ENRY! 'Oo do you suppose is goin' to 'ang the washing out with two o' them great houtlandish beasts lolloping around? Not me, and so I tell yer. I've enough work on my 'ands without no austridges!

[She fans herself violently with her programme, and 'ENRY is reduced to explain that his suggestion was not seriously intended.]

IN THE STANDS—DURING THE NATIVE DISPLAY.

Mrs. Keyveve (to her brother, Mr. FREDERICK FRIVELL, as the Somalis are performing a marriage dance). It seems a curious kind of wedding, doesn't it, FRED? Can you make out which are the bride and bridegroom?

Mr. Frivell. Fancy that's the bride in red cotton, with her hair down, prancing with maidenly gaiety between the first bridesmaid and the best man, while the bridegroom, becomingly draped in a bath-towel, may be observed capering up and down clapping hands with the officiating clergy. A simple but impressive ceremony.



"There they are, yer see—Comin' 'Ome from Southend!"

Mrs. Keyveve. Very. I wonder if they get any wedding presents. Mr. Frivell. Rather. The sportsman in the rusty wig gave 'em BROWNING's poems and an afternoon tea-kettle, and the Johnny with the feathers in his wool presented her with a dressing-bag. The photo-frames, card-cases and carriage-clocks are all laid out in one of the huts, according to the savage custom of the country, guarded by a detective in the disguise of a wedding guest, armed with poisoned spears.

Mrs. Keyveve. How silly you are! Look, they're rolling along a great wicker-basket. What can they have in it—the bride's luggage, perhaps? . . . Why, it's an enormous snake! See, it's crawling out!

Mr. Frivell. It's the bride's going-away dress, that's all. Someone ought to tell her that boas aren't worn this season, though.

'Arriet (in the Sixpenny Promenade, to 'ARRY). What are they miking all that row about—are they supposed to be torking, or what?

'Arry (vaguely). I expect they're declarin' war—against somebody or other.

'Arriet (reflectively). I wonder if that little bit of 'air stickin' up grows out of that feller's 'ed like that. Look at all them little nippers runnin' about—(with an air of discovery)—I expect they belong to some of 'em.

[The Somalis perform a war-dance, which seems to consist in squatting down opposite one another in a double row, chanting "Razza-Ho! Ho-ho-ho-ho!" or words to that effect, while two of the party dodge between the ranks and cluck like poultry, after which all rise, knock their wooden shields together until they lose further interest in the affair, and stroll away satiated.]

Mrs. Keyveve. Is that really their war-dance? It's very much the same as the marriage dance, isn't it?

Mr. Frivell (a contented bachelor). Yes; subtle beggars, these Somalis.

'Arry (during the Sham Fight). 'Ark at one on 'em 'owlin' "Oo-oo-oo!" he's took bad agen! Good-ole Mop 'Ed got one in that time! "Olla-olla-olla!"—he's sayin' the other bloke 'it 'im on the jor.

'Arriet. There's one keeps sayin' "Pudd'n" asplain as possible. There agen—"Pudd'n!" d'jeaz 'im? They orter bring that young SHAZARDER chap to see this; he'd feel at 'ome 'ere, among all these Injians, wouldn't 'e?

'Arry. They ain't Injians—they're Afrikins, didn't you know that much?

'Arriet. Oh, you're so partickler, you are!

Mrs. Keyveve (during the Dromedary Race). How seasick one must feel on those wobbly camels!

Mr. Frivell. The Camel has been beautifully called the "Ship of the Desert."

A Husband (confidentially, to his neighbour). Yer know, the Missus ain't enjoyin' all this, she aint—you see. I'll ask her, and you 'ear what she sez. (To his "Missus.") 'Ow d'yer like it, eh, Mother?

His "Missus" (with self-repression). Oh—middlin'.

Husband (insistently). Ah, I know what that means; yer don't care about it. Now, do yer?

His "Missus." It's well enough—in its way. (With irrepressible candour.) I'd sooner see the Mow'ork Minstruels.

Husband (to his neighbour, with a mixture of chagrin and complacency). Didn't I tell yer? That's where it is. I don't know a more severer criteek anywheres than what my ole woman is!

Miss Simpson. Look at those dear ostriches running after one another and opening their beaks. Now that's not imitation, you know!

'Arry (with his characteristic eye for analogy—as the entire caravan parades past in procession). There they are, yer see—Comin' 'Ome from Southend!

SMALL BY DEGREES AND BEAUTIFULLY LESS.—Our excellent contemporary the *Northern Whig* allows a correspondent to call attention to the nuisance of cycling in Malone Park. Apparently our "fellow-subjects of the sister kingdom" have followed the lead of "the beginners of Battersea," and "made themselves a source of annoyance to the majority of people resident in the locality." If "the nuisance" is permitted, the correspondent suggests the Park will soon be deserted. When this happens, the cyclist can appropriately alter his ride (by cutting off a letter) around Malone to Alone.

OPERATIC NOTES.

ANOTHER two "turns" and PATTI is off. Delightful to see and hear her as *Zerlina* in immortal Opera *Don Giovanni*. "Patti Patti" with "Batti Batti," "La ci darem," and all old friends admirably given and heartily encored. After one of the encores MAGGIE MACINTYRE walks off suddenly as if in search of lost pocket-handkerchief. In most serious moments ever a twinkle in MAGGIE's eye, and twitch at the corners of MAGGIE's mouth, as if giving audience clearly to understand that she is "only puttendin'."

Second Act. Enter PATTI; sings, pauses; wonders; sings note, like nightingale summoning mate; pauses; again wonders. "Some one had blundered!" BEVIGNANI beaming but bothered. "He cometh not," they said. Exit PATTI, shrugging shoulders. Curtain drops. Very short Act. Audience, amused, applaud. Curtain up again. BEVIGNANI brightens. Re-enter PATTI with merry *Masetto*, who privately explains that for a few moments he had lost his voice and had been looking for it. Fortunately, voice found; in chest; quite safe. Surely a little modern dramatic polish might be used to furbish up utterly idiotic old-fashioned stage-business of this ancient Italian Opera? Eh, Signor DRUGIOLANUS?

In the trio at end of Act II. somebody got off the line, and audience, determined that they would be better for a little more practice, called Ma'am ADINI, Miss MAGGIE, and Master BROZEL before the curtain, and then made them go through their exercise once more. Nothing like practice, to make perfect.

The Statueque *Commendatore* to be highly commended as represented by aristocratic MANNERS. New Italian Opera proverb "Manners makes the Commendatore." PATTI at premium. Royalty Restored to Box. Brilliant night. Crammed, jammed house.

In Lobby.—Much agitation among ancient Opera-goers on hearing report that MARIO is to sing here on Saturday afternoon. "MARIO!" they exclaim; "impossible!" Not at all: it turns out that this



Zerlina Patti accompanied by her Squire on the violoncello.

"MARIO" is a character in a new Opera by "ALICK MACLEAN" (pretty name, but nicer if it were "A WASH MECLAN"), entitled *Petruccio* (not SHAKSBEARE's *Petruchio*), in which one *Mario* is "*Elvira's little brother*," and so, possibly, he was quite an infant when sister *Elvira* was cruelly treated by *Don Giovanni*. Also in this new Opera appears "*Elvira's mother*." In fact, it is rather lucky for *Don* that he has gone below with *Stony Commendatore* to *Stony Stratford*, or elsewhere, as the talented *Elvira* family, with whom is associated *Rubino*, a gentleman "formerly betrothed to *Elvira*," would make it rather too hot for him.

Tuesday.—GLÜCK's *Orfeo*. "Gen'lm'n," if overtaken with wine, as was *David Copperfield* on a notable occasion, would say, "G'luck t' you," that is, could any gentleman in such state be possibly admitted to *Covent Garden*, and could dare to address *JULIA RAVOGLI*, admirable as *Orfeo*. *Cavalleria* to follow.

Thursday.—Madame SEMBRICH nice as *Violetta Traviata*, "were t'other dear charmer away!" Very hot night. MANCINELLI must for once have wished himself a non-conductor? Result, MANCINELLI Melted.

Friday.—*Adelina Zerlina Patti*-cake and the *Im-Maurel Don G.* Why not in such hot weather give opera with ice in it; PATTI in skates en *Patti-neuse*.

Saturday.—Welcome to Madame ALBANI, our *Valentine* in what WAGSTAFF calls "*Lay Hug-me-nots*." "Not bad title," he explains; "after crowd of ecclesiastics in swearing scene, pleasing to find two principal characters are 'lay': not 'lay-figures' but lovers

not permitted by hard Fate either to embrace each other or any opportunity of eloping together; so "*Hug-me-not*" curiously applicable." So far, WAGSTAFF. Strong cast this with *GRULLA RAVOGLI* as *Urbano* the page of music, *MELBA* as *Margherita* the Queen with the top-notes in her air; *JUPITER-PLANCON* as *Marcel*, *TAM AGNO* as *Hug-me-not Raoul*, and *ANCONA* as *Conte de Nevers-say-die*. Conducting orchestral army to victory, Marshal MANCINELLI is Merry and Meritorious.

THE BOY AND THE BAT.

"Who may describe a small boy's passion for his bat?"—*Daily News*.

Jemmy Bilkins, aged Thirteen-and-a-half, loquiter:—

I'VE won it, BILL, I've won it! And it's pooty nigh full size! Leastways, anyhow, it looks it. O, I tell yer, it's a prize. Yaller-backed, BILL, and cane'-andled, and its got a sort o' feel, As yer swing it wot reminds yer of a STONDAERT or a STEEL. Last Saturday as ever wos I turned out afore six, And practised in our back yard, wiv three lumps o' deal for "sticks." Young POLLY she bowled to me, and I drove 'er, and I cut, And "swiped over the Pervilion"—which I mean our water-butt. POLL can do a fair round-armed for a girl and no mistake, And she'll 'ave you, middle-stumpo, if yer don't look wide awake. 'Twas the day of our School Match, BILL, and our gaffer, Mister BLORE, 'Ad promised a cane'-andler to the boy as made top score. Oh I tell yer I meant 'aving it, if practisin' would do, But my bat 'ad split a lump off, and it seemed to 'it askew. 'Ow can yer "keepa straight bat" when your bat itself aint straight? But we did our level best, BILL, me an' POLLY.

At our fate
Out at Petersham I tell you as we done the thing to rights,
None o' yer 'at-an'-coat piles for the wickets, as is sights
A cricketer cocks snooks at, when 'e knows the real game.
No penny injy-rubber and a club! Though, all the same,
Wiv a second-'and stripped tennis-ball, a little on the lop,
Or even a ha'penny woodeny, an' the chump end of a mop,
And my jacket on a stick for stump, I've 'ad a lot of fun,
And wiv such on Gosling Green, BILL, I fust larned to 'it an' run.
But to-day we did it different. Real stumps was pitched O. K.,
We'd a scoring-sheet, and umpire! We'd a red new ball to play,
As it seemed a sin to slog at, 'cos it took the pooty out;
But I tell yer we forgot that wiv the fust good 'it and shout.

Lanky STEVE 'e made that 'it, 'e did. It scooted past long slip, At forty mile a hour or so. That STEVE can make 'em skip. He tops me by a 'ed, too, and I feared he'd cop the bun. Yus, I thought the Bat was his'n when he'd piled up twenty-one! I wanted fanning, BILLY, when I ups and takes my block, And the ball came thunderin' at me like a little earthquake shock. Seemed heverywhere, yet nowhere, if you understand me, BILLY. And pitched just in that orkud spot as always knocks yer silly. Coming off the pitch like pickles, as though aiming at yer heye; But I pulls myself together for a volley, an' let fly. And fust thing I knowed I heard it busting 'ard agin the fence; And I felt I'd scored a boundary, and the cheering wos emense.

Then BILLY I lammed into 'em! They came as easy then As little POLLY's easiest lobs. BILLY, they called *his* "Men!" "The next man in wos BILKINS" the reporter sez—that's me!—"An' 'e's a young phernomenon, a infant W. G. Who piled his quarter-century in fair Doctorial form!"—Just fancy! But them scribbling chaps can pile it thick and warm. I won that Bat 'owever with a score of twenty-five, And POLLY—in the Press-tent!—wos the 'appiest girl alive While as for me! O BILLY, when I drawed it from the baize, Caught the whiff of the fresh willow!—well the world looked all a haze.

If "the Doctor" feels much 'appier when his Testimonial comes—Well, though 'e's the pet of England, me a urchin from the slums, I jist guess he'll hunderstand me! Ony wish I'd got a bob To send the *Telygraph*, BILL. I should soon be on the job. Ain't GRACE a 'Oly Stunner; and the Pride o' the Pervilion? Well I 'ope 'is Testymonial will run up to a Million!!! And when he makes his next "Century" may I be there to see!—Wich the Master says he'll take me, now I'm called "Young W. G."

HOW TO FIX THE HAPPY DAY.—Q. When's the best day for a wedding? A. Why, of course, "A Weddin's day."



UNLUCKY SPEECHES.

Host, "YOU'LL HAVE A NICE DRIVE HOME!"
Guest, "YES; THAT'S THE BEST OF IT!"

DRESS À LA PREMIÈRE MODE.

(A Dialogue Pastoral and Sartorial.)

SCENE—A Boudoir. PRESENT—A Lady and her Modiste. TIME—The passing hour.

Modiste. No, Madame, it is utterly impossible for you to wear silks and satins. They have quite gone out.

Lady. But hasn't alpaca come in a little?

Modiste. Scarcely. It may be used for divided skirts at Battersea Park, but it is not really recognised.

Lady. Then what am I to wear?

Modiste. Flowers, Madame, flowers. Of course they should be fixed on foundations, but they are the only materials used at the present time.

Lady. Are they not rather expensive?

Modiste. Well, no. I shall not charge more for them than velvet or brocade. And, of course, if you choose to wear your dresses more than once, your maid can get them renovated with new flowers at an almost fabulous reduction.

Lady. I do not think a gown ever looks well when worn a second time.

Modiste. Quite so, Madame; quite so. Well, would you like a charming dress of pink hyacinths, with bishop's sleeves of Gloire de Dijon roses? The skirt would be of variegated lilac.

Lady. But could you get the material for the floral combination?

Modiste. Oh dear yes, Madame! Since the fashion for real flowers has come in we are

supplied daily from all parts of the world, and have a large stock always at hand on the premises. Why, our greenhouses are the finest in London. Will you want any other costume to-day?

Lady. Only one for a small dance to-morrow. I want something cool and quiet.

Modiste. You can scarcely do better than wear a costume d'Eden, or as it is facetiously termed in England, "a dress for Eve." It is an arrangement in oak leaves and apples à la mode de la première femme du monde.

Lady. Very well. Let me have it home by eleven.

Modiste. You can depend upon my punctuality, Madame. If you are careful not to dance too much it will last until 2 A.M., and permit of your partaking of supper. I would not say this with confidence of all the gowns I turn out, but in this instance you will find leaves stronger than flowers. And now, Madame, permit me to take your measure.

[Scene closes in upon mysteries of the toilet.]

AFTER THE CONGRESS WAS OVER.

(A Strange Fragment dealing with a Mystery.)

EVERY important question that could be considered had been thoroughly examined and decided. The delegates, who had come from North, South, East and West, had expressed their satisfaction with everything they had seen in London. As for the British Empire generally, their admiration knew no bounds. "It was magnificent." "It was beautiful." "It was grand." And yet when they prepared to take their departure there was a shade of disappointment upon their expressive countenances.

"I wish I could have understood it," said one.

"It would have been a triumph of ingenuity to have comprehended it," observed another.

"The queries of the Egyptian Sphinx were the easiest of conundrums, in comparison," added a third.

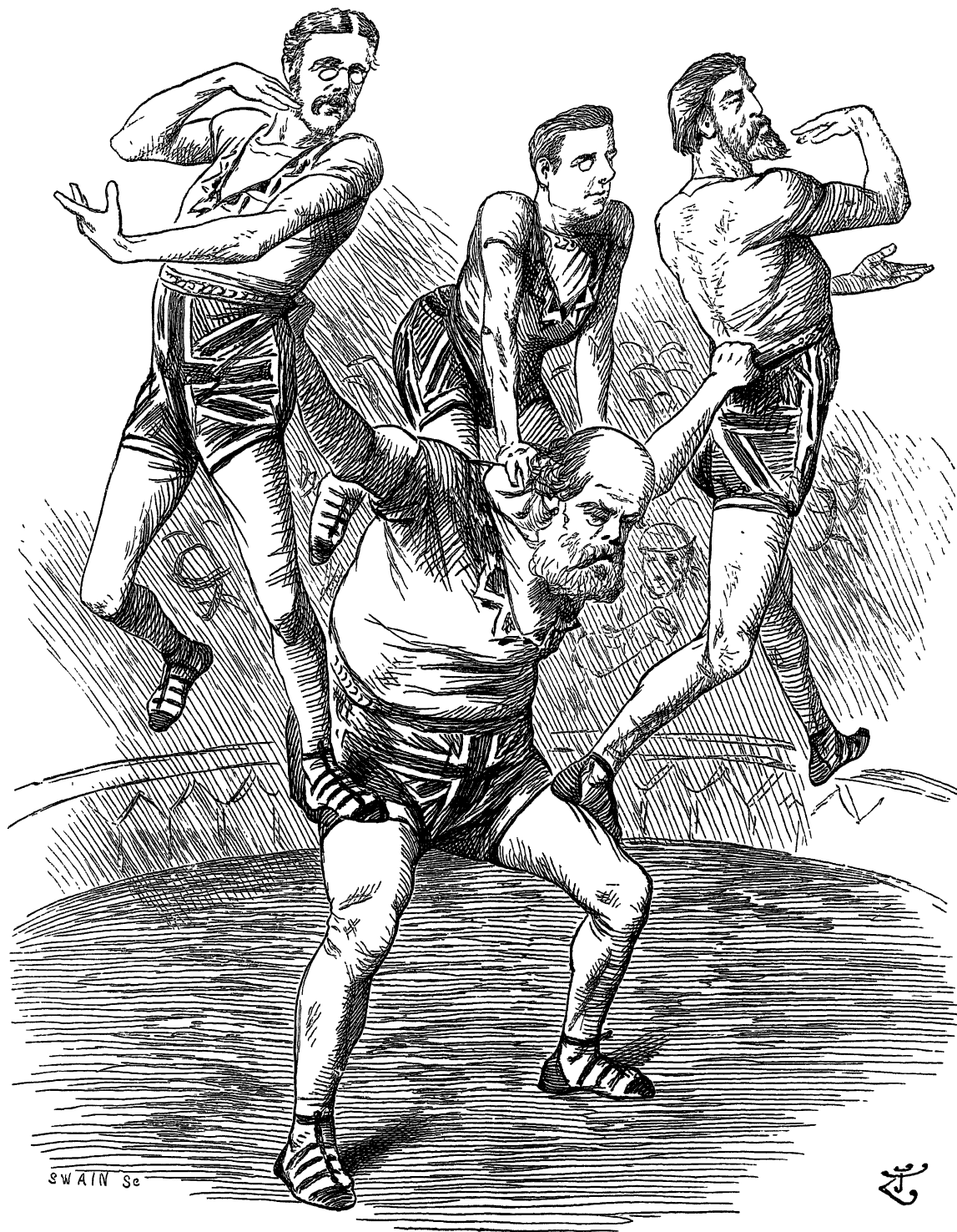
And others chimed in to the same effect. But to the very last the delegates tried their best to solve the problem. At length the company departed. The hall in which the great assembly had been held was empty. There was one striking object in the deserted apartment. It was a book—a yellow-covered book. Evidently it had been much read. But, in spite of the fingering, there was no distinct evidence that the full meaning of its contents had been grasped by anyone.

In the quiet of the night the moonbeams illuminated the title-page.

The volume that rested so securely with its knowledge carefully concealed between its paper covers was *Bradshaw's Railway Guide*.

WHO WOULDN'T BE AN ALDERMAN?—I have often wished to be an Alderman, and, after reading the following extract from the *Birmingham Daily Gazette*, I have fixed upon West Bromwich as the scene of my aldermanic labours. It must be glorious to joke with such ease:—

"A WEST BROMWICH ALDERMAN'S JOKE.—Yesterday morning when the West Bromwich guardians entered the Board Room at the West Bromwich Workhouse, the blinds were all drawn, and as a consequence the room presented a very gloomy appearance. The business was about to be commenced, when Alderman R. WILLIAMS objected to the blinds being lowered. He inquired whether their lowering had a political significance, and whether the house was in mourning for the death of the Radical Government. If his assumption was true he considered they should not commence the business until the blinds were raised. (Laughter.) Two of the largest blinds were then raised, but six others were allowed to remain down."



THE GREAT POLITICAL COMBINATION TROUPE.

S-L-SB-RY (THE STRONG MAN), B-LF-R, DUKE OF D-V-NSH-RE, AND JOE CH-MB-RL-N (THE "CLIMBING BOY").



OMNISCIENCE.

Son of the House. "I'M GOING TO OXFORD FOR A WEEK, MARY, SO MIND AND SEND MY LETTERS THERE. YOU KNOW WHERE OXFORD IS?"
Mary Elizabeth Jane (the smart new Parlourmaid who knows everything). "YES, SIR. CAMBRIDGE, OF COURSE!"

ROUNABOUT READINGS.

SOME of us like our English short, others prefer it expanded. Some of us, for instance, might say that "NEBO fiddled while Rome burnt." But this bald statement is obviously quite unsuited to the decorative instincts of the age, for in the *Daily Telegraph*, only last week, I read that "a notorious Roman Emperor is credited with the performance of a violin solo during the raging of a serious conflagration in the heart of his capital." The omission of NEBO's name gives to this sentence a delicate parliamentary flavour, which brings it absolutely up to date.

BUT what a noble example it is! Henceforward, for instance, if it should ever fall to my lot to write about HENRY THE EIGHTH of England, I shall feel a mere fool if I state that he married seven wives. No, no. A British monarch, celebrated in the books of the historians as the Eighth, and hitherto the last of his name, is reported, on the authority of the Ecclesiastical registers of his time, to have entertained so warm and overpowering an affection for the conjugal condition commonly known as matrimony, as to have entered into it with a comparatively light heart on as many occasions as would equal the sum total of predecessors bearing his name who have supported the burden of the crown of these realms. For a very slight increase of salary I am prepared to double the length of this sentence without adding a single fact to it.

HERE, too, is a delightful extract from a gorgeously illustrated volume issued by a firm of house-agents in praise of what they very properly term "an imposing structure in red brick." "It is difficult," they declare (and after reading their description one can well believe it) "to conceive a more replete Town Mansion, embodying such artistic and delicate schemes of decoration, one where wealth has wrought such a revelation of harmonious and fitly fitments, or where the studious consideration of the minutest detail contributing to health, enjoyment and comfort has been more completely manifested. This, combined with its advantageous position removed from any main thoroughfare with its accompanying turmoil, renders it a perfect dwelling and an idealistic London Home."

No more by White Star or by
 Guion
 I leave my native land to roam.
 I've purchased and I occupy an
 Idealistic London Home.

Last year my London I to quit
 meant;
 But now, with all an owner's
 pride,

I gaze upon each fitly fitment,
 And, lo, desire for flight has
 died.

Place me where schemes of deco-
 ration [increase,
 Give both to Art and Health
 Where Wealth has wrought a
 Revelation—
 I ask no more, I rest in peace.

NEXT let us contemplate a pure gem of descriptive English from a sporting contemporary. It occurs in an account of the athletic contest between Cambridge University and the United Hospitals:—

Scarcely a cloud flecked the blue heaven yesterday afternoon, and a dazzling sky burnished the Stamford Bridge grounds into an acre of reflected sunshine. What a pleasant spot the tryst of the premier athletic club on which to hold athletic revels! It was not to be expected that the people would show a front at the carnival. So much to do nowadays, what with cycling at Hurlingham, and the Beauty wheel show on the Row in Battersea Park. Equal to the occasion though proved many English girls, and it was pleasing indeed to note their presence in the pavilion and enclosures. Bold as Britannia as a rule in this, the nineteenth century. And don't forget this, innocent as a posy all the while. . . . Think of this now. W. MENDL-
 SON (C.U.A.C.), but by birth a New Zealander, figuratively speaking, gazed on the ruins (long jump ruins, of course) of Britishers at Stamford Bridge. It was with a quickened pulse that one watched the Hurdle Race. 'Pon our soul 'twas a difficult problem to solve a few steps from home to tell which would win, PILKINGTON or LOWE. The flag went up for the visitor from the banks of the Cam. Nevertheless, no one can assert but that the medical banner remained hoisted at the truck in honour of their representatives. Gallant seconds! . . . Of course H. A. MUNRO gave us a taste of his quality in the Three Miles. Verily he ran as though able to keep up pacing from sunrise to sunset. 'Twas a glorious victory that he gained. Neither must the plucky bid made by HORAN be forgotten. Ah! if he had only been MUNRO! But he wasn't, so there was no use in thinking about that.

How melancholy are these might-have-beens. If NAPOLEON had only been WELLINGTON. But he wasn't. So there was no use in thinking about that.

HENLEY Regatta, I understand, is to be an international festival this year. A Dutch crew has entered for the Thames Cup, but it is not stated that they carry a broom in their bows. Nor is it to be inferred that they will make a clean sweep of the prize. Besides many English crews they will meet a crew from France. Then from Toronto come four Argonauts sailing not for the Golden Fleece, but for the Stewards' Challenge Cup; and from Ithaca, N.Y., eight modern Trojans, undergraduates of Cornell University, have set out intent on the capture of the Grand Challenge Cup. To all of them *Mr. Punch* extends the right hand of good fellowship, though, being British to the backbone, he cannot wish for their triumph over his own gallant oarsmen. And amongst these he especially welcomes Mr. C. W. KENT, the Hero of Leander, who, having four times stroked his crew to victory, is once more seated on the slide of honour to defend possession of the Grand,—KENT, the pride of joyous Moulsey, whom at his birth the Fates endowed with the triple gifts of cunning, resource and courage, bidding him wield an indomitable oar in undefeated crews. As when a fox, emerging from the tangled covert— But I cannot pursue the Virgilian method any further. Let the event next week speak for itself. Here's luck all round, and may the best crew be an English one. In any case, may the best crew win.

THE gentlemen from Cornell have brought over with them, in addition to their boats and oars, a terrible battle-cry, "Cornell, yell, yell, I yell Cornell." Manifestly the members of the London Rowing Club cannot model themselves on this, for to cry, "London, done, done, I'm done, London" would, I trust, be as inappropriate as it would certainly be discouraging.

MY recent investigations into the condition of some of our great provincial cities lead me to the depressing belief that something is always wrong with some of their streets. Here, for instance, is "NEMO" writing to the *Manchester Guardian* to complain that "on Saturday evening the Bury New Road was filthy, whilst the odour was equal to that of the Ship Canal, but different. Formerly there seemed to be an effort made to have the road brushed up on Friday ready for Saturday and Sunday, when thousands of well-dressed and happy people—Jew and Gentile—promenaded it on their way to breezy Kersal Moor." But why, may I ask, should there be no well-dressed and happy Christians promenading on their way to Kersal Moor? It may be that they have followed "our local representatives," who, "NEMO" suggests, "are enjoying their holidays, or are immersed in golf," which I take to be a delicate euphemism for bunkered.

A LATE-AT-NIGHT RIDDLE.—Q. Why is it probable that the supper provided by the Royal Academicians for their guests at their *sorée* would be chiefly or entirely vegetarian? A. Because all the dishes are "R. A. dishes."



THE TRUE TEST.

First Screever (stopping before a Pastel in a Picture-dealer's window). "ULLO 'ERBERT, LOOK 'ERE! CHALKS!"

Second Screever. "AH, VERY TRICKY, I DESSAY. BUT YOU SET THAT CHAP ON THE PAVEMENT ALONGSIDE O' YOU AN' ME, TO DROR 'ARF A SALMON AN' A NEMPTY 'AT, AN' WHERE 'UD 'E BE?"

First Screever. "AH!"

[*Exeunt ambo.*]

SCRAPS FROM CHAPS.

Is it well to temper justice with jokes? This important question has been settled in the affirmative in many courts of law, but it has been left for his Honour, Judge EDGE, to use his own name (instead of somebody else's) in the playful manner requisite to excite "laughter in the Court." A solicitor recently took upon himself to argue with his Honour in the Plymouth County Court a question of costs in respect of a case heard some months since. He conducted his argument with much warmth and inaccuracy. This combination

of bad law and bad temper enabled the Judge to score an easy victory. "Stand down," said his Honour; "if you play with edged tools you must pay for it." Thus triumphed the Law and the Judge, and once more "unquenchable laughter arose amongst the blessed gods" up in the gallery.

THE British earthquake has been sadly neglected. Therefore Mr. CHARLES DAVISON, M.A., F.G.S., of Birmingham, is writing a *History of the British Earthquakes of the Nineteenth Century*. With a view to add to the completeness of this work, he has appealed

to the readers of the *Western Daily Mercury* for "notices of British earthquakes, either past or future, of any kind and from any place whatever." He specially desires to become acquainted with earthquakes "of which descriptions appear in the local press, or entries are made in private diaries." All local papers should at once start a special earthquake column—"Earthquakes Day by Day," or "Yesterday's Earthquakes"—and writers of diaries would do well to dive into the past. There are so many remarkable phenomena not otherwise recorded. Here is one. "Dined with BROWN last night. Insisted on walking home, instead of taking BROWN's advice and a cab. Had not gone far when strange thing happened. Pavement suddenly upheaved and hit me violent blow on forehead. Fell prostrate. Taken home in dazed condition by friendly policeman. No time to observe affect of earthquake on adjoining houses. Shock very short, but exceedingly severe. In bed all day. Large bruise on forehead. Headache, &c." There must be many interesting entries of this kind in diaries which will afford valuable material for Mr. DAVISON's work. As to "notice of future earthquakes," which he requests, perhaps the Meteorological Office, the Geological Society and Zadkiel will kindly oblige with probable dates and other information.

WIZARD AND WITTLES.—Long life to the Glasgow Sir Walter Scott Club! It "promotes the study of Sir WALTER's life and writings, and encourages a more familiar acquaintance with the localities rendered classic by his pen." Ninety members set off the other day to Edinburgh, and drove in four-in-hands to the "beehy grove" at Melville Castle, the Esk and DRUMMOND's Hawthornden, and then on to the castle and chapel at Roslin. Lunch at Dalkeith, dinner at the Balmoral Hotel at Edinburgh, and back rejoicing at eventide to Glasgy, "after the happiest and most successful excursion in the history of the club." This is the way to keep up the dignity of literature. Far better than knighthoods! An excursion "under the presidency of the genial Sheriff SPENS," too; no Sheriff SAVES *this* time; and a dinner at the Balmoral to wind up—it's a Talisman to make the heart of Midlothian leap up!

A MUSICAL TREAT. A PRONOUNCEMENT AND A HINT.—Herr NIKISCH's performance is so brilliant, and has so much real fire in it, as to have given rise to the suggestion that, to express the *diablerie* of his effects, both syllables of his name should be short, and that his style should be henceforward known as the "Old Nickish" manner. When the chance recurs, go and hear the symphony by TSCHAIKOWSKY. Only be prepared. To pronounce this name correctly you must take pungent snuff and sneeze violently while trying to utter the word "Whisky." Take care to have a medical man ready at hand; also a tailor, with needle, thread, and buttons.

FROM the *South Wales Daily News*.—

A S Groom, Coachman, or Groom-Gardener, plain; wife good Cook; or otherwise, if required. Good references.

"Or otherwise, if required," is delicious. She would be a bad cook or an indifferent one "if required." So convenient!

Half-and-Half.

(After Reading some recent Political Speeches.)

ALTHOUGH in the queer Party story There's many a turn, and many a twist; 'Tis strange to see JOSEPH half Tory, And SALISBURY half Socialist!

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 24.—Back to-day from the booming Baltic to wan Westminster. Given up the company of Kings



Jesse, the Pilot-Engine, clears the Line!

and Queens which formed Don CURRIE's daily fare; descended to level of Commons. And what a state of things to come back to! Left less than a fortnight ago, with House in almost comatose state. Even the Busy B's had ceased to hum. TANNER no longer disturbed at hour of midnight by poignant curiosity as to when the Dook would retire. SILOMIO, his head bandaged after latest buffeting by EDWARD GREY and SYDNEY BUXTON, temporarily silent. ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS for awhile content with management of House by "my right hon. friend the CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER." In a moment, in the twinkling of St. JOHN BRODRICK's eye, crisis and chaos come. Ministry blown up with charge of cordite, surreptitiously brought in; concealed under Front Opposition Bench; fired in the dinner hour.

"Cordite?" said TOMLINSON. "What is this cordite they're all talking about? Thought it was something they made trousers of."

"No, no," said Private HANBURY, up in all military matters. "You're thinking of corduroy."

House crowded from furthest bench of side galleries to gangway steps on floor. A buzz of excitement completes fullness of chamber. Only two empty seats. These on front benches, where SQUIRE OF MALWOOD and PRINCE ARTHUR were wont to face each other. JOSEPH's seat below gangway filled by COURTNEY, who, in honour of occasion, has put on a white waistcoat and a smile. Wears both throughout proceedings. A loud cheer welcomes arrival of PRINCE ARTHUR looking graver than usual. Three minutes later another rings forth, and the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD enters with slow step and countenance set, suitable to the obsequies of an assassinated Ministry. JESSE COLLINGS comes in; startled by cheer from Irish Members.

"Joe's not far off," said TIM HEALY, grimly. "In times like these sends JESSE on ahead, like the pilot-engine that goes before CZAR's train. If there were any murderous plot on hand, by JUSTIN MCCARTHY or any other brigand, the blameless figure of JESSE would be blown into space, and JOSEPH would proceed on his journey with his hair unsinged."

On stroke of half-past three SQUIRE OF MALWOOD made formal announcement of familiar fact that Government had resigned; THE MARKISS had been sent for; Ministers kept their places only till their successors were appointed.

"I would ask leave to say," the SQUIRE, with unwonted tremor in his voice, observed, bringing to close his brief,

business-like speech, "that for every man who has taken part in the noble conflict of Parliamentary life, the chiefest of all ambitions, whether in a majority or in a minority, must be to stand well with the House of Commons."

How in this respect the Leader of the House through two Sessions of peculiar difficulty stands with both sides, testified to by a ringing cheer, repeated when PRINCE ARTHUR, who always does these things well, voiced the common feeling as he recognised in the blushing SQUIRE "one of the greatest ornaments of this House."

"That's all very well, TOBY," said the SQUIRE, when I offered him my congratulations on deliverance from a situation long become intolerable. "You put it prettily. But I hope the experience of the last fortnight will be a lesson to you. You hadn't been gone a week and two days when the cordite bomb was exploded. Never forget what you must have learned in your nursery kennel:

When the dog's away;
The rats will play."

All business set aside. All Bills dropped save Seal Fisheries. This Cap'en TOMMY BOWLES, master of himself though Ministers fall, proceeds to discuss as calmly as if nothing had happened. Whilst other Members already have their eyes on their constituencies and their faces towards the door, TOMMY, buttonholing Time as it were with his hooked arm, leisurely discusses the close season for Seal Fishing.

Business done.—The Government's.

Tuesday.—House met again, expecting further particulars about the Ministerial crisis. Benches full, but not so crowded as yesterday. Again the SQUIRE, PRINCE ARTHUR, and JOSEPH absent. The two latter not expected. When they reappear they will sit side by side on Treasury Bench. But where was the SQUIRE?

Preliminary business finished. House waiting for next move. Must be made by SQUIRE. Where was he? Members tossed about on seats. All eyes strained towards space behind SPEAKER's chair, whence Ministers approaching Treasury Bench emerge. Minutes passed; SQUIRE still tarried. Horrible rumour that cordite had done fresh stroke of work. FREDERICK MILNER said he distinctly heard sound of explosion in neighbourhood of room of Leader of House. Another report was that SQUIRE had been kidnapped, shipped off to distant colony by direction of new SECRETARY OF STATE. Whilst probability of these wild guesses balanced, SQUIRE entered, whole and hale. Had been waiting to hear from THE MARKISS. Nothing had come, so must adjourn.

Business done.—House adjourned.



THEIR NEW SUITS.

Admiral G-sch-n. "Oh, I say, Joey old man, what a comical costume! It does make me laugh!"

Colonial Ch-mb-ri-n. "Well, hang it, Jokey old boy, you can't say much!"

Wednesday.—All settled: SQUIRE announces that MARKISS has undertaken to form new Ministry. Writs moved for elections to fill vacancies consequent on acceptance of office. Amongst them West Birmingham, JOSEPH having undertaken to care for the Colonies. Prospect of "Our Joe," as SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE affectionately calls him, sitting in Cabinet Council with THE MARKISS, strangely moves House. Irish Members in particular give vent to feelings in cries that forebode lively times for new Minister.

House lost crowded appearance of earlier days of week. Interest already transferred to constituencies. GORST among absentees. SARK looking for him everywhere. Been reading article in magazine where GORST writes:—"A lady resident in East London informed me that she once knew a man who was attending fourteen doctors at the same time. The man died."

SARK wants to know what was the matter with the doctors? Why the man was attending them? And whether this is cited as case of overwork, or of death resulting from infectious disease?

The worst of SARK is that his curiosity is almost feminine in its intensity.

Business done.—Foundation stones of new Ministry laid.

House of Lords, Thursday.—Quite a crowded House. THE

MARKISS, not seen in his place since he became Prime Minister, now there faced by ROSEBERRY. Large attendance and eager interest explained by attempt to purloin Seals of SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR. In dim and distant future this likely to rank with the Diamond Necklace Affair. SARK, who has been reading Radical newspapers on incident, tells me all about it.

As soon as Vote of Censure passed on CAWMELL-BANNERMAN, MARKISS became possessed of uncontrollable passion for instant possession of his seals of office. How was it to be done? CAWMELL a Scotchman; not easy to get loose property out of his grip. MARKISS, instinct with influences of spacious times of Queen ELIZABETH, not to be trifled with. Clapped his hands. Enter faithful henchman, one SCHOMBERG. A stoutly-built man

Cap'en Tommy Casabianca Bowles.

of herculean strength, bowed legs, grizzled beard, short thick hair like hand-spikes standing up above pair of ears resembling nothing so much as Tower Bridge when, in opening, either flap stands out at angle of forty-five degrees. A certain piquancy given to his features by front tooth protruding like tusk of wild boar.

"SCHOMBERG," said THE MARKISS, hoarsely, "I want CAWMELL-BANNERMAN'S Seals. His address is 6, Grosvenor Place, S.W. He comes home late, with a latch-key. Take twenty stout fellows, as like yourself as the country produces. Await his coming. Take the Seals. If he resists, a slit weasand will scarcely be noticed in a population of (according to the last census) 4,349,166. But bring the Seals."

That is SARK's idea of the episode after reading the papers. THE MARKISS's version differs in some details.

Business done.—THE MARKISS, challenged by ROSEBERRY, says new Ministry have no policy at present. However, since ROSEBERRY seems anxious on point, will send over to WHITELEY's and see what can be done.



SUNDERED LIVES.

Bertie. "I THOUGHT YOU TWO NEVER MET WITHOUT KISSING. ANYTHING THE MATTER? THE GREEN-EYED MONSTER?"

Muriel. "No, you SILLY! HATS!"

A DISCOVERY IN LIQUEURS.

SIR,—You remember Mr. Squeers's system of theoretical and practical teaching, "W-i-n-d-e-r-s." Go and clean 'em"? Of course you do; and if the quotation is not letter perfect, it is its "spirit," which is more suited to my present theme, at all events. Well, Sir, "them's my principles." Accordingly, after reading your advice as to taking a Summer Sunday trip to Calais and back by Calais-Douvres, or one of the large boats in L. C. and D. service, I acted upon it, and went. The *trajet* was simply perfect! Such weather! Sea so calm! Breeze refreshing! Company distinguished! Commander WATTELBLED, and First Lieutenant CARINI, with all hands, waiting to give us (at a price as fair and moderate as the Channel breeze on this occasion) excellent refreshment. But to sing their praise is not my point; they do their duty, and pay it too, as we *voyageurs* have to do, on cigars, teas, and tobacco. I had time to refer to hotel's list of wines and liqueurs, and among the latter there appeared a name which brought tears to the eyes of the wanderer far from his English home; and that name, Sir, coming after "Kummel, and Marasquin, and Whisky," was "Old Tom-Gin"—"Tom Gim" with an "m." How far superior to "Gin" with an "n." It brought to mind early days of catechism, "M. or N. as the case may be." This was a case of liqueurs. How preferable the soft liquid "m" to the less soft "n" in making "Gin" into "Gim"! And how much one would like to alter the spelling, and make it "Old Tom Jim." Would he not be seized upon by a French librettist as the very name, *par excellence*, for a typical Ancient English Mariner in an opera? Don't you see it? "Capitaine John Smith; First Mate Old Tom Jim" with song (nautical). *Vive Gim!* Now, with my discovery, I regain the good ship, and, once aboard the lugger... by the way, there is an eighteen-penny tax now levied by the French on those who land at Calais. "Happy Thought. Don't land." But, *Unhappy Thought*, if we don't land in the *pas-de-Calais*, the result will be *pas de déjeuner*. So—"bang goes saxe-pence," for "We don't kill a pig every week."

Yours, THOMAS LE VIEUX.

P.S.—And another one-and-sixpence extra on landing at Dover! All the "fun of the fare," eh?

OPERATIC NOTES.

Monday.—Quite new Opera, *Faust*. Some people say they've heard it before. Others add, "Yes, and more than once this season."



Unwritten law in *Codex Druriolanum* is "You can't have too much of a good thing." There are a hundred different ways of dressing chicken; so with *Faust*. This time *Faust* comes and is *Faust* served with *Sauce Marguerite à l'Emma Eames*. Uncommonly good. *Faust lui-même à l'Alvarez* goes down uncommonly well. *Mefisto-Plan-on Sauce au bon diable*, a little overdone, perhaps, but decidedly a popular dish. *Baton of BEVIGNANI* keeps all the ingredients well stirred up. House full.

Tuesday.—*Carmen*. Madame BELLINCIONI and Signor ANCONA going strong. Capital house, spite of shadow of dissolution being over us all.

Wednesday.—*Nozze di Figaro*, with EMMA EAMES as Countess, singing charmingly, and looking like portrait of Court Beauty by Sir PETER LELY. *Maurel-Almaviva* all right for voice, but not up to his Countess in aristocratic appearance. However, this is in keeping with character of nobleman whose most intimate friend is his own barber, and who makes love to the barber's fiancée who is also his wife's *femme de chambre*.

ROUNDAABOUT READINGS.

At the Oxford and Cambridge Athletic Sports on Wednesday last, great surprise was expressed at the defeat of the hitherto invincible Mr. C. B. FRAY by Mr. MENDELSON in the Long Jump. Mr. MENDELSON, who comes to us from New Zealand, has not only done a fine performance, but he has also jumped into fame. It is at any rate obvious that it is quite impossible for him to represent his University in the High Jump, for

With a musical name (though he varies the spelling),
This youth from New Zealand is bound to go far.
He couldn't jump high, since (it's truth I am telling)
No master of music e'er misses a bar.

THE Long Jump, snatched like a brand from the burning, practically gave the victory in the whole contest to Cambridge, who also won the Weight, the Mile, the Three Miles and the Quarter.

The Light Blues triumphed, fortune being shifty;
They cheered FRIZHERBERT sprinting home in fifty.
For strength the weight-man's parents have a hot son,
Witness the put of youthful Mr. WATSON.
LUTYENS, who always pleases as he goes,
Romped in, his glasses poised upon his nose.
And none that day with greater dash and go ran
Than the Light Blue three-miler, Mr. HORAN.

DURING the practice of the crews for Henley Regatta there has been one exalted contest, which I cannot remember hearing of in former years. My *Sporting Life* (of which I am a diligent and a constant reader) informed me that "at one time it did seem as though Jupiter Pluvius was about to swamp Old Boreas, but the latter proved too tough." Quite a sporting event, evidently. Why, oh why, was not Old Boreas present when Pelion was piled upon Ossa? The whole course of (pre) history might have been changed.

A NEWCASTLE contemporary has been discussing the art of adding to the beauty of women by the use of cosmetics, &c. May I commend the following extract to the notice of the ladies of England?

"No woman is capable of being beautiful who is capable of being false. The true art of assisting beauty consists in embellishing the whole person by the ornaments of virtuous and commendable qualities. How much nobler is the contemplation of beauty when it is heightened by virtue! How faint and spiritless are the charms of a coquette, when compared with the loveliness of innocence, piety, good-humour, and truth—virtues which add a new softness to their sex, and even beautify their beauty! That agreeableness possessed by the modest virgin is now preserved in the tender mother, the prudent friend, and the faithful wife. Colours artfully spread upon canvas may entertain the eye, but not touch the heart; and she who takes no care to add to the natural graces of her person, noble qualities, may amuse as a picture, but not triumph as a beauty."

CHELTHENHAM is a pleasant place. I quote from a memory which is, I know, miserably defective:

Year by year do England's daughters
In the fairest gloves and shawls
Troop to drink the Cheltenham waters,
And adorn the Cheltenham balls.

This is not the place that one would naturally associate with

violent language over so small a matter as the rejection of some plans. A quarrel, however, has taken place in the Town Council, and terrible words have been spoken:—

"In the course of a discussion on the rejection of some plans, Mr. MARGRETT accused the acting chairman of the Streets Committee (Mr. PARSONAGE) with being influenced by personal and political motives against the person (Mr. BARNFIELD) who sent them in. Mr. PARSONAGE warmly retorted with the lie direct, and told Mr. MARGRETT that he knew he was lying. Mr. LENTHALL accused Mr. PARSONAGE of being 'slip-shod' in his method of bringing up the minutes of the Streets Committee, because he had passed over without comment a dispute between the Corporation and the Board of Guardians. While denying this imputation, Mr. PARSONAGE said he would even prefer to be 'slip-shod' than to follow Mr. LENTHALL's example of giving utterance to a long-winded and frothy oration over such a trumpery matter as a road fence."

After this I quite expected to read that some one—

... raised a point of order, when
A chunk of old red sandstone took him in the abdomen,
And he smiled a sort of sickly smile and curled upon the floor!
And the subsequent proceedings interested him no more.

But the matter seems to have dropped, and everything to have ended peacefully—a great and bitter disappointment to all lovers of ructions.

EVEN in aquatic matters Ireland is a country of surprises. In the Eight-oared race the other day for the "Pembroke Cup," there was a dead-heat between the Shandon Boat Club and the Dublin University Boat Club. In the row-off, the *Irish Independent* says that "Boat Club caught the water first, but after a few strokes Shandon forged in front. After the mile mark, Shandon were rowing eighteen against the Boat Club's nineteen or twenty. In the next three hundred yards Boat Club dropped to seventeen, the others being steady at nineteen all through. About one hundred and fifty yards off the fishery step the Boat Club quickened up to forty and got within two feet of their opponents. Then, amid the greatest excitement, Boat Club got in front and won by a canvas." A stroke oar who can row a race at nineteen to the minute all through is steadier but certainly less versatile than one who can spring suddenly from the rate of seventeen to the rate of forty. As admirable as either is the genius of the reporter who describes the event.

Mr. H. M. HYNDMAN is the Socialist candidate for Burnley. He advocates "the immediate nationalisation and socialisation of railways, mines, factories, and the land, with a view to establishing organised co-operation for production and distribution in every department under the control of the entire community. There should be a minimum wage of thirty shillings a week in all State and Municipal employment, as well as in State-created monopolies." There's a modest and practical programme for you! But this windy gentleman's opponents may reply that they prefer the system of each for himself, and d—! take the HYNDMAN, to all the verbiage of the Socialist froth-pot.

MANY reasons have been given for the fall of the late Government. It has been left to a correspondent of the *Birmingham Daily Post* to discover the real and only one. "It is most unfair," he says, "to hold them entirely responsible for all the shortcomings, blunders, and failures which distorted their administration. How could they help these things? Has it never occurred to you that the Government of Lord ROSEBERRY was the '13th' Parliament of Queen VICTORIA? Can anybody reasonably expect good government from a 13th Parliament? It is out of all question." What *persiflage*, what wit!

I SORROW over the new town clock of Dalkey. In my *Freeman's Journal* I read that, at the monthly meeting of the Dalkey Township Commissioners, a letter was read from Messrs. CHANCELLOR AND SONS, stating that the new town clock could not be made to strike, but they could make a new clock for £100. The letter was marked read—and no wonder. If it can't strike, it had better be wound up, and Dalkey is obviously the place to wind it. Otherwise there seems no reason in the Township's name.

CLEVEDON is, I believe, in Somerset. Anyone in search of a sensation ought to have gone there last week, for it is stated that "Mr. VICTOR ROSINI's Spectral Opera Company commenced a week's engagement at the Public Hall on Monday evening." I cannot imagine a spectral *basso* or *tenore robusto*. And in any case, why should the unfortunate operatic spectres be harried into giving public performances?

MUSICAL HONOURS!!—The friends of Sir HENRY JAMES, Q.C., M.P., will celebrate his being raised to the peerage by serenading with "The Aylestone Chorus."



"VIVA L'ITALIA!"

Admiral Punch (to Italia, on the occasion of her Fleet visiting England). "WELCOME, MIA BELLA, TO YOU AND YOUR SPLENDID SHIPS! I COME OF AN OLD ITALIAN FAMILY MYSELF!"

HER PREVIOUS SWEET-HEART.

Wednesday.—VIOLET has accepted me, this very day, the happiest of my life. She is the sweetest and prettiest woman in the world. I have loved her long and passionately. She has not loved me long, and she could never love me passionately. She is rather unemotional. Even when I kissed her this afternoon for the first time she was quite calm. She tells me she has once loved, as though she could never love again. Her previous sweetheart was a Captain. I am a mere writer. His name was PERCY PLANTAGENET CHOLMONDELEY. Mine is JONES. I hope that in time she may forget him.

Thursday.—Meet her in the Row, and sit under the trees. She is fond of horses. So am I, but I do not ride often. She mentions that Captain CHOLMONDELEY was a splendid rider. Listen patiently to what she tells me.

Friday.—To the Opera with VIOLET and her people. She does not care for GOUNOD'S *Faust*. Prefers a burlesque with comic songs. Says the Captain sang comic songs admirably, with banjo accompaniment. When it's well done, I also like that. Tell her so. This encourages her to further reminiscences. Of course, she is right to conceal nothing from me now we are engaged, but frankness, even engaging frankness, may be carried too far. Manage to change the subject at last, and then unfortunately the Soldier's Chorus reminds her of a parody in an amateur burlesque which Captain CHOLMONDELEY—and so on.

Saturday.—Meet her at Hurlingham. She is so fond of polo. She says the Captain was a splendid player. I expected that. A sort of Champion of the World. Of course. I never played in my life. Listen to an account of his exploits. Rather bored.

Sunday.—Up the river. Very hot day. Delightful to lounge in the shade and smoke. VIOLET more energetic. Compels me to exert myself. She says the Captain could do anything in a boat. No doubt. I am prepared to hear that he shot the Falls of Niagara in a punt. He was a wonderful genius. I am tired of hearing of him.

Monday.—To Mr. MONTGOMERY-MUMBY'S dance. VIOLET there of course. We both like dancing. Get on charmingly together. Suddenly something reminds her of the ever-lamented Captain P. P. C. I suggest that he has said good-bye to her for ever, as his initials show. She does not see the little joke. Have to explain it to her. Then she says it is a very poor joke. No doubt it is, but she needn't tell me so. Annoying. A certain coolness between us.

Tuesday.—To the French play with VIOLET and her aunt. She understands French very well. Seems to think a lot of me because I know something of several languages. Ask her if Captain CHOLMONDELEY was fond of learning languages. Am prepared to hear that he was a second MEZZOPAZZI. On the contrary, it seems that he couldn't speak a word of anything but English, and that he didn't speak very much that was worth hearing even in that. The only French he could understand was in a *menu*. Apparently he never read anything else in any language, except the sporting papers in English. Have at last found something he could not do. Delighted. Unfortunately show this. VIOLET begins to defend him. I say he must have been rather a duffer. She retorts that I can't play polo. What has that to do with it? Again a coolness between us.

Wednesday.—It is all over! We have parted for ever. She could never forget that confounded Captain. Asked her this morning, when she was telling me of his shooting elephants, or alligators, or rabbits, or sparrows, or something wonderful, why she did not marry him. She says it was broken off. She shows me his last



SO THAT DOESN'T COUNT.

"ARE YOU SURE THEY'RE QUITE FRESH?" "WOT A QUESTION TO ASK! CAN'T YER SEE THEY'RE ALIVE?" "YES; BUT YOU'RE ALIVE, YOU KNOW!"

letter of farewell. I read it critically. It is very short. Point out to her nine mistakes in spelling, and four in grammar. She says I am brutal. Indignation. Argument. Scorn. Tears. Farewell.

GREAT WHEEL GOSSIP.

ARE you quite sure that it is safe?

Well, there have been all sorts of stories about this sort of thing, but I don't believe it. The PRINCE went, you know.

Oh, yes, of course. Then that's all right. Now we are off. How interesting! We can see the tops of the houses! But what are we waiting for?

Oh, for other passengers to get into the cars. How long does it take? About three-quarters of an hour. Well, now we are off again.

Why, there is a mist, and we can't see anything. Oh, yes, we can. Why, that must be either Kensington Gardens, Hyde Park Corner, or Battersea Park.

Don't think there is much in it. And why are we stopping? People getting in and out. Well, now we have had thirty-five minutes of it, I shall be glad to be home.

Oh, here we are. Now we can get out. Come, that is nice! No, we can't! We have missed the landing, and have to go round again.

After two journeys I think the best way of thoroughly enjoying the Wheel is to sit fast, close your eyes, and think of something else!

* A fact. July 6. Mr. Punch's Representative was taken round twice—the second time against his will—in company with an indignant shareholder and several impatient, yet sorrowful, passengers, who complained of missing appointments, &c., in consequence of their "extra" turn.

IN THE EARL'S COURT INDIA.

IN BOMBAY STREET, INDIAN CITY. TIME—ABOUT EIGHT P.M.

A Matron (to her friend, as they approach the natives at work). Everything seems for sale here, my dear. Just the place to get a nice wedding-present for dear EMILY. I want to give her something Indian, as she will be going out there so soon. What are they doing in here? oh, glass-blowing! . . . See, JANE, this one is making glass bangles. . . . Well, no, EMILY would think it rather shabby if I gave her a pair of those. I might get one apiece for Cook and PHOEBE—servants are always so grateful for any little attention of that sort—though I shouldn't like to encourage a taste for finery; well, it will do very well when we come back. . . . Perhaps one of those brass dinner-gongs—there's a large one, I see, marked seven-and-sixpence—but I'd rather give her something quieter—something she'd value for its own sake. . . . Now one of those chased silver bowls—twenty-five-and-nine-pence? Well, it seems a little—and though I was always very fond of her mother, EMILY was never—I must think over it. . . . She might like a set of beetle-wing mats—only they're not likely to entertain much. . . . How would one of these embroidered tablecloths—eh? oh, I'm sure I've seen them much cheaper at LIBERTY'S; and besides—(After a prolonged inspection of various articles at various stalls.) After all, I shall be going to Tunbridge Wells next week. I think I'll wait. I might see something there I liked better, you know!

A Wife (to her husband, who is examining the stock of a native shoemaker with interest). No, CHARLES. I put up with a great deal for the sake of your society of an evening; but if you imagine I am going to have you sitting opposite me with your feet in a pair of slippers separated into two horrid toes, you make a great mistake! Put the dreadful things down and come away.

Mr. McParran (from the North, to his small nephew). Eh ROBBIE, my man, I'm thinking your mither wouldna' just approve o' my takkin' ye to sic a performance as yon Burmese dancing-women. . . . Nay, nay, laddie, there's deceitfulness enough in the natural man without needing to lairn any mair o't fro' these puir juggling Indian bodies wi' their snake-chairman' an' sic godless doins! . . . Ride on the elephant? Havers! Ye can do that fine in the Zoological Gardens. . . . 'Twould be just sinful extrawvagance in me to be throwing away guid siller wi' so mony bonny sights to be seen for naething.

Mr. Gourmay (who is dying for his dinner, to his pretty cousins, who cannot be got past the Indian craftsmen). Yes, yes, very interesting, and all that; but we can see it just as well if we come back later, you know.

His Cousin Belle. But they may have stopped by then. I must just see him finish the pattern; it's too fascinating!

Mr. Gourm. I—er—don't want to hurry you, you know, only,

you see, if we don't look sharp, we shan't be in time to secure an outside table at the Restaurant. Much jollier dining in the open air. *His Cousin Imogen.* Oh, it's too hot to think of food. I'm not in the least hungry—are you, Belle?

Belle. No; I'd ever so much rather see the Burmese dancers and the Indian conjurors. I don't want to waste the best part of the evening over dinner; we might have some of that nice Indian tea and a piece of cake by-and-by, perhaps, if there's time.

[*Speechless delight of Mr. Gourmay.* *Energetic Leader (to his party, who are faint, but pursuing).* No, there's nothing particular to see here. I tell you what my plan is. We'll go and do the Kinetoscopes and the Phonographs, have a look at the Great Wheel, and some shots at the Rifle Range, cross over and take a turn on the Switchback, finish up with a cold-meat

supper at SPIERS AND POND'S, and a stroll round the band-stand, and, by the time we've done, we shall have got a very fair idea of what India's like!

First Relative (to Second). What's become of Aunt JOANNA? I thought she was going on one of the elephants.

Second Relative. She would have it none of 'em looked strong enough for her. And what do you think she goes and does next? Tries to bargain with a black man to take her for a turn on one o' them little bullock-carts! I really hadn't the patience to stop and see what come of it.

Miss Rashleigh (by the Burmese Cheroot Stall, audibly, to her companion). Just look at this girl, my dear, with a great cigar in her mouth! Fancy their being New Women in Burmah! And such a hideous creature, too!

Her Companion. Take care, my dear, she'll hear you. I expect she understands English.

Miss Rashleigh (with ready tact and resourcefulness). Then let's tell her how pretty she is!

IN THE INDIAN JUNGLE.

Mr. Moul (to Mrs. MOUL, as they halt before a darkened

interior representing a coolie sleeping in an Indian hut, which a leopard is stealthily entering). Ah, now I do call that something like! Lovely! ain't it?

Mrs. Moul. It's beautiful. 'Ow ever they can do it all! (After a pause.) Why, I do believe there's a animal of some sort up at the further end! Can you see him, SAMSON?

Mr. Moul. A animal! where? Ah, I can make out something now. (With pleased surprise.) And look—there's a man layin' down right in front—do you see?

Mrs. Moul. Well, I never! so there is! To think o' that now. They've got it up nice, I will say that.

[*They pass out, pleased with their own powers of observation.*

IN THE INDIAN THEATRE.

Hindu Magician (as he squats on the stage and takes out serpents from flat baskets). Here is a sna-ake—no bite—Bombay cobra, verri good cobra. (Introducing them formally to audience.) Dis beeg cobra, dis smahl cobra. (One of them erects its hood and strikes at his foot,



"Stands smiling feebly."

which he withdraws promptly.) No bite, verri moech nice sna-ake. (He plays a tune to them; one listens coldly and critically, the others slither rapidly towards the edge of the platform, to the discomposure of spectators in the front row; the Magician recaptures them by the tail at the critical moment, ties them round his neck and arms, and then puts them away, like toys.) Here I have shtone; verri good Inglis shtone. I hold so. (Closing it in his fist.) Go away, shtone. Go to Chicago, Leeverpool, Hamburg. (Opening fist.) Shtone no dere. I shut again. (Opening fist.) One, two, Inglis shillin's. (Singling out a Spectator.) You, Sar, come up here queek. Comonn!

The Spectator. Not me! Not among all them snakes you've got there—don't you think it!

The Magician and a Tom-tom player (together). Verri nice sna-akes—no bite. Comonn, help play.

Angelina (to EDWIN, as the invitation is coyly but firmly declined). EDWIN, do go up and help the man—to please me. And if you find him out in cheating, you can expose him, you know.

[EDWIN clambers up and stands, smiling feebly, at the Magician's side amidst general applause.

The Magician (to EDWIN). Sit down, sit down, sit down. Now you count—how menni sillings? Dere is seeks.

Edwin (determined not to be taken in). Four, you mean.

The Magician. I tell you seeks. Count after me—One, tree, five, seeks. Shtill onli four, you say? Shut dem in your hand—so. Now blow. (EDWIN puffs at his fist.) Open your hand, and count. One, two, tree, four, five, seeks, summon, ight, nine, tin, like, vise! Dis Inglisman make money verri moech nice; verri goot Inglisman. Put dem in your hand again, and shut. Hubble! Now open.

[EDWIN opens his fist, to discover in it two small and extremely active serpents, which he rejects in startled dismay.

Angelina (to herself). How nasty of EDWIN! He must have felt them inside.

The Magician (to EDWIN). Verri nice sna-akes; but where is my monni? (EDWIN shakes his head helplessly.) Ah, dis Inglisman too moech plenti cheat. (He seizes EDWIN's nose, from which he extracts a shower of shillings.) Aha! Verri goot Inglis nose—hold plenty monni!

Angelina (as EDWIN returns to her in triumph). No; please turn your head away, EDWIN. I can't look at your nose without thinking of those horrid shillings; and oh, are you quite sure you haven't got any of those horrid snakes up your sleeve? I do wish you hadn't gone!

A Serious Old Lady (as the Magician produces from his throat several yards of coloured yarn, a small china doll, about a gross of tenpenny nails, and a couple of eggs). Clever, my dear? I daresay; but it seems to me a pity that a man who has been given such talents shouldn't turn them to better account!

ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.

Brybury-on-the-Pocket.—Both candidates very busy. Meetings are being held all day long at the principal hotels, and any number of livery-stable-keepers have promised to lend their carriages on the day of election. The agents on either side have an enormous staff of assistants, and trade was never known to be brisker during the present century.

Crown-crushington.—This will be a very near contest. As political feeling runs rather high, a number of extra beds have been prepared in the hospitals. The police have been reinforced, and the military are close at hand, and every other preparation has been made to secure the declaration of the poll with as little friction as possible.

Meddle-cum-Muddleborough.—At present there are seven candidates, but as three of these have issued their manifestoes under some misapprehension it is not unlikely that the number will be reduced before the day of nomination. It is not easy to foretell the result, as since the establishment of the ballot every election has ended not only in surprise but stupefaction.

Self-seekington.—It is not unlikely that there will be no contest in this important borough. The (until recently) sitting member has fixed the day that would naturally have fallen to the function of the returning officer for the laying of the foundation stones of his Baths, Wash-houses, Free Library and Town Hall, and the opening of his Public Park.

Wrottenborough.—The popular candidate has pledged himself to supporting Local Veto, the Licensed Victuallers, Establishment, Disestablishment, Home Rule, the Integrity of the Empire, Anti-Vaccination, the Freedom of the Medical Profession, and many other matters of conflicting importance. The polling will be of a perfunctory character, as expenses are being cut down on both sides.

Zany-town-on-the-Snooze.—There will be no contest in this division. At present there is no intelligence of any sort to chronicle.

TAG FOR THE TESTIMONIAL.—“The power of GRACE, the magic of a name.”

DALY NEWS, AND DRAMATIC NOTES.

ERE these lines can appear, the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* and their two Ladies will have vanished from Daly's Theatre like the



The Duke discovers the rope-ladder under Valentine's cloak.
“The Rope Trick exposed.”

baseless fabric of a dream, leaving, however, a very pleasant recollection of the play in the minds of all who saw it—and a great many did, for SHAKESPEARE'S *Two Gents* is a dramatic curiosity. Prettily put on the stage as it was, with good music, picturesque costumes and clever acting, it will dwell in our memories as an exceptionally attractive revival.

Mr. GEORGE CLARKE, the “stern parient,” appeared as something between a Doge and a Duke, and equally good as either, you bet; that is, “low-ing,” as *Uncle*

Remus has it, that either Doge or Duke has passed the greater part of his life in the United States. Mr. FRANK WORTHING (nice

seaside name on a hot night in town) a gentlemanly-villainous *Proteus*, and Mr. JOHN CRAIG an equally gentlemanly-virtuous *Valentine*. So “Gents both” are disposed of. Mr. JAMES LEWIS, as *Launce*, playing “the lead” to his dog, put into the part new humour in place of the old which has evaporated by fluxion of time. *Launce's* sly dog, very original; part considerably curtailed.

I see that a descendant of TYRONE POWER appears as “Mine Host.” I did not gather from his costume that he was “a host in himself,” but thought he was a Venetian Judge or retired Doge; the latter surmise receiving some confirmation from the fact that, while the singing was going on, he, being somnolent, “doge'd” (as *Mrs. Gamp* would say) in his chair. Sleeping or waking his was a dignified performance.

Miss ELLIOT a graceful *Sylvia*, who, as a Milanese brunette, is artistically contrasted with Miss ADA REHAN, of Florentine fairness, as *Julia*. All that is wanting to this sketchy character Miss REHAN fills in, and makes the design a finished picture. Improbable that *Proteus* should never recognize *Julia* when disguised as a boy until she herself reveals her identity. However, it was a very early work of WILLIAM'S: mere child's play.



The most Clement of critics, our learned and ever amiable Scotus of the *Daily Telegraph*, speaking with authority from his column last Saturday, recalls to us how many English actors and actresses have successfully played in French on the Parisian stage, and adds to the list the name of MARIE HALTON, who, excellent both in singing and acting as *La Cigale* at the Lyric, will soon appear at a new theatre in Paris, where she is to “create” French rôles—which, Mlle. MARIE, is a very pleasant way of making your bread. But if we have in this actress an English CHAUMONT, why does not some such astute manager as Mr. EDWARDS, the Universal Theatre Provider, induce HALTON to Stay on—here, not only for her own “benefit,” but for that of the Light Opera-loving public?



Miss Rehan as Julia.
“The Third Page in her Life.”



TRUE HYPERBOLE.

He. "WHAT A LOVELY FROCK! . . . WORTH, I SUPPOSE?"

She. "MONSIEUR WORTH IS DEAD."

He. "AH! IT LOOKS AS IF IT CAME FROM HEAVEN!"

THE OLD CHIEFTAIN'S FAREWELL.

[*"The impending Dissolution brings into its practical and final form the prospective farewell which I addressed last year to the constituency of Midlothian."*—*Mr. Gladstone's Farewell Letter to the Electors of Midlothian.*]

AIR—Burns's "The Farewell."

It was a' for our Glorious Cause
I sought fair Scotland's strand;
It was a' for fair, rightfu' laws
To bless the Irish land,
My dear;
To bless the Irish land.

Now a' is done that man could do,
And a' seems done in vain,
My loved Midlothian, farewell,
I mauna stand again,
My dear;
I canna stand again.

For fifteen lang' an' happy years,
That ne'er may be forgot,
We have foregathered, loved, and fought.
Fare farther I may not,
My dear;
Fare farther may I not.

Yet say not that our love has failed,
Or that our battle's lost;
Were I yet young I'd fight again,
And never count the cost,
My dear;
And never count the cost.

Tegither we've won mony a fight,
You following where I led;
But now late Winter's chilling snows
Are gatherin' round my head,
My dear;
Are gatherin' round my head.

And times will change, and Chieftains pass.

Lang time I've borne the brunt
Of war; and now I'm glad to see
CARMICHAEL to the front,
My dear;

SIR TAMMY to the front.

A champion stout, I mak nae doubt,
He'll carry on my task.
To see ye braw and doing wael,
Henceforth is a' I ask.
My dear;
Henceforth is a' I ask.

True Scot am I—Midlothian's heart
I won. Now I fare far,
And leave a younger chieftain, TAM,
To lead the Lowland war,
My dear;
To lead the Lowland war!

He turned him right and round about
Upon the Scottish shore.
He gae his bonnet plume a shake,
With "Adieu for evermore,
My dear;
Adieu for evermore!

"ROSEBERRY will from fight return,
Wi' loss or else wi' gain;
But I am parted from my love,
Never to meet again,
My dear;
Never to meet again.

"When day is gone, and night is come,
A' folk are fain to rest;
I'll think on thee, though far awa',
While pulse throbs in this breast,
My dear;
While pulse throbs in my breast!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

SMITH, ELDER & Co. are carrying out a happy thought in projecting what they call the Novel Series, a title which is the least felicitous part of the business. It is designed to meet the views of those who desire to possess, not to borrow (or indeed to steal) good books. The volumes will not be too large to be carried in the pocket, nor too small to lie on the shelf. Neatly bound, admirably printed, they are to cost from two shillings up to four shillings, presumably according to length and the inclusion of illustrations. The series leads off with *The Story of Bessie Costrell*, by Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD. The story, if not precisely pleasant, is decidedly powerful. Once taken up, there is uncontrollable disposition to read on to the end, a yearning the size of the volume makes it possible conveniently to satisfy. The new series starts with a promise announcements of succeeding contributions seem likely to fulfil. THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

New Carillon at the Royal Exchange.

THE tunes are admirably selected. First air every morning, "I know a Bank," to be known as "The Morning Air."

For *Panic Days*.—"Oh dear, what can the matter be!"

Bad *Business Days*.—"Nae luck about 'the House,'"

Good *Business*.—"Here we go up, up, up!"

South African Market Chorus.—"Mine for Evermore!"

This scheme of arrangement is to be generally known as "The Bells' Stratagem."



"ARE YOU READY?"

(S-L-SB-RY and R-S-B-RY starting the Bicyclist Competitors B-LF-R and H-RC-ET.)

SCRAPS FROM CHAPS.

A REAL UNCROWNED KING.—At a meeting of the Town Commissioners of Kinsale, a report of the proceedings discloses a conversation of a truly remarkable kind—

"The Chairman thought that if they paid Mr. PUNCH his quarter's salary up to the 1st February they would be dealing very fairly with him, especially as they had appointed his son as his successor. . . . Messrs. KIRLY and P. S. O'CONNOR contended that as Mr. PUNCH was never dismissed by them, and the non-performance of his duties was through no fault of his own, he was entitled to some remuneration."

We should think he was, indeed! Some remuneration, quotha? Does not the mere fact that he bears a name honoured and revered in every corner of the globe entitle him to a pension on the very highest scale known to the L. G. B.? Not, we need hardly say, an "old age" pension. Perpetual youth is the prerogative of all PUNCHES. And they "have appointed his son as his successor." Well, of course! How can a PUNCH do anything but succeed? He would be a rum PUNCH if he didn't! Greetings to our distant kinsman of Kinsale!

ONE MAN, ONE TOPPER!—In the *Glasgow Herald* somebody writes as follows:—

"It is surely time Mr. DUNCAN saw to his bus-drivers' hats! Such a miscellaneous collection of seedy hats, I think, could not be found elsewhere; they are a positive disgrace to the city."

The writer ought to have signed himself "MACBETH;" the "un-guarded DUNCAN," whoever he may be, must be on his guard, or passengers will strike for better hats.



MAKING ALLOWANCES.

The Little Minister. "HOW WELL YOU'RE LOOKING, MACCULLUM!"

The Big Farmer. "WHEEL—I'M WHEEL IN PAIRTS. BUT I'M OWER MUCKLE TO BE WHEEL ALL OWER AT AIN TIME!"

All bus-drivers and conductors should wear silk hats, to typify the habitual softness of their address. Why not put them into livery at once? The company that did that would probably attract no end of custom. No revolution like it, since the abolition of the box-seat! Uniform charges and uniformed conductors should be the future rule of the road.

"NOT KILT, BUT SPACHELESS."—At Clonakilty Sessions the other day, the following evidence was given:—

"PATRICK FEEN was examined, and stated he resided at Dunnycove, parish of Ardfield. . . . Gave defendant's brother a blow of his open hand and knocked him down for fun, and out of friendship. (Laughter.)"

What a good-natured, open-handed friend Mr. PATRICK FEEN must be! JOHN HEGARTY, the person assaulted, corroborated the account, and added,—

"When he was knocked down, he stopped there. (Laughter.)"

In fact, he "held the field," and "remained in possession of the ground." Who will now say that the old humour is dying out in Erin?

OF DR. TRISTRAM (SHANDY) IN THE INCONSISTORY COURT.—"O TRISTRAM! TRISTRAM! TRISTRAM!" * * "And pray which way is this affair of TRISTRAM at length settled by these learned men?"

"Toby" to Yorick.

WHAT A nice dish for lunch would be what we find mentioned in the Racing Order of the Day, i.e. "Plate of 150 sovs." Excellent! To be washed down with a draught of Guineas stout!

BRIGGS, OF BALLIOL.

PART I.

BRIGGS was the gayest dog in Balliol. If there was a bonfire in the quad, and if the dons found their favourite chairs smouldering in the ashes, BRIGGS was at the bottom of it. If the bulldogs were led a five-mile chase at one o'clock in the morning, the gownless figure that lured them on was BRIGGS. If the supper at VINNIE'S became so uproarious that the Proctor thought it necessary to interfere, the gentleman that dropped him from the first-floor window was BRIGGS. Anyone else would have been sent down over and over again, but—BRIGGS stroked the Balliol boat: BRIGGS had his cricket blue; BRIGGS was a dead certainty against Cambridge for the quarter and the hundred: in short, BRIGGS was indispensable to the College and the 'Varsity, and therefore he was allowed to stay.

But what is this? A change has come over BRIGGS. He is another man. Can it be—? Impossible—and yet? Yes, it began that very night. Everyone has heard of Miss O'GRESS, the Pioneer. She came up to Oxford to lecture; her subject was "Man: his Position and *Raison d'être*." BRIGGS and I went to hear; went in light laughing mood with little fear of any consequences. We listened to the O'GRESS. "There is no doubt," she said, "that Man was intended by Nature to be the Father. For this high calling he should endeavour to fit himself by every means in his power. He should cultivate his body so as to render himself attractive to Woman. He should be tall,"—her eye fell on BRIGGS—"he should be handsome,"—still on BRIGGS—"he should be graceful, he should be athletic."—At this point her eye seemed fairly to feast on BRIGGS, and a curious lurid light lowered in it. She paused a moment. I was sitting next to BRIGGS, and I felt a shiver run through him. I looked at his face, and it was ghastly pale. I asked him in a whisper if he felt faint? He impatiently motioned me to be silent, and remained, as I thought, like a bird paralysed beneath the gaze of a serpent. I heard no more, so anxious was I on my friend's account; nor could I breathe with any freedom until the audience rose and we were once again in the fresh air.

The following day there was a garden-party at Trinity. BRIGGS said he was playing for the 'Varsity against Lancashire, and therefore could not go. Imagine my surprise then, when, as I was doing the polite among the strawberries and cream, I caught sight of him slinking down the lime grove at the heels of the O'GRESS. I rubbed my eyes and looked again. Yes, it was BRIGGS indeed. The face was his; the features were his; the figure was his; the clothes were his—but, the buoyant step? the merry laugh? where, where, oh! where were they?

The Long Vac. passed, and we were all up again for Michaelmas Term. There was a blank in our circle. "Where's BRIGGS?" asked BROWN. "Where's BRIGGS?" asked TROTTER of Trinity. We looked at one another. What! Nobody seen BRIGGS? Not up yet?—Better go and see. We went to his rooms. No BRIGGS there, and not a sign of his coming. We went to JONES. JONES knew no more than we; to SMITH, GREEN, ROBERTS—all equally ignorant. At last we tried the Porter. What! hadn't we heard the news? News? No! What news? The Porter's face grew long. Why, Mr. BRIGGS, 'e weren't comin' up no more. Not coming up? Not coming up? Nonsense! Impossible!—Fact, gentlemen, fact. The Master, 'e'd 'ad a note from Mr. BRIGGS, sayin' 'as 'ow 'e wouldn't be back agin. No one knew nothink more than that. No one could explain it.

There was despair in Balliol. What would become of us? Without BRIGGS we could never catch B. N. C. Magdalen would bump us to a certainty, and we could hardly hope to escape the House. In football it would be just as bad. Keble and Exeter would simply jump on us, and not a single Balliol man would have his blue. The position was appalling; ruin stared us in the face; the College was in consternation, for BRIGGS had disappeared.

NOTE BY A NATIONALIST.

"Home Rule all Round!" That cry is in the air: What Ireland wants, though, is Home Rule all square.



"IS YOUR SON IMPROVING IN HIS VIOLIN-PLAYING, MR. JONES?"
 "WELL—EITHER HE'S IMPROVING, OR WE'RE GETTING USED TO IT!"

Thomas Henry Huxley.

BORN, MAY 4, 1825. DIED, JUNE 30, 1895.

ANOTHER star of Science slips
 Into the shadow of eclipse!—
 Yet no; the *light* is nowise gone,
 But burning still, and travelling on
 The unborn future to illumine,
 And dissipate a distant gloom.
 True man of Science he, yet more,
 Master of metaphysic lore,
 Lover of history and of art,
 He played a multifarious part.
 With clear head and incisive tongue
 Dowered, on all he touched he flung
 Those rarer charms of grace and wit
 Great learning may not always hit.
 To his "liege lady Science" true,
 He narrowed not a jealous view
 To her alone, but found all life
 With charm and ethic interest rife.
 Knowing plain lore of germ and plant,
 With dreams of HAMILTON and KANT,
 All parts of the great human plan.
 England in him has lost a Man.
 The great Agnostic, clear, brave, true,
 Taught more things, may be, than he
 deemed he knew.

Business.

Inquirer (drawing up prospectus). Shall I write "Company" with a big C?
Honest Broker. Certainly, if it's a sound one, as it represents "Company" with a capital.

MR. BRIEFLESS, JUN., ON THE LONG VACATION.

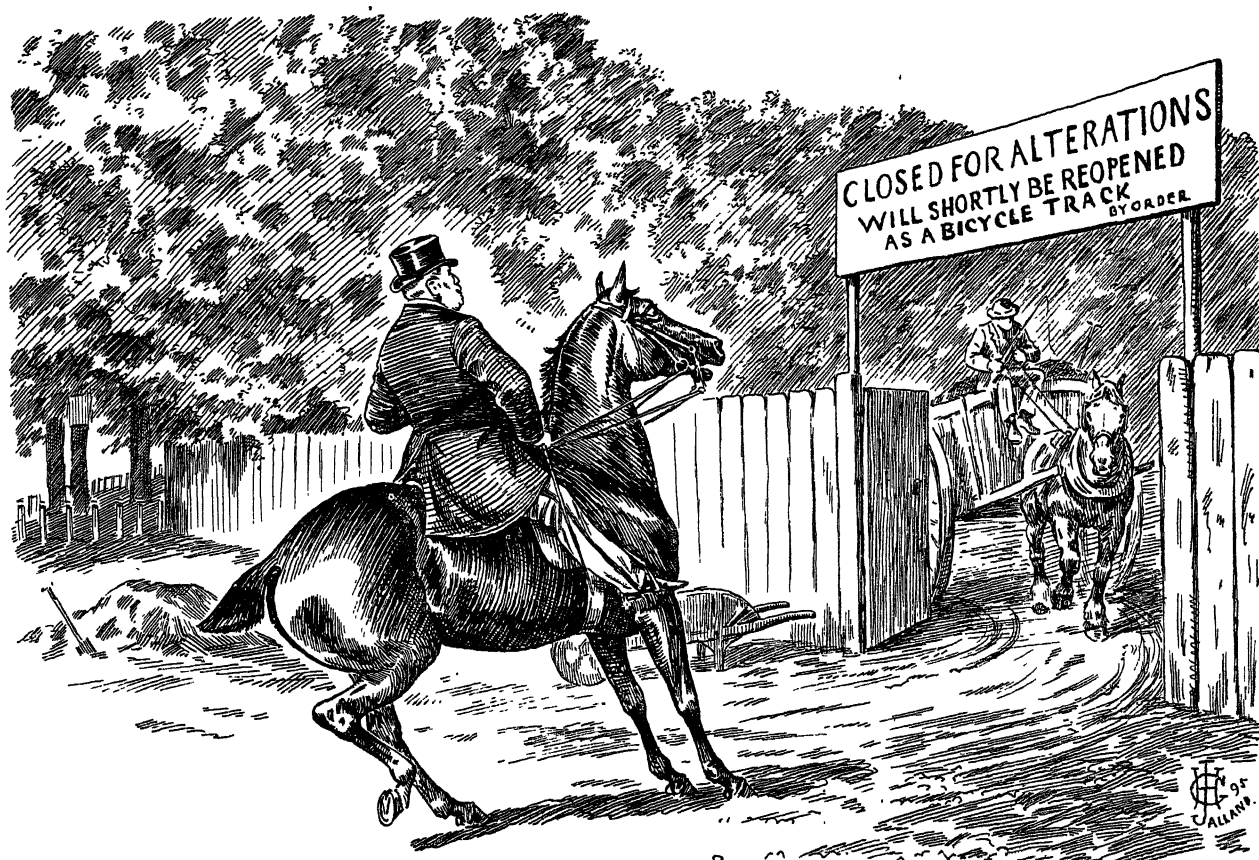
UNFORTUNATELY I was prevented, by an appointment of a semi-professional character—I had been desired by a maiden aunt to give her my advice upon a question of damage arising out of a canine assault committed by her lap-dog—from being present at the General Meeting of the Bar, and consequently was unable to take part in the annual deliberations of my learned and friendly colleagues. From what passed on the occasion to which I refer, I gather that there was an inclination to call the Benchers of the Inns of Court to account. It seems to me—and I believe that I am right in the opinion—that, so long as our Masters worthily represent the dignity of the profession, we Members of the Inner and Outer Bar have no tangible cause for complaint.

But I fancy the leading subject at the Forensic Congress was the Long Vacation. Judging from the numerous letters that have reached me from both branches of the profession, this is a matter of the first importance to all of us. I have been asked by many of my learned and friendly colleagues, and my nearly equally learned and even more friendly clients, to give my opinion on the subject. One respected correspondent who hails from Ely Place, writes, "How could you possibly recover from the wear and tear of your arduous practice in Trinity Term, had you not a part of August and nearly the whole of September and October ready to hand for recuperation?" I quite agree with Sir

GEORGE—I should say, my respected correspondent—that as I near "the Long," I do feel the need of rest—nay, even considerable rest. Then a learned friend who represents not only the Bar, but chivalry in its forensic form, sends me a caricature of "DICKY W." that would suggest that were the holidays to be decreased, a wearer of a most distinguished order, and an athlete of no small fame would be reduced to a condition of complete collapse. Once again, an ornament to our Bench—perhaps the greatest ornament—honours me with the suggestion that were we to lose a month of recreation, it might sadden the terraces of Monte Carlo, and eclipse the merriment of Newmarket Heath. It is needless to state that all these communications have had weight with me. Still, I have deemed it desirable to approach the subject with an open mind. It seems to me (and no doubt to many others) that the question narrows itself into a matter of finance. I have therefore taken PORTINGTON into my counsels, and examined with unusual care the pages of my Fee Book. After much consultation with my admirable and excellent clerk, and an exhaustive audit of the figures of my forensic *honoraria*, I have come to the matured conclusion that the lengthening or the shortening of the Long Vacation does not affect me financially in the very least.

(Signed) A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.
Pump-handle Court, June 22, 1895.

FOOTBALL is to be played in all the schools and colleges of Russia. The champion of the game is known as Prince KHUKOFF.



THE FATE OF ROTTEN ROW.

ON VIEW AT HENLEY.

THE most characteristic work of that important official, the clerk of the weather.

The young lady who has never been before, and wants to know the names of the eights who compete for the Diamond Sculls.

The enthusiastic boating man, who, however, prefers luncheon when the hour arrives, to watching the most exciting race imaginable.

The itinerant vendors of "coolers" and other delightful comestibles.

The troupes of niggers selected and not quite select.

The house-boat with decorations in odious taste, and company to match.

The "perfect gentleman's rider" (from Paris) who remembers boating at Asnières thirty years ago, when JULES wore when rowing lavender kid-gloves and high top-boots.

The calm mathematician (from Berlin), who would prefer to see the races represented by an equation.

The cute Yankee (from New York), who is quite sure that some of the losing crews have been "got at" while training.

The guaranteed enclosure, with band, lunch and company of the same quality.

The "very best view of the river" from a dozen points of the compass.

Neglected maidens, bored matrons, and odd men out.

Quite the prettiest toilettes in the world.

The Thames Conservancy in many branches.

Launches: steam, electric, accommodating and the reverse.

Men in flannels who don't boat, and men in tweeds who do.

A vast multitude residential, and a vaster come per rail from town.

Three glorious days of excellent racing, at once national and unique.

An aquatic festival, a pattern to the world.

And before all and above all, a contest free from all chicanery, and the very embodiment of fairplay.

FROM A CORRESPONDENT.—"SIR,—I occasionally come across allusions to 'Groves of Blarney.' Which Groves was this? There was a celebrated fishmonger known as 'Groves of Bond Street'; is Groves of Blarney an Irish branch of that family?"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 1.—Presto! Quick transformation scene effected to-day. Conservatives to the right; Liberals to the left. Stupendous, far-reaching change; one of those rarely happy events that please everyone. Hearing what people say, it is difficult to decide which the more pleased, Liberals at being turned out, or Conservatives at springing in. On Ministerial side happiness marred in individual cases by being left out of the Ministry.

"I'm getting up in years now, TOBY," said THE MARKISS, "and I've had pretty long experience in making up Ministries. But I assure you I've been staggered during last week, including in special degree the last hour. The more offices assigned, the narrower becomes the basis of operation, and the more desperate the rush of the attacking party. You'd be surprised if you saw the list of men who have asked me for something. As a rule they don't put it in that general way. They know precisely what they want, and are not bashful in giving it a name, though they usually end up by saying that if this particular post is disposed of, anything else will do. In fact, like the cabman and the coy fare, they leave it to me. I am, as you know, of placid temperament, inclined to take genial views of my fellow-man. But I declare, if the process of forming a Ministry under my direction were extended beyond a fortnight, I should become a confirmed cynic."

Business done.—Parties change sides.

Tuesday.—"Quel jour pour le bon Joé!" said my Friend, dropping with easy grace into the French of Alderney-à-Sark.

House full, considering the nearness of Dissolution. Members anxious above all things to meet their constituents. Grudge every hour that holds them from their embrace. Still, it is well upon occasion to practise self-denial. Ten days or even a fortnight with constituents during progress of contest inevitable. Just as well not to anticipate. So House crowded to see PRINCE ARTHUR return. Slight flush on his cheek as with swinging stride he comes to take up sceptre PEEL once held, that DIZZY deftly wielded, that GLADSTONE of late laid down. After him, second only to him, JOSEPH—JOSEPH in his very best summer suit, appropriate to occasion when sun shines most brightly. Then JOKIM, who has descended to frivolity of white waistcoat, which casts ghastly pallor

over festive scene. Last of all, type in these days of stern, unbending Toryism, MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH.

"BEACH," said SARK, coming back to the English tongue, "has never either manœuvred or wobbled. He is of the very flower of English political squirearchy. He has principles and convictions, and he sticks to them. So, when a Conservative Ministry arrives, he walks in last, and, on the Treasury Bench, takes any seat others may not have appropriated. Consider these things, TOBY, my boy. If



LEFT OUT! (A Study of several Distinguished Persons, who are unable to appreciate the charms of "Coalition"!)

you're bringing up any pups to a political career, the study may be useful to you and them." Private HANBURY got his stripes. After pegging away for years at Treasury, PRINCE ARTHUR now put him on to repel attacks. Will do it well too. An admirable appointment. Sad thing about it is, that it breaks up a cherished companionship; parts friends by the height and width and back of Treasury Bench.

Business done.—Ministers sworn in.

Thursday.—Notable change come over BOLTONPARTY in the last few days. Unmistakable Retreat-from-Moscow look about

him. When Liberal Government went out and JOSEPH handed THE MARKISS to the front, BOLTONPARTY beamed with large content. The Sun of Austerlitz shone once more.

"JOSEPH," he said, folding his arms in historic fashion, letting his massive chin rest on his manly chest, what time his noble brow shone with the radiance of mighty thoughts, "JOSEPH will never forget his early friend and ally. It's not as if at the last General Election I stood under his flag, won a seat, and laid it at his feet. I fought North St. Pancras as a Home-Ruler, captured it, and before new Parliament was many months old, went over to other side, making early rift in lute of GLADSTONE'S majority. Some men in such circumstances would have gone back to their constituency and said, 'Dear boys, there's a mistake somewhere. You elected me on a particular understanding. Since then I have taken another view of the situation and of my duty. So I come back, return the trust you placed in my hand, and give you opportunity of electing me again, or choosing another man.' That might have led to inconvenience. Wouldn't run any risk; so kept my seat, and voted steadily with JOSEPH. Suppose they won't put me in the Cabinet right off? But I shall have choice of first-class Under-Secretaryship. Shall it be War, Navy, or Home Department? Any one excellent; but obviously I must go to the War Office. Don't know whether there's any particular uniform for Financial Secretary. If not, could soon knock one up from old portrait of the Emperor."

Day after day BOLTONPARTY stayed at home, expecting every hour to be sent for. Nothing came till Wednesday morning's papers arrived, with the news that son AUSTEN was Secretary to the Admiralty, JESSE COLLINGS was installed at the Home Office, and POWELL WILLIAMS—who never set a squadron in the field, and didn't in any respect resemble the Emperor NAPOLEON—was Financial Secretary to the War Office! "That's bad enough, TOBY," said BOLTONPARTY, filing away an iron tear that coursed down his steel-grey cheek.

"But there's worse behind. What do you think JOSEPH did when he heard I wasn't altogether pleased? He offered me a statue! Said he'd no doubt AKERS-DOUGLAS could pick up on reasonable terms an old statue of NAPOLEON; with a little touching up it would serve, and there was a place ready on the site proposed for CROMWELL'S. There was, he said, well-known picture of NAPOLEON Crossing the Alps. Why shouldn't there be a statue of BOLTONPARTY Crossing Marylebone Road, North Pancras? This is man's gratitude! I've been cruelly Elba'd on one side, and nothing remains for me now but St. Helena."

Business done.—All.

Saturday.—Prorogation to-day, with usual imposing ceremony. On Monday, Dissolution. Off to the country. Of course no one opposes me in Barks. But must do the civil thing by my constituents.



Virtue Rewarded! The new Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. H-nb-ry.



Toby runs down to his Constituency.

TO A LADY HUMORIST.

YOUR laugh would chase away
the blues,

Your smile is always sunny,
One must be gay—who could re-
fuse?

Your "mission" is just to amuse;
Discarding all blue-stock-
ing views,

You fancy what is funny.

You have no fads on Man's De-
scent

From something quite atomic,
On Diet, Disestablishment,
On Dress, Diminishing of Rent,
Divorce or Dockyard Discontent—
You seek for something comic.

You wear no hygienic shoe,
Your dress is never frightful,
Your sense of humour makes you
too

Alive to what you should not do,
You laugh at folks, not they at
you,

You write what's quite de-
lightful.

So laugh, and always make us
gay;

Stern women are alarming,
The boldest men, I need not say,
Are simply scared by such as
they,

You do not bore us, anyway.
Your conversation's charming.

*Unmetrical Adaptation of
Robbie Burns' celebrated Line
to the "New Woman," whether
in male attire on or off Bicycle,
in her Club, driving her trap, &c.,
&c.—"A woman's a woman for
a' that."*



SPORTING EVENT—A RECORD.

SHE WON THE SWEEP!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

OF Mr. ATHOL MAYHEW's *His-
tory of Punch* the Baron can at
present say nothing, no copy of
this work having as yet been
brought to Our Booking Office,
and without a ticket-of-leave, or
ticket-for-leaves, granted by Mr.
Punch himself, per the Baron de
B.-W., the book of MAHU ("Mono
he is called and MAHU," as
SHIRLEY BROOKS used to quote
from *King Lear*) will not have
received the "imprimatur." Al-
ready it appears, as we read in a
letter from Mr. HENRY SPIEL-
MANN (who, if any man living
knows anything about Mr.
Punch's history, is the Punchian
Biographer and Historian *par ex-
cellence* and "by appointment")
to the *Daily Chronicle*, Friday,
July 12, that in Mr. MAYHEW's
book there are numerous errors
on important matters. "*May-
hew-manum est errare.*" But
"Herr VON SPIELMANN will put
him right in his forthcoming
book," says THE JUDICIOUS

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

COVENT GARDEN OPERA PRO-
VERB.—"When in doubt play
Faust."

"HAPPY THOUGHT!" (*A propos
of a recent case in the Maryle-
bone Police Court*).—What a good
title for an old-fashioned panto-
mime in the East End (where
the real pantomimes used to be):
"*Harlequin and the Mysterious
Manx Mannikins*; or, *Snapshot
and the Demon Camera!*"

BRIGGS, OF BALLIOL.

PART II.

"Two years passed, and never a syllable could I learn of BRIGGS. Then I met TROTTER of Trinity at Piccadilly Circus. "By the way," said he, "I suppose you have heard about poor old BRIGGS?" "No!" I cried. "What of him?" "Oh, I thought you would be sure to know, or I would have broken it to you more gently." "Why?" I asked, with apprehension. "Has anything happened to him?" "Well," he replied, with some hesitation, "I—er—I hardly like to tell you. You were such a friend of his." "You don't mean to say that he is—?" "Dead? No, poor fellow, not dead exactly, but worse than that, I fear. He has become a New Man, you see." I looked at TROTTER in bewilderment. "Why, you see, he is married—yes, he married the O'Gress, you know. Poor BRIGGS! I saw him yesterday, and, upon my word, I should scarcely have known him. But go and see him yourself; you will never believe my story."

TROTTER wrote me the address on a card, and the next day I called. The maid looked somewhat surprised when I asked for Mr. BRIGGS. He was at home, oh, yes, he was at home, but she didn't know whether he could see me or not, as he was feeding the baby. This announcement rather staggered me, but I pulled myself together sufficiently to assure her that I was an old friend of Mr. BRIGGS; and, on learning this, she asked me to walk upstairs. "This is the nursery," she said, when we had reached the topmost storey. "You will find Mr. BRIGGS inside."

I opened the door, and what a scene greeted me! There was BRIGGS, my old friend BRIGGS, the gallant BRIGGS of Balliol, rocking ceaselessly to and fro the while he crooned in a low monotone to a bundle of pins and flannel that lay cradled in his arms. I sprang forward to grip him by the hand. He laid his finger on his lips, and in an agonised whisper murmured, "Sh!—You'll wake the baby!" I controlled myself, and sank into a chair, to which he motioned me. BRIGGS hushed the infant anxiously for a minute or two until it was well asleep; then he turned to me, and with a sickly smile whispered, "I'm glad to see you, ROBINSON, but please talk very gently, for fear of waking the Cutsababoo."

It grieved me to hear poor BRIGGS talk in this fashion, but there were a thousand questions I was burning to ask him.

"Oh, BRIGGS, why did you leave Balliol so suddenly?" "Sh!" he answered, looking nervously round him. "She took me away." "And why did you never write to anyone?" "Sh! She forbade me." "Forbade you?" "Yes, yes, indeed. Oh, ROBINSON, you do not know my wife!" I was inwardly thanking my stars that I had not this honour when BRIGGS, overcome with his emotion, suddenly flung up his arms and covered his face with his hands. The action upset the equilibrium of the baby, which rolled off his lap, fell on the floor, and awoke with a scream. With a cry of dismay BRIGGS caught up the bundle, and tossed it violently up and down, addressing it the while in such intelligible terms as these—"And did it wake its darling ducky Cutsababoo, it did! It was a naughty cruel Dada, it was!"

It would be hard to say which made the greater noise, BRIGGS or the baby; but BRIGGS had the staying power, and after a fight the baby gave it up. BRIGGS gazed at it as it lay exhausted in his arms, then turning to me, he said, "I think the Cutsababoo has done crying now, ROBINSON. Will you excuse me if I sing him to by-byes?" In olden days BRIGGS had a glorious baritone voice, and to hear him sing the Balliol Boating Song was a musical treat. I therefore readily agreed to stay and listen. "The Duckydoo is very particular," explained BRIGGS. "He will only go to sleep to his own iokle tune, *The New Lullaby*.

"Mummy has gone to the city,
Cutsaba—Cutsababoo!
But Mummy will think of her Pretty,
And buy him a little toy too.
Daddy will dandle the Darling,
And show him his beautiful toy.
Hushaby, Pet! Baby, don't fret!
Sleepery, Peepery Boy!"

"Mummy is making the money,
Cutsaba—Cutsababoo!
To buy a new bonnet for sonny,
A jacket for Daddykins too.
Daddy will dandle the Darling,
And show him his beautiful toy.
Hushaby, Pet! Baby, don't fret!
Sleepery, Peepery Boy!"

BRIGGS had just reached the end of the second verse when his keenly sensitive ear caught the sound of a latchkey turning in the door. A look of terror crossed his face. "It's she! It's she!" he cried. "Oh, ROBINSON, if she finds you here! Oh, if you love me, fly!" I needed no second bidding. With a hasty grip of the hand I bade my friend farewell, and this is the last that has been seen of BRIGGS of Balliol.



THE MODERN MAID OF ATHENS.

John Bull (hesitatingly). "MAID OF ATHENS, WERE WE 'PART'?"

Maid of Athens (interrupting). "THINK WHAT YOU OWE TO ATTIC ART!"*

[At the invitation of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, a large meeting of these interested in the British School of Art at Athens was held on July 9 in St. James's Palace. The Prince of Wales said: "I sincerely hope we may soon hear that the School has been placed in an assured position for ever."—*Times Report*.]

* *British School of Archaeology.*

Sidney Sutherland.

CUE FOR CANVASSERS.

(By a Cynic.)

["In all the doubtful constituencies the result may be regarded as depending largely upon the persuasion and argument brought to bear upon individual electors."—*The Yorkshire Post*.

PERSUASION? Argument? Very nice names For Radical Canossites, Primrose Dames, And other retailers of party riddles, *Ex parte* statements, and taradiddles! Gregarious voters, of old bribes did you all; Now argument deals with the "individual," With the man—or his wife—you must seek occasion,

Canvasser clever, to try "persuasion." To "argue" that Bloggs is the likeliest chap

To pour prosperity into your lap; To "persuade" the Missus that that McQUIRK

Will deprive her "man" of his beer and work!

Oh, sweet are the virtues, upon occasion, Of moral (or even immoral) 'suation! When blankets run out and when money's all spent,

Then, then comes the value of "argument." And if the "argument" takes the form Of orders and jobs in a perfect storm; And when "persuasion" the future gauges A promise of liquor and higher wages; Why, then the result is the same almost, 'Twixt you and me, and the (*Yorkshire Post*!)

A DAILY SACRIFICE TO SHAKESPEARE.—Again, thanks to the enterprise of Mr. AUGUSTIN DALY, one of SHAKESPEARE'S comedies is rendered resplendent with appropriate accessories. *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, furnished with new illustrations, and sparingly curtailed by necessary "cuts," becomes more poetical than ever. Miss ADA REHAN is a "dream" in herself, and Mr. LEWIS, as an American playing in England, becomes "translated" every evening to the complete satisfaction of an appreciating and crowded audience. The play should run from Midsummer into Michaelmas.

A HENLEY BARCAROLLE.

(By a Parasyllabic Swain.)

My lovy-lade, I peg and bray
That you will pun my joint to-day;
And we will, dreaming o'er the stodge,
In some remote lackwater bodge.

We'll take a man JOE, bandoline,
And hick-cup, as we slop between
The bangled tanks—we'll sink and drip,
And strum the things on board our ship.

List to my lovesick, mew, and come
Far from the giddy, higgling gum!
Relaying hearses, we will croon,
And through each glowering hide we'll spoon!

ADVERTISEMENT (in "Standard").—*"Great Yarmouth. Small House. Close Aquarium and sea. Servant left."* Who was there when "servant left"? Also why "close Aquarium and sea"? Perhaps easy but unwise to close the former, but quite impossible to shut up the latter.

"GOOD BIS"—LEY. "TELL THAT TO THE MARINES."—The United Services Cup was adjudged to the Marines at Bisley. In this competition the Marines were the best, "all told."



A LABOUR OF LOVE!

Benevolent Lady (who has with infinite trouble organised a Country Excursion for some over-worked London Dressmakers). "THEN MIND YOU'RE AT THE STATION AT NINE TO-MORROW, ELIZA. I DO HOPE IT WON'T RAIN!"
"RINE, MISS! I 'OWP NOT, TO BE SURE! THE COUNTRY'S BAD ENOUGH WHEN IT'S FOINE, YN'T IT, MISS?"

A SMOKING CHRISTIAN CONCERT.—In these smoking hot July days a Smoking Mission seems a good notion. Yet the Bacey-nalian missionaries may probably have to say, "We have pipe'd unto you, and you have not responded," except as long as the supply held out. Will there be distributed tracts entitled *A Bird's Eye View of Heaven, A Short Cut to Truth, Returns to Virtue, What is Life?*—*A Mixture!*

PROVERB A PROPOS OF LATEST NEW WALTZ, "KING GRETCHEN."—"It's the last STRAUSS that breaks the record."

BAWBEES ACROSS THE BORDER.—The *Dundee Advertiser* has recently published a table showing the distribution of Ministerial salaries amongst Peers, Liberal Unionists, and Scotchmen. According to our canny contemporary, "Scotland fares badly in the new Administration." The reason for this lament is found in the fact that the share of Caledonia—"the spoil is taken chiefly by the Clan Balfour," remarks the *D. A.*—amounts only to £12,425. And yet this sum represents the "banging" of a good many "saxpences." North Britain is unreasonable!

WASTING HER SWEETNESS.

(An Electioneering Study.)

ARGUMENT.—Mrs. HORACE HONEYBALL, wife of the Liberal Candidate for a Metropolitan Working-class Constituency, has undertaken in her husband's interests a house-to-house canvass in Bodgers' Buildings.

Mrs. H. H. (to herself, as she threads her way through a grove of drying linen). "I do wish they would hang out their washing somewhere else—it's absolute ruin to one's hat! What a depressing place—but then they're all the more likely to be on our side. Have I got my canvassing cards and the bundle of leaflets? Yes—then I'd better begin. . . . How do you do, Mr. DOLLOP? . . . No, please don't move—I see I've come upon you all at your tea. So refreshing on a warm afternoon like this! . . . No, not any for me, thanks, I never touch it—and besides, I had some before I came out, you know. . . . Oh, never mind about wiping a chair for me, Mrs.

DOLLOP. . . . Yes, quite comfortable, I assure you. What a delightful home you have, with all those charming coloured pictures on the wall, and so beautifully clean, too! . . . Ah, if you only knew the trouble and worry of a great house and a whole tribe of servants. . . . But you mustn't say that; no one need despair of getting on nowadays, you know. And this is your little boy and girl? such bright, intelligent little faces. Jam is so wholesome for them, isn't it? . . . HALBUT and HALICE? Really! such pretty names I always think; and both beginning with—er—H. . . . Well, yes, I have called on some particular business. I daresay, now, Mr. DOLLOP, you're quite a politician. . . . A plasterer? Now, how delightful! Because I must tell you that my husband. . . . No, I'm afraid not. You see, we've only just had the whole house thoroughly done up. I was only going to say that my husband has such a respect for plasterers as a class, you know. Haven't I mentioned who he is? How stupid of me! He's Mr. HONEYBALL, the Radical Candidate for this place. . . . Yes, I've come about the elections, of course. Oh, but you ought to care; I'm sure you're far too intelligent a man to be really indifferent who represents you in Parliament! And my husband is so devoted to the working-classes; it's been quite the aim of his life to do something for them. His motto is, 'Trust the People.' . . . Oh, dear me, no—he's not a shop-keeper—he's at the Bar. . . . Certainly not. He's in favour of doing away with public-houses. He's a barrister—a lawyer, you know. . . . Ah, but perhaps you haven't been fortunate in such lawyers as you've met. . . . Well, but you wouldn't like the Tories to get in, would you? . . . But they've had their 'innings,' as you call it; they've been in a whole fortnight—and what have they done? . . . And if the Liberal Government is kept out, what will become of all the great reforms they've been trying to give you? . . . Well, there's Home Rule, for one. . . . Surely you're in favour of letting the Irish manage their own affairs? . . . No, that's such a mistake; they won't want to manage ours—at least, except Imperial matters—and why shouldn't they? . . . All that can so easily be settled afterwards. . . . Don't you call 'One man one vote' a great reform? . . . Isn't it monstrous that some people should have five or six votes, while you only have one? . . . It's foolish to say they're 'welcome to them,' like that, when they only use them to deprive you of your rights. . . . Then there's Welsh Disestablishment. . . . Oh, if you really can't see the immense importance of it, all I can say is, I'm extremely sorry. . . . Yes, I'm going now, and I hope, before the election day comes, you will have learnt to take a more enlightened— Good afternoon."



"I love the smell of tobacco!"

"I'm so glad to have found you at home, Mr. BILGER. I'm Mrs. HONEYBALL, and I want you to support my husband at the election—he's standing as a Liberal, you know. . . . Oh, yes, I think I can tell you his views on the Liquor Traffic. He's anxious to see the curse of drinking thoroughly stamped out. . . . No, I'm sure you're no friend to publicans—you look far too respectable. . . . Yes, as you say, they get rich on the earnings of the poor, and it's high time they were done away with. . . . Certainly you may ask me a question. . . . No, of course my husband would not dream of putting down Clubs; he belongs to several himself. . . . Oh, you meant Working-men's Clubs. You belong to one yourself? So sensible of you!—and of course there can be no possible objection, so long as no intoxicating liquor— Not conducted on Teetotal principles? I'm afraid that would make a difference. . . . Why? Because, don't you see, if people can go and join Clubs, and get drunk there, there would be no use in closing the public-houses, would there? We must be logical. . . . No doubt intoxicating drinks are supplied

in Clubs, but I don't see what that has to do with it. . . . My husband? No, he's not a total abstainer, but still. . . . No, no; it's not a question of one law for the Rich and another for the Poor at all. You don't quite understand. . . . If you really have heard enough, I'll go, of course. . . . Not at all. If anything I've said has helped you in making up your mind, I'm only too— Don't trouble to come to the door!"

"Mrs. MANGLES, I think? Your husband not at home, I see. It doesn't matter—you will do quite as well. I'm Mrs. HONEYBALL. . . . Oh, you have heard the name. . . . Seen my husband's picture on the placards? Oh, you're not taking a liberty in the very least. I shall be only too delighted to give you one. He is rather nice-looking, isn't he? I'll tell you what I'll do—when I get home, I'll send you one of his photographs to put on your mantelpiece. . . . Oh, I don't think I should have it coloured, if I were you. . . . But his hair and moustache aren't auburn, and what do you want to put him in a red tunic for? . . . Really? The living image of your first young man? He will be flattered! . . . You've had several since? I can quite believe that. . . . Well, if you will promise to get your husband to give me his vote, perhaps— Why should I have to go to the—er—'Cimintery' for it? . . . Last Christmas?—dear me! I'm very sorry I— Good-bye, Mrs. MANGLES; and—er—if I do find I have a photograph to spare—but the portrait of him on that

leaflet is really more like, you know!"

"No, don't put down your pipe, Mr. GOWLES; I—I love the smell of tobacco! . . . You weren't intending to—how friendly of you! . . . I daresay you don't know who I am? . . . Perhaps not, but you'll let me tell you, won't you? . . . I've come to ask you to vote for my husband, Mr. HONEYBALL; he's not a Tory, you know, he's a thorough-going Radical. . . . Not going to vote for either of them?—Now why? . . . Oh, no, I'm sure you're not—you're much too pleasant and gentlemanly to be a horrid Socialist! . . . You want everything done away with? Well, the Liberals are going to abolish a lot of things. There's the House of Lords, for instance, you're against them, I'm sure. . . . Not more than you are against the House of Commons? Oh, but you don't really want to destroy one of our most ancient institutions! . . . Capitalists? oh, they're sharks and bloodsuckers and landgrabbers and all that, I quite agree with you there—only they're all Tories, you know. . . . Why shouldn't you share in all the wealth you're assisting to produce? Why are you to be robbed of the product of your brain and hands?—I really don't know—it's very wrong, no doubt—what do you produce? . . . Oh,

you're a bill-poster? I see. Now don't get excited. . . . Your only hope is in the Gospel of Hate? . . . Now really, such a disagreeable thing to say! . . . If I could only bring you to see that by voting for the Liberals— . . . I'm not a smooth-tongued humbug, and it's extremely rude of you to call me anything of the kind. . . . I never said you hadn't a perfect right to vote as you pleased. . . . Very well, then, keep your horrible vote, I'm sure I don't want it! (To herself, as she departs.) I shall go home. If I see any more of these people, I shall find I've turned into a rabid Tory—and I'm sure HORACE wouldn't like that!"

OPERATIC NOTES.

MONDAY memorable for MELBA. Never sang better than as mad-as-a-hatter heroine of DONIZETTI'S *Lucia di Lammermoor*. Three hearty, deafening, unanimous encores for the brilliant firework Hanwellian vocalisation in LUCY'S (not "H. W. LUCY'S," of the D. N., but Miss LUCIA'S) great *de lunatico inquirendo* scena. After encore, inevitable gigantic basket of flowers handed up to



Calvé à la "Ria."

triumphant cantatrice by Beaming BEVIGNANI and talented assistants in orchestra. Conductor and musicians ought not to be used as agents for delivery of bouquets to *prime donne*. If somebody among audience wishes to publicly present singer with floral testimonial, why not let that Somebody step forward (as the person in church who would "forbid the banns" is invited to do) and hand it to her himself on a stick? Or if he be in some other part of the house, DULCISIMUS DRURIOLANUS would himself introduce him and his basket of flowers on to, and off, the stage. The encores and the floral testimonial quite turned mad heroine's head. That is, so turned it round again that she became quite sane and chatted amicably with two or three of the leading chorus "up stage" until it suddenly occurred to her that she must go mad again, which she did at once, most effectively. After this "*Fra poco*," the swan-like (if swan a tenor) death-song of *Edgardo*, cannot go for its value unless sung by a most popular and highly-gifted tenor. So it stands to the credit of Signor DASH-MY-VIGNAS that, in this, he was enthusiastically applauded, and soon after "laid him down and dee'd" in the midst of an admiring and more-or-less sympathetic Chorus. Great opera for Chorus giving expression to their feelings. How they cry or laugh, and point and gesticulate and threaten and sympathise as guests in low dresses without anything distinctively Scotch about them, except in the case of one lady over whose shoulder I fancy I detected a tartan scarf of clannish pattern. *Normanno*, played by, I think, IGIGNIO CORSI (which name, in compliment to the national Scotch liquor, ought to have been changed to "IWISKIO CORSI"), bore remarkable resemblance to Markis o' SALISBURY. I do not remember ever having seen or heard Lord SALISBURY as a vocalist. To be remembered as *The MELBA Night of the Season*—up to now.

Wednesday.—CALVÉ as *Carmen* simply perfect. That is all I have to say; like the Raven (not *Barnaby Rudge's*, but EDGAR A. POE'S), I announce "Only this, and Nothing More." And ALVAREZ as *José*, "Gentleman Joe," who does not drive, but is driven to madness, first-rate; in last scene, struggle and assassination most thrilling, dramatically: even stall-by-the-season'd opera-goers holding breath, and clutching at backs of seats. Audience, ordinarily indifferent to fate of heroine in last act, wait till bitter end. They only quit when quite sure *Carmen* cannot possibly sing any more. Madame MELBA, who, by request of the Management"—how modestly is this put, O DRURIOLANUS OPERATICUS!—"has kindly consented to play *Michaela*," exceeded the terms of her amiable contract, as she not only "played" *Michaela*, but sang the music superbly, her singing being faultless, which her "playing" was not. Mossuo ALBERS rather out of it as *Escamillo*, and *Toréador* was not an *Encoreador*, whereat *Toréador non contento*. All the principals sang in French, "knowing the language," but clever Chorus stuck to Italian. *Benissimo!* BEVIGNANI beaming, and beating time. House crowded; elections

and political parties disturb not the harmony of Covent Garden. Yet "last week but one" announced, and end in view. WAGSTAFF, seeing CALVÉ in first act with scarf or belt round waist, suggests riddle, "Why is CALVÉ a perfect *Carmen*?" Before you can break away from him, without damage to your button-hole, he answers, "Because she plays the part with a *band-on*." Exit WAGSTAFF.

Friday.—*Pagliacci*.—A new *Nedda* in Mlle. ZÉLIE DE LUSSAN. *Nedda* is rather a Loose'un, and Mlle. ZÉLIE is as good a *Nedda* as you can get "when t'other dear charmer's away." Then to follow, CALVÉ in *Calvé-lleria Rusticana* admirably dramatic. Can't believe this Magdalenish saint-like woman can possibly be that deuce of a young woman, *Carmen*, of t'other night. But "*Femina varium et mutabile (also cantabile) semper*." All the others good as ever, specially GIULIA RAVOGLI, as the gay *Lo-la-li-ety*.

SCRAPS FROM CHAPS.

THE hedgehog is sometimes accused of helping himself to a drink from a recumbent cow, but his larger relative, the domestic pig, is to be even still more commended for his enterprise. According to the *Western Daily Mercury*, in a farmyard in the parish of Uffculme a pig was observed to rear on his hind legs and suck milk from a cow. This sight must have enormously impressed the spectator. But it ought to have been a dog.

SURELY a Radical Unionist is a new departure in politics. Mr. STRAUSS, who is opposing Mr. CONYBEARE, M.P. for the Camborne division of Cornwall, in reply to a question at Cusgarne said that he was a Radical Unionist, but the name Liberal was good enough for him. Mr. STRAUSS is to be congratulated on his new political "Doctrinen"; but, if he should succeed in defeating Mr. CONYBEARE, he seems likely to lead the Whips a pretty dance.

IT seems a little hard on a Parliamentary candidate when he is seriously misrepresented by his own friends. This is what Mr. MICHAEL WILLIAMS has suffered in the St. Austell division of Cornwall at the hands of his friend Canon BUSH. With every intention of doing Mr. WILLIAMS a good turn, the worthy Canon fired off a letter in the local press containing a serious misquotation of a speech said to have been made by Mr. WILLIAMS about the false doctrines of the Nonconformists. The explosion of this shell in the Nonconformist camp has not improved Mr. WILLIAMS's chance of success, and he probably believes in the truth of the old saying, that "Good wine needs no Bush."

A PULL ALL TOGETHER.—What our forefathers would have called "seeking an explanation from one's representative," is now, in these days of political slang, known as "pulling your member's leg!" Witness what happened in West Fife:

"Mr. WEMYSS said, that if they returned him they would have the advantage of being able to run down to WEMYSS when he did anything wrong and pull his leg at the cost of a sixpence in train money, whereas, if they wanted to pull Mr. BIRRELL over the coals, it would cost them £3 to go to London."

The electors would certainly seem to "have the pull" by Mr. WEMYSS's proximity; but why didn't some heckler retort by saying that in pulling a candidate's leg voters must be careful not to get hold of a calf?

SLOW TRAINING.—The Cork County National Teachers' Association has passed a resolution that "for the sixth class" the geography of the British Isles is enough, and "that the British Colonies be held over till the examination in the second year." But how will the British Colonies like being held over? And is not Ireland itself going to be a self-governing British Colony—some day? But that idea, too, seems "held over" for the present. The National Teachers, however, are true Nationalists, because they also resolved that "Professors of Irish should be appointed in all the Training Colleges." If females, they will be expected to wear the Celtic fringe, of course.

READY AND WILLING (in the *Cornell-Leander Fiasco*).—One crew wasn't "ready," but the starter was "WILLAN"—like *Barkis*. The Cornell crew was ready and willin'. So they had the starter with them at all events; and, they started. Angry partisans described the proceeding as "Willanous." So it was,—from one point of view.

ELECTION PARADOXES.—Standing for a seat, and running against a sitting Member.

THE GENERAL ELECTION CRY.—"Take your seats, Gentlemen!"



AGGRAVATING FLIPPANCY.

The Professor (who has just come back from the North Pole). "—AND THE FAUNA OF THESE INHOSPITABLE REGIONS IS AS POOR AS THE FLORA! YOU COULDN'T NAME A DOZEN ANIMALS WHO MANAGE TO LIVE THERE."

Mrs. Malapert. "OH—I DARE SAY I COULD!"

The Professor. "REALLY—WHAT ARE THEY?"

Mrs. Malapert. "WELL, NOW—FIVE POLAR BEARS, LET US SAY, AND—AND SEVEN SEALS!"

II. "TRUE BLUE" INGLESE.

All illustrissimo Signor Punch.

ILLUSTRIOUSEST SIR,—I feel myself in duty of to write to her these few lines for to tell to her the my opinion of the of her country. Ah, the beautiful England! One speaks in Italy of the *cielo inglese*, when the sky is grey and overcast. For the first time I come now in the my ship to the of her country. *Ecco*, the sky is blue! In the our country so many things are blue—the sky, the sea, the lakes, the distant mountains, but in the our language not there is the word "blue." One says "azure" or "turquoise," but not the general term "blue." Therefore before I come to England I think, "We italians see the colour blue, but not can say it, and these english have the word, but see never the colour." And *ecco* I arrive, and the sky is blue! Not it is the blue of Napoli, not it is the blue of Genova, and perhaps it is to-day only, but *veramente* it is blue. It is much curious.

Also I have found other things blue. Some time the sea is pale blue. Some time the milk is pale blue. And one english says to me, "The sea was rough and the wind blue," but this not can I understand. The his friends say he likes chaff. *Diavolo*, what taste! But perhaps the chaff is much helpful for the digestion, like the english brown bread, which some brave men eat. The his friends say also, "He chaffs till all is blue." Perhaps when one eats the chaff the eyesight is altered. It is much curious. There are other things blue in England. There are "the blues." One my friend says to me that this phrase is the french *ennui*. Then I have not it seen yet, for it is always *fiesta* since our arrival. I have heard that the blues are at Oxford and at Cambridge, above all at the College of Girton. But the evening past I saw the blue the most beautiful. Ah, the exquisite eyes! Ah, *la bellissima signorina inglese*! so graceful, so courteous, so beautiful! And the her eyes were blue, so blue! Never have I seen a colour so sweet. The sea at Napoli, the sky at Palermo, the lake at Bellagio—it seems to me that they are grey and ugly when I think to the her eyes.

Ah, Signor Punch, Her is a man, Her can love, Her, I know it, admires the beauty of the women! So to her I tell that those blue eyes have hit the heart of the italian. Not in Italy, but in England, one sees the blue the most divine.

Her I beg to accept the my compliments and I have the honour to say myself

Her Devotedest Servant,

ANDREA DORIA DANDOLO VESPUCCI-COLOMBO.

ORDER! ORDER!

[*"Colonel NORTH bases his appeal for support on the plea that he will see to it that West Leeds gets its full share of whatever work may be going."*—*Leeds Mercury.*]

O "DARK and true and tender is the NORTH!"

And wondrous service to West Leeds he'll render;

He'll see, when Government work is going forth,

West Leeds shall have its chance—at least to tender.

"Orders are heaven's first law." That is the kernel

Of the "dear Colonel's" creed; and it contents

Those who to Governments raise the cry eternal

Of "Give your orders, Gents!"

ECHOES FROM THE POLLS.

ELECTED am I? Well, I am really much obliged.

Oh, certainly, shall be truly delighted to do anything in my power. Fancy in these hard times that it is a little difficult to increase a subscription list.

Only too pleased, but must be rather careful not to infringe the Bribery Acts.

Truly intend to live up to my opinions. Would not alter them for worlds.

Cannot recall everything I said during the heat of the election, and probably was imperfectly reported.

Do not claim any more liberty of action than to obey the dictates of my conscience.

Affraid cannot adequately represent every phase of political opinion.

Will give as much satisfaction in Westminster as practicable.

Party arguments are rather superfluous after the contest, and therefore have to be avoided.

Sorry cannot stay longer in the Division itself, as my presence is required within the precincts of St. Stephen's.

Would have the greatest pleasure in life to discuss all these matters of controversy at another time.

Sorry cannot give exact date, but why not say just before the next General Election?

MEMORABLE.—Wednesday, July 10th. Evening Fête at Botanical Gardens. No Rain!!



OLD WARDER WILLIAM.

THE VETERAN (*loquitur*). "DEAR ME! WHAT *HAS* BECOME OF HARCOURT?"

EX-HON. PRIVATE A. BRIEFLESS, JUN., ON THE I. O. C. R. V. C. AT BISLEY.

It is scarcely necessary to say that during the sitting of the Courts I have little time for what may be termed recreation. So when I visited Bisley on the occasion of the competition for the Ashburnham Shield, it was in a semi-military and semi-forensic capacity. It was no doubt pleasing to see one's schoolfellows of a later generation maintaining the *prestige* of a common *Alma Mater*; but the chief attraction in my eyes of the successor to Wimbledon was the presence under canvas of much that is left of the "Devil's Own." And here let me



The Skeleton of a Regiment.

pause for a moment to discuss the traditional derivation of the alternative title of the Inns of Court Rifle Volunteer Corps. I believe His late Majesty King WILLIAM THE FOURTH (of marine memory) is usually believed to have been the first to call his lawyer warriors by the name that, to certain minds, has had since an unsympathetic significance. I am of opinion that the Sailor Sovereign merely confirmed a title that had already been obtained by usage. It is more than possible that the initial supporters of the I. O. C. R. V. C. were counsel seldom holding briefs of their own, but frequently appearing as "learned" but absent "friends." It is needless to hint to the Bench and Bar that I refer to "devils." If my assumption is correct, then indeed would the Battalion be justly known to fame as "the Devil's Own."

I wish I could deny the reports that have found their way into the papers that the I. O. C. R. V. C. is less prosperous than it was of yore. Personally, I have it on my conscience that I have not for many years appeared on parade. To the best of my belief I have only once joined the ranks. The occasion was a prize distribution in Lincoln's Inn Hall. As an honorary member I was posted in the front rank of "A" Company. Then came the perplexing command, "Fours right," which, so far as I was concerned, ended in disaster. A little later I retired from all active military service, and have remained in retreat ever since. Still, at the sound of the bugle my pulse quickens, and I feel that had I chosen the Tented Field instead of the Forum for the exercise of my professional duties my career would not have suffered in prosperity from the alteration. In fact, I believe that with the conditions changed I should have had just as good a chance of becoming Commander-in-Chief as Lord Chancellor. But these are regrets that are out of place in the columns of a periodical that guards the interests of the universe in general, while fostering the loftiest aspirations of the legal profession in particular. So I cast them aside as unworthy the attention of a counsel, a soldier, and a gentleman.

Let me return to the I. O. C. R. V. C. at Bisley. I found "those of the faithful who have been true to their trust" defending themselves—there was no trace of defiance in the action—from the fierce fire of the noonday sun by wearing straw hats and sporting flannels. It was a pretty picture, that made by the martial lawyers at their mid-day parade. The tents, the tubs, the kitchen utensils, and last, but not least, the mess-house, with its dining saloon and ante-room. Alas, that the stability of the latter should be inappropriate! Alas, that the corps, once the pride of the Volunteer Service, should be reduced to four companies, and (so I believe) have lost its adjutant! *Ichabod!* How the mighty have fallen!

As I watched the sad and yet impressive tableau old memories flocked upon me. Where was the private who caricatured his Colonel, and showed how a shako could be combined with a horse-hair wig, and yet look military and forensic? Where was the lance corporal who invariably confirmed his captain's commands with an "as your Lordship pleases?" Where was the rear-rank wag who, on being told to charge, said he "must leave that sort of thing to his clerk, who kept his fee-book?" Where was the vocalist who would sing the songs of J. L. MOLLOY, Barrister-at-Law, and knew the ins and outs of "The Maske of Flowers?" All of them gone, and their places scarcely filled by new comers! And, as I gazed upon an energetic private of the I. O. C. R. V. C., apparently preparing to meet the demands of an expected detachment of hungry lunchers, I wondered whether anything could be done to revive the fortunes of the Grand Old Battalion. Could the hours of leisure of the

warriors be occupied by regimental trips down the river, regimental drags to the races, regimental dinners to one another, regimental visits to the play, regimental strolls in the Row, regimental bicycles in Battersea Park? I fancy something of this kind has already been suggested. Then, if Barristers do not flock in sufficient numbers to the banners of the Lamb, the Horse, and the Griffin, why not throw open the ranks to wealthy persons—so to speak—fond of the leaders of litigation? Again I imagine some such plan has already been under consideration.

And, as I thought the matter over, I became gloomier and gloomier. So sad was I that I had to visit the adjacent cemetery, to revive, under the modified merriment of the place, into comparative cheerfulness. The mere recollection of the I. O. C. R. V. C. unmans me. It is better that I should pause, for I can write no more.

Pump Handle Court, July 12, 1895.

A. BRIEFLESS, JUN.

THE CRY OF THE COUNTER.

(By a Shopkeeper who had hoped better things of the Season.)

GREAT Scott! Sold again! It's all up with the Season, Though Summer is Summer, and Goodwood's not gone! We Shopkeepers hoped for good luck, and with reason, For things did look bright. But once more we are done; Done, clean as a whistle! A General Election! Sprung on us, through BRODRICK, and cordite, and stuff! A plague on both parties, a curse on each section! Your M.P.'s a mooncalf, a muddler, a muff!

The weather was stunning; Death had not been busy With Royalties—bless 'em!—and London was full; And though of course ROSEBERRY is not a Dizzy, He *did* win the Derby, which gave him some pull. The Parties kept wrangling,—but nobody bothered; They didn't make progress,—but none of us cared; Though LARRY played tricks, or SLOMTO pothered, We stuck to our counters, unshocked and unscared.

And now, betwixt grass-time and harvest, the duffers Fight over sheer fudge and kick over the show.

And so once again the poor Shopkeeper suffers. A murrain on HARCOURT, a plague upon JOE! For policy BALFOUR sets forth "Dissolution," And thinks he has scored. Had I temper, and breath, And his ear, I could smash up his smart elocution. His game's Dissolution,—to us it means death.

The fat's in the fire, and the spark's in the powder, We're in for a long spell of wigs on the green. Our clients will scatter, and louder and louder Will swell the fool-chorus of partisan spleen.

Sir BOTTLEBY SNIPSE must be off beyond Humber, And sweet Lady SPENDWELL goes Primrosing, south, And I, poor shopkeeper, may just as well slumber, With rage in my heart and my thumb in my mouth.

Oh, slaves of the shop, from Pall Mall to far Peckham, Say, is it not time that *you* rose and rebelled? The parties just play with us. Can we not check 'em? By Jove, if one chorus of shopdom but swelled, Like the working man's howl, on those Westminster wobblers, The sweet little game they all play it might stop.

For Socialist dockers and Radical cobblers They've ears; but they're deaf to the Cry of the Shop.

The rents, rates and taxes pile higher and higher, The Stores undersell us—and cop ready cash! The Hebrew monopolist, fiercer and slyer Than tiger-cat, schemeth to send us to smash. The landlord rack-rents us, and then pops the profit He draws out of us into syndicate Stores! I tell you the shopkeeper's life is a Tophet, M.P.'s play at "Progress," and *we* pay all scores.

And then they ask me for my vote!!! Why, what guerdon Have I for my votings these twenty years past? Continual addition to back-breaking burden! I say the last straw has been laid on, at last; At least upon this individual camel. To forward true Progress I don't think I'm loth, But sick of prolonged Party trick, trap, and trammel, If I had my wish, I would—*vote against both!*

THE MODERN IxION.—This mythological character finds his present representative in a shareholder Bound to the Great Wheel at Earl's Court. However, Ixion and his wheel went on for ever! In which case Modern Ixion ought to be an exceptionally lucky person.



"I SAY, OLD MAN, WHAT'S THAT AWFUL ROW GOING ON NEXT DOOR?"
 "OH, THAT'S THE OMPHALE CLUB. THE LADIES ARE HAVING THEIR FIRST WHIST PARTY OF THE SEASON!"

THE NEW HORRIBLE TALE.

(From a Philistinish Point of View.)

AIR—"The Horrible Tale."

'Tis a horrible tale I'm going to tell
 Of the frightful fortunes which befel
 A family who late resided
 In the same suburban street that I did.
 O it is a horrible tale!
 'Twould make a Maeterlinck turn pale,
 With its frightful blend of the grim and
 glum,
 Of fiddle-de-dee, and fi-fo-fum!
 O they were a decent Philistine lot
 Till they caught the contagion of "Tommy-
 Rot."
 That kind of mental, malarial fever,
 Which floors the foolish and foils the clever.
 O it is a horrible tale, &c.

This Influenza of the Soul
 Haunted their house like some gruesome
 "troll."

(The family—which their name was GIBSON—
 Knew all about such from the works of
 IBSSEN.)

The father first felt the spell unholy,
 And the man's demeanour grew truly
 "troll."

He was—in Peckham—a Master Builder,
 And he "carried on" with a drudge named
 'TILDER.

The slavey said it was truly thrilling,
 But struck for another—weekly—shilling.
 "She was ready to thrill till all was blue,
 But it *must* be reckenised in her 'screw!'"

His wife declared he was most inhuman,
 And, for her part, she should turn New
 Woman!

So she grew—to him—an emotional icicle,
 And mounted knickers, and rode a bicycle.

The eldest son, an athletic young fellow,
 Who had gained his "Blue," took at once to
 Yellow.

"Muscle," he said, in a tone despotic,
 "Is beastly vulgaw; good form's Neurotic!"

The youngest daughter, a blue-eyed fairy—
 (Her pies were prime, and her name was
 MARY—)

Now took to cricket, and cigarette-smoking,
 And manly manners in togs—and joking.

The eldest one, of a statelier carriage,
 Conceived quaint notions about "Group-
 marriage."

"Since man's a satyr, and brings satiety,
 The only virtue is—in *variety*!"

Another girl took to writing novels
 On dirt in "dosses," and vice in hovels;
 Varying the same with Kiplingy verses,
 With ingenious rhymes to street-slang and
 curses.

The youngest boy, who was "only a nipper,"
 Contributed "Art" to the "Sixpenny
 Snipper,"
 Which his sisters said was "supremely
 delicious,
 As a blend of the infantile and vicious."

The father died of his drudge and drink.
 The wife broke her back at a skating rink;
 And as to the slavey, whose name was
 'TILDER,
 She "thrilled"—on street-preaching and
 rum—till they killed her.

The eldest son read NORDAU and LOMBROSO,
 Till his brain went shaky—'twas always
 so-so—
 He imagines himself a pot of mustard,
 Of which egomaniacs are making a
 custard.

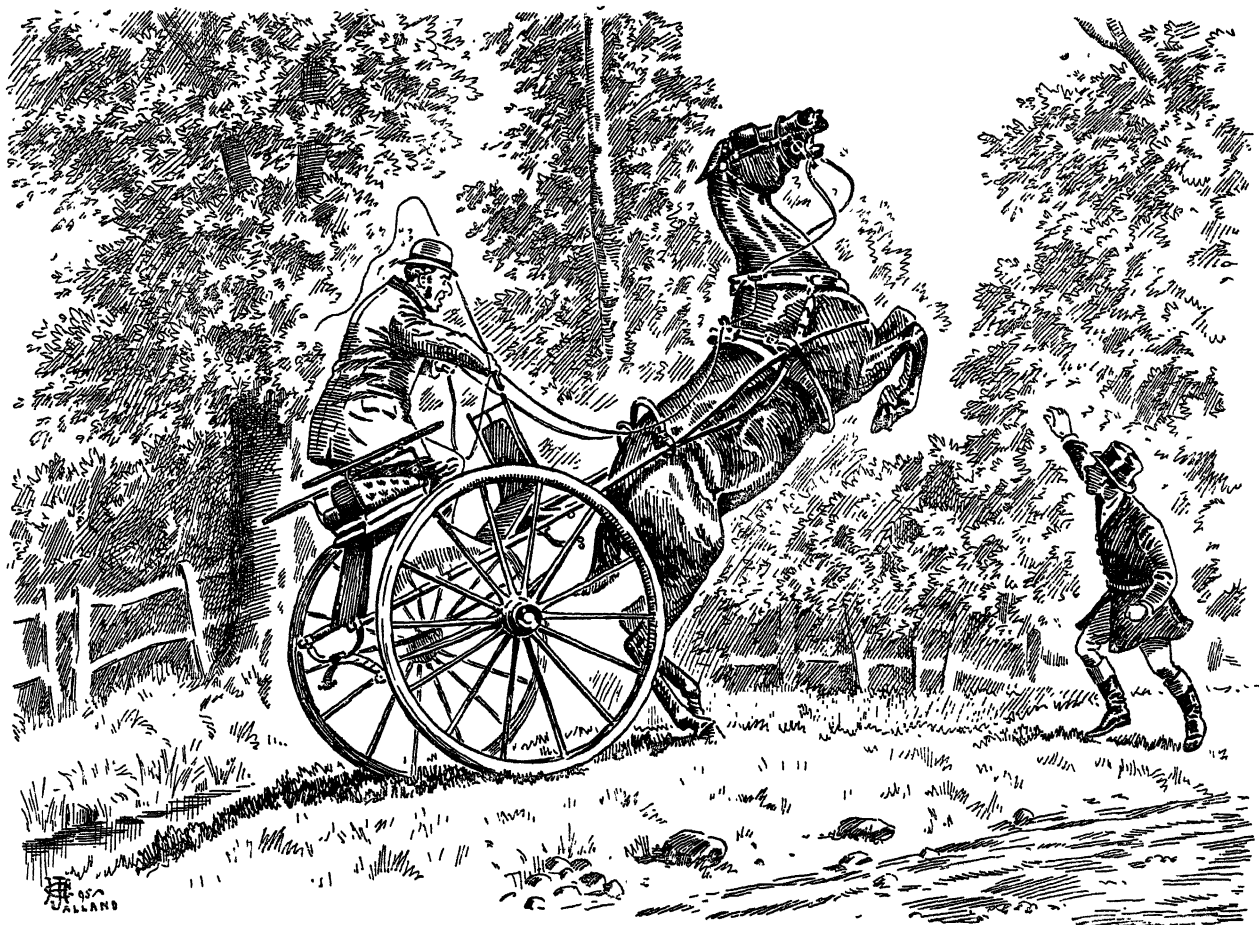
The youngest daughter's an "Amazon
 Queen"
 At the East-end Halls, and she's loud and
 lean;
 The eldest—whose freedom all bonds would
 sully—
 Is tied to—and thrashed by—a pugilist
 bully.

The writer of sensuous snippety novels,
 In Grub Street gutters forlornly grovels;
 The "Boy Genius of Gehenna," of the
 babbling boasters,

Turns a very poor penny by Stygian Posters!
 O it is a horrible tale!
 And what do New Women and New Art
 avail?

Egomania-Tommyrotica is all a hum,
 Half fiddle-de-dee, and half fi-fo-fum!

BANDS AND BOMBS.—How many Hungarian
 Bands are there about? There's a "Real
 Blue Hungarian" (does this mean a "True
 Blue," good old Tory, Band?)—there's an
 "Anglo-Hungarian," and a "White Hun-
 garian." In fact, Hungarian Band "with
 variations." The Real Hung'ry-an'-Thirsty
 Bands are to be seen every night in the
 Feeding Places of the Indian Exhibition,
 Earl's Court, where, specially within the
 bowers of the al fresco Welcome Club, can
 be served a very good dinner which *may* be
 bettered; and, if you are a Lucullus, you
comme gourmet will have to Look-ullus-
 where for it. [N.B.—To get this jest well
 received give the dinner yourself, and to-
 wards the middle of the feast try the jape.
 They'll all laugh *then—mais apres?*]



"AYE! BUT HOW?"

Squire (in dog-cart). "HERE! YOU FOOL! HOLD HIS HEAD!"

MISONEOGYNY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—New Woman dead? Not a bit of it. Don't believe she ever existed. Never met her anywhere myself, and never met anybody who has. It's my belief there "ain't no sich person." Merely an idea or an influence, don't you know; and you can't shake hands, go into dinner, dance, or flirt with a poisonous influence, any more than you can with a bad smell. Whatever she is, though, afraid she's driven me into evil courses—rhymes. Here they are:—



Begs the New Woman to stoutly proclaim—
"No longer a lady, and not yet a gentleman."

Where are the creatures who own to the name?

Oh, where is that horrible modern monstrosity, Where is the woman whom people call "New,"

Who thinks, speaks, and acts with such utter atrocity, Tell me, oh where are the "women who do"?

Half angry, half sad (upon grounds sentimental) man

This monster has, surely, no lasting vitality, Only existing in fancy and print; It is just an unlovely abstract personality, Coin from the end-of-the-century mint. And, therefore, in physical prowess and mental, man

Owens her supremacy, calm and serene, Because the New Woman is like the "Old Gentleman," [seen. Heard more often—thank heaven—than

Shouldn't worry if I were "Misoneogynist." New woman fad nearly played out, only a black cloud floating across the blue sky of common sense. Nice idea, isn't it? Till cloud rolls by shall remain,

Yours cheerily, A BACHELOR.

THE "BOGEY-LAND OF SCIENCE."—From the *Glasgow Herald*:—

"The fourth meeting of the eleventh session of the Andersonian Naturalists Society was held at 204, George Street, Professor G. BELL TODD, M.B., C.M., President, in the chair. After the minutes of last meeting had been read, Mr. ARCHIBALD SHANKS exhibited an Ichthyodurule of Gyraacanthus."

Plucky of Mr. SHANKS, that! As the Gyraacanthus is an animal with both a fin and a spine, and it was captured in Ayr, it must be a sort of flying shark. How on earth did Mr. SHANKS get it to George Street? It ought to be called "By George Street!" in future.

"THE COLONEL'S" PARADOXICAL PURPOSE.—To convert West Leeds into "NORTH Leeds."

A TRUE SPORTSMAN'S TIP.

At anti-gambling "spoil-sports," loudly The "sportsmen" they would spoil are fretting.

Good friends, though you protest so proudly,

The true spoil-sport is—Betting! Although it suit the baser sort, What's sport to them is death to Sport!

"PICCADILLY Sports" is a headline conjuring up pleasant visions of races, and other jinks uncondemned to the peace and comfort of law-abiding citizens—only authorised race in Piccadilly, the "purblind race of miserable men." Yet let no irate old gentleman storm the columns of the *Times* with a tirade against the police and County Council on this account. Because there happens to be another Piccadilly up north. *Hinc (Piccadilly) illi ludi.* We shall expect to be reading shortly of "Holborn miners out on strike," "Heroic rescue by the Pall Mall lifeboat," or "A serious affray with poachers at Paddington."



ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.

TOBY ONCE MORE M.P.

ON Monday the Electors of Berkshire assembled in the great hall of their county town to elect a Member to serve in the Fourteenth Parliament of Queen VICTORIA. The High Sheriff presided. Owing to the constitutional rule which forbids Peers to take part in Parliamentary electoral proceedings, the Lord Lieutenant of the county was precluded from showing himself on the platform. It was said that, indisposed to be entirely out of so interesting and popular an event, his lordship was present disguised as a tide-waiter. Our re-



"Carried unanimously."

presentative, however, did not observe in the throng any person in nautical dress.

The hall, which was crowded to its utmost capacity, was gaily decorated with flags. Across the full length of the hall was suspended a banner bearing the proud device "BARKS'S IS WILLIN'."

Our esteemed ex-Member was accompanied on the platform by the principal county gentry of all shades of political opinion. On taking his seat in the front row of chairs, he was received with rounds of Kentish fire, made in Berkshire. Having been proposed and seconded in eulogistic terms, report of which he has expressed a desire we should suppress, the High Sheriff inquired if any elector desired to propose another candidate?

"I should think not," said a burly Berkshire farmer, ominously grasping a stout blackthorn.

After this no one seemed disposed to move, and the High Sheriff declared TOBY, M.P., duly elected. There were loud cries for the Member, who, overcoming natural and usually insuperable diffidence, got on his hind legs.

"Brother electors," he said, "it is an old saying, 'What Berkshire thinks to-day, England will do to-morrow.' Obviously some inaccuracy underlies the aphorism, since whilst you have to-day thought me worthy of being elected your Member, it's no use England coming round to-morrow and asking me to represent it in the Commons House of Parliament. This is the fourth time Berkshire has done me this honour; and base indeed is the man—(A Voice, 'Who pays')—who could be insensible to such testimony of confidence and esteem. Brother electors—(A Voice, 'Who stole the Emperor William's uniform?') Disturbance at the end of the hall. Another Voice, 'Chuck him out.' No, electors of Berkshire, let him stay. If he is put outside, he loses the opportunity of observing your behaviour, and learning how gentlemen comport themselves when publicly assembled in discharge of a solemn duty. (Loud cheers. A Voice, 'That fetches 'em!') I was about to observe, when our friend's feelings temporarily overcame him, that since I entered the room I have had a number of questions handed up to me. They are a little late, since I am no longer a candidate but am duly elected. That, however unusual the case may be,

makes no difference. The first question is: 'Will you, if elected, see that every man in Berkshire over fifty years of age has three acres of the best land in the parish, with a cow for every adult child and a calf a-piece for each infant in arms?' Certainly; I hope I may live to see established those desirable conditions as between man and man. (Cheers.) Another esteemed friend asks: 'Do you understand Local Veto to mean that a man may go into the public-house, take his noggin or what not, and when asked to pay may refuse?' I could not if I tried put my views on the situation more clearly. The Veto, as you all know, is a Latin word meaning to *vete*, or, as we say in English, to refuse to stump up. A public-house is, according to 19 Vict. c. 190, a locality. Local Veto is, therefore, the inalienable right of the English citizen as defined by my friend. (Loud cheers.) 'Are you in favour of Equalisation of the Rates?' To be frank with you, my idea of rates is that they should be equalised to the extent that makes them absolutely impalpable. ('No, no.' 'Yes, yes.' Uproar under the gallery. Cries of 'JUDAS!') A free fight, during which a man was ejected, omitting to take his coat with him.) Don't put him out; don't put anyone out. If there's a renewal of the interruption, form a ring round the man; then we will see where we are. Here's another question: 'Do you approve of Ice Creams made in foreign prisons smuggled over here in barrel-organs and ground out in our streets, ruining the digestion of our working men?' That is a question which hardly seems to need reply from a patriotic Englishman. But I will say—and you observe I say it emphatically—No. (Loud cheering.) 'Are you in favour of a Second Chamber, or do you go the length of Tenification?' That is a very nice question. It shows how deeply and intelligently the men of Berkshire study the questions of the day. It is not a matter on which I, for one, care to dogmatize; I will therefore content myself with saying, that between two and ten we might find the happy medium. (More cheering, the audience rising to their feet, waving hats and handkerchiefs.) Now, gentlemen, that's all the questions I have, and I hope you'll agree that I have answered them frankly. Ah! here's another one coming up. (A dirty piece of paper is passed from hand to hand till it reached the hon. Member.) 'Could you lend me five bob till Saturday night?' (Laughter, in which the hon. Member heartily joined.) I think, gentlemen, it is time we now proposed a vote of thanks to the High Sheriff." (This was carried unanimously, and the meeting broke up. A torch-light procession conducted the popular member to his family seat, The Kennel, Barks.)

A LITERARY TURN.

THERE was a case in the Edinburgh Court of Session the other day, which shows what is thought of authors north of the Tweed—and not by publishers, either. A witness remarked of a "defender" that "he was of a literary turn of mind, and he thought that spoiled him." Many persons have had similar thoughts, but they have generally refrained from uttering them quite so bluntly.

Mistress HATHAWAY rejoiced in a daughter christened ANNE,

Whose proceedings she regarded with concern;

Quoth she—"That WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE as a son-in-law I ban.

Why? Because he has a literary turn."

Growled Sir W-LL-M, on perusal of a certain *Life of Pitt*—

"Well, we all unquestionably live and learn;

But, in spite of DIZZIE's precedent, I don't believe one bit

In a Premier with a literary turn."

Said W-LS-L-Y, when a recent work he blankly had surveyed—

"To answer this biography I yearn.

What an admirable soldier H-M-L-Y might, perhaps, have made,

If he had not had a literary turn!"

"JUST ON THE CARDS."—Herr IFF's orchestra. In how uncertain a state of mind would a telegram from Herr IFF leave the giver of the entertainment who, having requested wire informing him whether Herr IFF and his band could come, should receive this reply: "If can come will be there at hour stated." This supposes that some well-informed, grammatical, telegraphic young lady-clerk has corrected the spelling of "IFF." A *propos* of IFF, a complete entertainment would be a recital by the Veteran HOWE of WATTS' poems, accompanied by IFF's band; and a reading from *Le Château d'If*.

INTELLIGIBLE, BUT NOT CLEAR.—"I think," said Mrs. R.'s married niece, "that good singing is quite wasted on an ordinary evening party. Now I remember an evening when SATTLE sang in a crowded drawing-room at our house, and a pin might have dropped!"

A DECISION. THE DR. G. TESTIMONIAL.—The D. T. is a good judge of popular sentiment, and, attired as a Judge, is D. T. ermined that '95 shall be remembered as "the Year of GRACE."

THE LOST RECORD.

(*The Wail of a Wiped-out Wheelman.*)

AIR—"The Lost Chord."

READING one day in our "Organ,"

I was happy and quite at ease.

A band was playing the "Lost Chord,"

Outside—in three several keys.

But I cared not how they were playing.

Those puffing Teutonic men; For I'd "cut the record" at

cycling, And was ten-mile champion then!

It flooded my cheeks with crimson,

The praise of my pluck and calm;

Though that band seemed blending "Kafoozleum"

With a touch of the Hundredth Psalm.

But my joy soon turned into sorrow,

My calm into mental strife;

For my Record was "cut" on the morrow,

And it cut *me*, like a knife.

A fellow had done the distance

In the tenth of a second less!

And henceforth my name in silence

Was dropt by the Cycling Press.

I have sought—but I seek it vainly—

With that Record again to shine.



CONCLUSIVE.

SCENE—*Hibernian Table d'hôte.*

Guest. "WAITER! I SAY—THIS IS PORK! I WANT MUTTON!"

Waiter (rather bustled). "YES, SORRY, IT'S MUTTON YE WANT,—BUT IT'S PORK YE'LL HAVE!"

Midst crack names in our Cycling Organ,
But they never mention ^{MEET} mine
It may be some day at the Oval
I may cut that Record again,
But at present the Cups are given
To better—or luckier—men!

OF COURSE.—Directly it was known that Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT had accepted an invitation to contest West Monmouthshire, and that Mr. WARMINGTON had generously offered to retire in his favour, there was a rush for the evident joke of styling the self-effacing Q.C. "Mr. WARMINGPAN." It is uncertain which paper was the first to get the Warmingpan into its sheets. Sir WILLIAM did not find the vacated seat too hot to hold him. Just nice.

NEW TITLES.—Sir HENRY LOCH is created Baron LOCH of Drylaw. The title will be appropriately written out on parchment. For was there ever a more dry-as-dust title than that of a Barren Loch and Dry Law! Mr. STERN comes to the front as Baron WANDSWORTH: not of Wandsworth Common, "and so," as a Shakspearian clown might say, "the title is uncommon." Finally Cock a doodle doo! Lord HOUGHTON's Earl of Crewe! being, evidently, the living representative of SHAKESPEARE'S "Early Village Cock."

SCRAPS FROM CHAPS.

BALLOTRY.—The Cork Agricultural Society had before it a proposal of the County Board to rent their ground for holding sports. The Chairman said,

"It was to be understood that the grounds would only be let on the understanding that no drink would be sold, and that no political meetings or gambling would be allowed."

Rather hard on politicians this, to bracket their patriotic endeavours with pitch-and-toss and alcoholic indulgence! If politics are like strong drink, nobody at any rate can call them a form of "refreshment"! But defeated candidates will quite agree that the game of "bleu et jaune" is a good deal worse than "rouge et noir."

A DAY SHIFT.—From the *North British Daily Mail* comes news of a daring electoral outrage. The Liberal candidate wanted to address the colliers in one of the Lanarkshire towns; but his meeting was very poorly attended. The cause was that the colliers were all waiting at the bottom of the pit ready to be drawn up, but "it was found necessary to send down an extra quantity of wood at that particular time": so that the colliers could not get to the surface for an hour, when the political meeting was over! Smart man, the Conservative agent in that division! The pitmen could not be wound up, so the meeting was. It isn't only in Lanark that the Liberal Party wants a lift!

"LITTERAL" TRUTH.—The effects of the General Election on the Press seem to be most marked in Ireland. An Irish contemporary has the following:—

"IRELAND. THE VICEROYALTY TO BE ABOLISHED.—Colonel SAUNDERSON, addressing the Orangemen of Diamond, near Armagh, said that Lord LALISBURY's Government would bring in a Bill to abolish the office of Irish Viceroy."

What is really to happen to the Irish Viceroy is rather mysterious. Is he to be "abolished," or only "abolished"? Perhaps "Lord LALISBURY" will kindly explain.

DRINKING SCENE OF THE FUTURE.

(*In consequence of the Growing Demand for Lighter Liquors.*)

SCENE—*The interior of a Dining-room. The ladies have just left, and the gentlemen are discussing their beverages.*

Smith. I say, BROWN, if it is not an impertinent question, where did you get that toast-and-water?

Brown. I thought you would be deceived! It was a cup, not the pure article! My butler is a first-rate hand at it. I will give you the recipe if you like.

Smith. Do. It was excellent. What is the secret?

Brown. Something, I fancy, to do with watercress.

Jones. I say, BROWN, that was really very nice sherbet. Turkish or Persian?

Brown. Neither. Came from the Stores. Home-made.

Jones. Well, it certainly was capital. I could have sworn that it had been manufactured East of the Levant.

Brown. More likely East of Temple Bar. And now shall we have a whitewash before we join the ladies?

Six Guests. No, thanks! Really not

Half-a-dozen more of the Company. Really not! No, thanks!

Brown. Nonsense! (*Produces a pint bottle of lemonade.*) Nonsense, I repeat! Look here, my boys. (*Locks door.*) Not one of you fellows shall leave the room until you have finished this!

[*Draws cork of pint bottle, and distributes the lemonade amidst the good-natured protestations of the revellers. Scene closes in upon the Temperance orgy.*]

NOT IN THE "NEWCASTLE PROGRAMME."—Last week Sir CHARLES FREEMANTLE, K.C.B., was presented with his portrait painted by Hon. JOHN COLLIER, in Hon. JOHN's best style; and so, for this work, COLLIER cannot be "hauled over the coals." *A propos*, evidently the artist to paint the present Ministry should be a Collier, as it is a Coalition Cabinet. If the Collier were a Radical, how coal-black the portraits would come out!



"GENTLEMAN JOE."

Joe Ch-mb-rl-n (the Driver, to his fare Lord S-l-sb-ry, with A. J. B-l-f-r). 'ALL RIGHT, GOVERNOR! I KNOW THE WAY!'

'ARRY ON THE ELECTIONS.

DEAR CHARLIE,—O 'ip, 'ip, 'ooray, an' three more, and a tiger! Great Scott! I'm as 'appy as ten on 'em, CHARLIE, though thusty and thundering 'ot. I've bin up to my eyes in it this time, and now these 'ere Polling Returns Are a-sending me slap off my chump, though I'm sorry they didn't chuck BURNS.

Oh! I'm feeling O K and a arf; I could stand on my 'ed with delight, For the Rads are knocked out in three rounds, 'Ome Rule's smashed, and Old England's all right. And although it is late, and I'm tired, I'm so full of our Glorious Win, That I feel I *must* sit down and drop yer a line, mate, afore I turn in.

I'm the Pet of the Primrosers, CHARLIE, and, 'ang it, I've earned it all round, For I've worked like a nig, and no error. It suits me right down to the ground. I've canvassed and posted tremenjous, I'm 'usky with cheer and chi-like, And I've mounted the Unionist colours, and blazed round the streets on a bike.

There was full arf a mile on us, CHARLIE, a scarlet percession on wheels; With Japanese lanterns a-flying, and 'underds o' kids at our 'eels. I felt I was "charging the guns," like that brave Ballyclava Brigade, With shouts for "Lord Mungo and Malt!" and a little one in for "The Trade."

I tell yer, old man, 'twos hexciting. We dashed along Mulberry Scrubs. And up the 'igh street a rare buster, 'ocrayed by the bhoys at the Pubs. We scooted around for ten mile, the 'ole distance one thunderin' cheer; And *when* we pulled up at the "Crown," if you 'd just seen me lower the beer!

I lapped off a quart in one quencher. "That's rippin'!" sez I to the Bung. "I felt liked a dashed wooden 'orse, with a lump o' red leather for tongue." "Ah!" sez 'e, "and jest fancy, old man, if them Vetoers 'ad their vile way, Wy, I couldn't sell you a tankard, and *you* wouldn't 'ave any say!"

But jimminy-whizz, 'ow we squelched 'em! We got our man in two to one, Though our neighbourhood used to vote Rad, and a Tory was not in the run. Wot beans it must be to old 'ARCOURT, wot toko to LAWSON and CAINE! Well, they've got their fair arnser this time; let us 'ope they won't try it again.

Workin'-men on the Radical ramp? You should jest 'ear wot I 'ear, old pal. Let big pots make the round o' the pubs, and they won't talk that footy fal-lal. Labour wants steady work and good wyges, and likes to see England look big; And then, with its bacoy and beer, it's all one to it, Tory or Whig.

Wot's it care for Welsh Churches, or Scotch 'uns, as don't 'ardly enter its own? And as to 'Ome Rule—for yer work there's dashed little meat on *that* bone. Talk of Betterment, Progress, Peer-smashing, and such-like, may do for the Clubs; But all Labour *gits* is 'igh rates, shocking trade, and a raid on its pubs.

Workman sez it's too good enough, CHARLIE; believes as it's better by far To vote for Old Sol, a big Navy, an' maybe a jolly good war.



UNLUCKY SPEECHES.

She (giving him a flower). "SWEET AS THE GIVER!"

He (wishing to be very complimentary indeed). "OH—SWEETER FAR!"

He's sick of the bloomin' old forriners copping our trade and our tin. And 'e's game for Protection and Peers—*anythink*, so Old England may win!

If the Rads want his vote for the future, they've got somethink *solid* to do! Village Councils and Vetoers won't work it, for all BILLY 'ARCOURT's boohoo! 'E don't want less beer, but more beer-money, ah! and 'e don't care a blow If 'e gits it from ROSEBURY and 'ARCOURT, or SOLSBURY, BALFOUR and JOE!

But 'ang it, I'm preaching, old oyster, and giving them Rads the straight tip. One thing, they won't take it, this lot wen't; they ain't got no savvy, no grip.

Bin sloppin' all over the place like, a-fillin' their cup, and that rot, And now, arter takkin' the pewter, they find as they've all gone to pot.

O ain't it ske-rumptious, my pippin? I feel I could washup Brum JOE, And I'm bound to admit, next to Bung, us true Tories must thank *him* this go. He's crumped 'is old pals a fair knock-out. If SOLSBURY's saddle 'e'll carry, And run straight in 'arness with ARTHUR, 'e'll do! Yours, tolbobbishly, 'ARRY.

NOT THE ONLY DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THEM.—Lord ROSEBURY the Derby Winner; Sir W. V. HARCOURT the Derby Loser.

DISSOLVING VIEWS.

(A Reminiscence of the Recent Elections.)

SCENE—The corner of Northumberland Avenue, opposite the National Liberal Club, where a screen is erected, on which the latest results of the second day's pollings, together with photographs of prominent Liberal politicians, and scathing caricatures of Unionist leaders, are being exhibited by a magic lantern for the benefit of a large and good-humoured crowd. The sympathies of the majority are, as might perhaps be expected, with the winning side, but the minority is very fairly represented, while in "booming" and "brayvo"-ing they are incontestably the stronger party. TIME—Between 10 P.M. and 12.30 A.M.

Spectators (as the portrait of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT is displayed). Yah! Tike 'im down! Ow about Durby? ... Brayvo! ... Three cheers fur 'AR-COURT! 'E'll come back yet! (Lord ROSEBERRY'S likeness follows.) Good ole Ladas! Cheer up! Put a smile on 'im!

[Mr. GLADSTONE'S face, leonine and benignant, is next shown.

A Chivalrous Conservative (magnanimously). 'E's a grand old chap, any'ow; I ain't goin' to chevy 'im.

[Which, to the credit of the assembly, seems to be the general sentiment, as conveyed by unanimous applause.

A Sanguine Radical. We shall 'ave the results in soon now; it's past ten. We shall do better to-day than what we did Saturday, you see. ... Ah, here's the first—Hereford. Unionist Majority, 313. No change." You can't expect none in a rotten place like that! You wait a bit. ... Croydon. Increased Unionist majority of 835. No change." Well, 'UTCHINSON done very well; it's a strong Tory seat, is Croydon. They're on'y 'olding their own so far—that's all.

Radical Group (as a series of cartoons is next displayed). Hor-hor! There's JOE, d'ye see? Boo-oo. "'E tiles not now!" ... 'Oo's that? The ole Dook o' CAMBRIDGE? No, it's Lord SOLSBURY, that is. So it is. That's a good 'it, eh? Look at the size of 'is boots! What's written on them? "Comfort," or somethink! "Chuck-out," is it? Oh, I couldn't make the writing out. Hor-hor; got 'im there, they 'ave. Garn. King BOMBA! ... Look at ole GOSCHIN. 'E 'ave give 'im a 'at, ain't 'e? I ask you, is that a fice as orter be in Parliement? ... 'Ave they 'ad BALFOUR up yet? Yuss, they did 'im with 'is trousers shrunk up to 'is knees. Kepital it was. Harhar! that's the way to show that lot up, and no mistake! (&c., &c.)

The Crowd (as several results are announced in succession). Comin' in quick now, ain't they? Look there! "Boston. Unionist gain!" 'Oo-ra-ay! ho-oo-oo! "North Lambeth. Unionist gain." ... "Rochdale. Unionist gain!" ... "Bristol (South), increased Conservative majority. No change."

The Sanguine Radical. Tell ye what 'tis, they're putting in all the Conservative wins first. And them bigoted beggars at Bristol, they dunno what they're votin' for, they don't. We shall pull up afore long. There, what did I tell you? Look a' that. "Durham. Liberal majority, 1—Objection raised." Hooray! we're beginning ter buck up now, ye see! (Radical groups cheer in a spirit of thankfulness for small mercies.) "Pontefract. Liberal majority, 57. No change." (Frantic Radical enthusiasm and cries of "Good ole Pontefract!") "Huddersfield. Radical gain." (Roars of delight from Radicals.) 'Ave a few more like that, and we shall do. ... "Oldham. Conservative gain o' two seats." (Tremendous cheering from Conservatives.) Well, after that, I'm prepared for anythink, I am!

Elderly Radical Solon. It's jes this way, them Conservatives, they ain't got no prinserples, o' course, but they do stiek together,

and that's 'ow they git the advantage over us. But it jes serves the Govment right fur not parsin' the Second Ballot. They could ha' done it, and they orther ha' done it!

His Companion (disguising a slight vagueness as to the precise nature of this measure). I dessay, I dessay; but it's these 'ere Labour Kendidates as are playin' the dooce with us. Lost us several seats a'ready, they 'ave.

The R. S. My argument on that is this—the ole question o' the Labour was concocted four year ago at Devonshire 'Ouse.

His Companion (guardedly). It might ha' bin, but I don't foller yer, John.

An Independent. Anyway, you can't say as the Labour Candidate made any difference 'ere—he on'y polled twelve 'undred and fifty-one votes, and the Unionist had neely five thousand!

His Neighbour. No difference? 'Ow d' yer make that out? Why, the Radical was on'y four 'underd or so be'ind, and it stands to reason, as if arf the Labour votes 'ad bin given to 'im, he'd 'a won easy!

The Independent (hastily). Yes, yes; jesso, jesso; but that wasn't my point. And KEIR 'ARDIE sez there'll be three 'underd Labour Kendidates next elections. Ah, and they'll find 'em, too!

A Unionist. I 'ope they may. More on 'em the merrier—for our side!

The Independent. Any'ow, KEIR 'ARDIE's safe for West 'Am. Majority o' twelve 'underd and thirty-two last time. Take a lot o' pulling down, that will! (Polling at West Ham (South) announced. KEIR HARDIE defeated by 775. Impartial joy of Tories and Liberals.) What? Chucked? 'Im! The on'y man with the morril courage to wear a deerstalker in the 'Ouse! They ain't fit to 'ave a vote!

[Exit disgustedly. A Red-hot Radical. Ah, what I ses is, it don't matter which you fetch a man out of—whether it's Newgit, or whether it's a mad 'ouse, 'e's good enough to make a Tory of! Look at 'im as 'as got in agen for West Puddlesford, 'e's a beauty—the 'ottest member in the 'Ouse, 'e is—that feller, why, 'e's a reg'lar tinker's cuss, as I 'appen to know! (Another result is exhibited. A Conservative Brewer gets in for Worcester. No change.) Good ole Bung'ole! It's the beer as does it!

First Mechanic (after a Radical majority at Devonport has been announced). Well, I can't understand a dockyard town voting for a Radical; they get twice the amount o' work under a Tory government, that's a matter of common knowledge.

Second Mechanic. What's the good o' that when others have got none at all? I'm all for ekalizing the work—let 'em have 'alf the work and give others a chance.

First Mech. You wouldn't accept 'alf the work you've got, I'll lay. You would? Well, yer missis wouldn't, then!

Second Mech. She'd 'ave to. And why should 'alf of us starve?

First Mech. Why should all of us? But there's no use o' you and me argufying about it.

[Which, of course, they continue to do notwithstanding; there is a lull in the returns, and the photographs and caricatures are once more in request; Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S being exhibited upside down by way of variety.

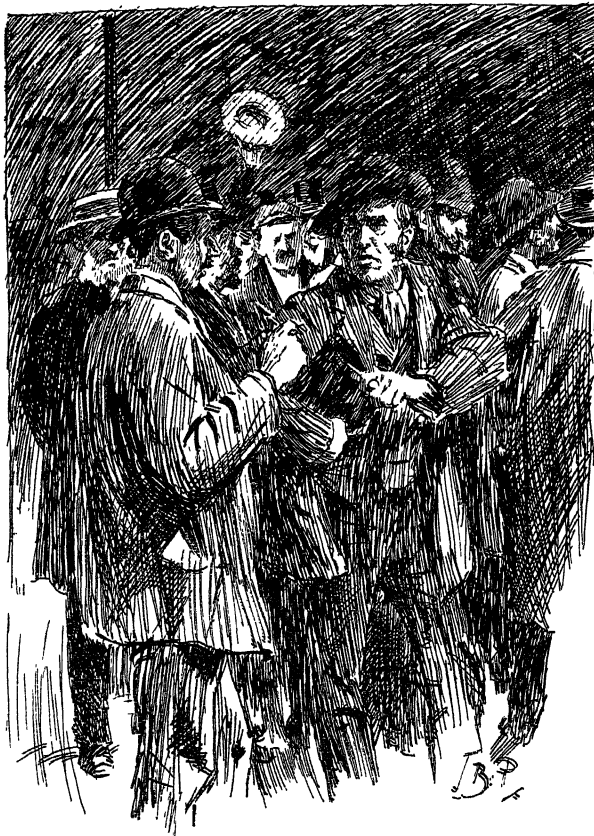
A Radical. What d' yer think o' JOE now? 'E's met with a reverse, eh!

A Tory. That's all right, mate; it on'y means as 'e's a goin' to do it on 'is 'ed!

An elderly and excited Irishwoman. Ah, bad luck to 'im, the murtherin' scounthrill! wants a toille, does he? Jist th' loike of all thim Saxon opprissors, th' toirant. What does he care hwat be-comes o' th' poor Oirish, so long as he gets his billyfull?

[She pours a stream of denunciation into the ears of the nearest Radical.

The Radical (soothingly). Good 'ole BRIDGET. But look 'ere, you needn't come and talk to me about it. (Indicating a Tory neighbour. You go an' tell 'im!



"'E's a reg'lar tinker's cuss, as I 'appen to know!"

[Which BRIDGET does, volubly: more portraits are exhibited. One of Mr. JUSTIN MCCARTHY being hailed with cries of "Brayvo, LARRY!" and "Our Cartoonist" being instantly recognised as the late Mr. PARNELL.

Radical Spectators (after results of polling at Deptford, Halifax, Hartlepool, Bristol (North), &c.). Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear. Well, I'm sure! MACNAMARA, the man 'oo polled the 'ighest votes in the School Board Election—and look at him now! If SIDNEY WEBB 'ud ha' contested that, 'e'd a' won it!... There's another seat we've lost. Well, I was 'appier standing 'ere this time three years ago, blow'd if I wasn't!... Oh lor, my brother-in-law 'll go wild over this. My ole uncle 'll go arf orf his 'ed. (&c., &c.)

An Irrelevant Person. Tork about Tories! Why, I'll lay anybody a shillin' JEM SMITH, the fighting man, 's a Tory, and all o' them prize-fighters are—and that's 'ow it's done!

First Lounger. 'Oo ain't a workin' man? I lay I work as 'ard as what you do, come now!

Second Lounger. What are yer then? A mat-seller?

First Lounger (indignantly). Garn! A mat-seller! I'm a bloomin' toe-walker, I am. Lean up agin the doors o' public-'ouses, I do, and work 'ard at it! [His claim is reluctantly admitted.

The Sanguine Radical. Twelve Unionist gains to three Radical! Well, there's no denying things ain't gone quite as well as I expected. But there, there's no telling; by this time to-morrow we shall all know more than what we do now. I shall turn in to LOCKHART'S and 'ave a large cocoa after this. I want it, I can tell yer!

OPERATIC NOTES.

MONDAY, July 15.—Tannhäuser Combination Company night. Made in Germany, brought into England, and sung in French.



ALBANI unexpectedly out, like HARCOURT; EAMES in as Liberal-Unionist. "Miss EAMES and miss ALBANI," quoth WAGSTAFF. MAUREL unwell: apologised for. EAMES, distantly related to "Eames Ancient and Modern," (which superseded TATE and BRADY,) nervous but charming. Protean Mlle. BAUERMEISTER as Little-Bo-Peep, the shepherd's boy, excellent. Venus-Adini fine and large, offering to excellent Tannhäuser-Alvarez a great contrast to beloved Elizabeth-Eames. House crammed.

Saturday.—Peacefully comical and classical Philemon et Baucis followed by warlike, modern, and tragical La Navarraise. Bang go the drums and cannons. CALVÉ to the front! C'est magnifique! Literally stunning! DRURIOLANUS must get an opera written with a naval engagement in it (he can easily add this to his other engagements for next season), ending with general explosion and Admiral's cocked hat going off. No charge for suggestion. Bombardier BEVIGNANI or Marine MANCINELLI might revel in it. Vive la Guerre!

Breach of Promise Couplet.

[Last week Miss EDMAN sued JAKOBOWSKI for breach of promise and won her case with £700 damages.]

O JAKOBOWSKI many tears you 'll shed man,
You lost your money when you lost your 'Ed-man!

Election Notes from the West.

Plymouth.—CLARKE secures seat, but HUBBARD, like dog of celebrated ancestress, has none.

Falmouth.—HORNIMAN in. "Fabula narratur de Tea."

Camborne Division.—STRAUSS conducting great campaign in a Miner key. Key to situation.

Ashburton Division.—Radicals fighting nix or nothing. Unionist war-cry, "Nix my dolly, pals, vote away!"

Torquay Division.—Electors continue policy of filling up the cup by returning PHILLPOTTS.

COUPLET, JUST OUT.

On faults only two in our rule I can touch:
We gave 'em too little and promised too much.
Sir Henry Campbell Balladman.

RECIPROCITY.

SCENE—A London Dinner Party.

Mr. LAMBERT and Mrs. CRUMPINGTON (chance partners).

Mr. Lambert (feeling his way). Been to the Opera often this season, Mrs. CRUMPINGTON?

Mrs. Crumpington. Oh, very often. I am so devoted to music, you know, that I go whenever I can. And, talking of music, have you heard that new pianist, Herr—what is his name?—oh yes, Herr WIDOWSKI? He's too delicious for words!

Mr. L. No; I can't say that I go to concerts much. You should talk to my daughter ETHEL—she's devoted to music, and they tell me that she's got a really fine voice. I'm sure she practises enough.

Mrs. C. Indeed? Well, I've no voice, I'm sorry to say; but I play the piano a little—only a very little, you know.

Mr. L. Wonderful what a lot of people do play in these days—(hastily)—not like you, of course; but one hears pianos and fiddles going in every house, and most of them are simply instruments of torture.

Mrs. C. (smiling). Rather a rash remark—isn't it? You've never heard me play, you see! (Mr. L. endeavours to protest.) Oh, but I assure you I quite agree with you. For instance, my next-door neighbours are always making the most awful noises—playing and singing morning, noon, and night. The wall is very thin, and I am nearly driven crazy.

Mr. L. (warmly). My dear Madam, I can sympathise with you entirely. I've often thought that Parliament ought to pass a Bill for enforcing a close-time in domestic music. Of course it only matters to me in the evening, but we're troubled exactly in the same way as yourself. And my poor ETHEL finds her singing constantly interrupted by the disgusting row made by our next-door neighbour. I suppose he must take a pleasure in annoying us—anyhow he's jammed his wretched piano right up against our drawing-room wall, and bangs and thumps on it for about six hours a day. Of course it would be bad enough if the fellow played well; but you never heard such ghastly noises as he makes!

Mrs. C. How sorry I am for your poor daughter! Yes; people complain in the papers and grumble about street-bands and piano-organs; but at least one can send them away—which, unfortunately, one can't do in the case of next-door neighbours! However, I suppose I ought to be grateful that the people on the other side don't play at all.

Mr. L. Ah! I live in a corner-house. But I think a little opposition noise would almost be a relief—a kind of homeopathic cure, you know.

Mrs. C. One's quite enough for me. It's been getting worse, too, these last few weeks, and I'm delighted to meet a fellow-sufferer. Come; can't we concoct some joint scheme of deliverance? Do you think it would answer if I sent round a polite note—"Mrs. CRUMPINGTON presents her compliments to Mr."—whatever their name is—"and would be extremely obliged,"—and so on. How would that do?

Mr. L. (decisively). Wouldn't be the least use, I assure you, or I'd have tried that plan myself long ago. The only result would be that they'd make more row than ever, on purpose to score off you. No, I fancy I've got a better plan than that.

Mrs. C. (eagerly). Oh, do tell me what it is!

Mr. L. Well, I happened to notice in a shop in Holborn the other day one of these new American toys, it's a kind of small fog-horn, driven by a pair of bellows. And the noise it makes is something terrific, I assure you—loud enough to drown half-a-dozen pianos. So I've ordered one of these, and as soon as ever that secondrol strikes up next door, I shall turn on the horn; then, directly he stops, I'll stop too, you see. Rather a good idea, don't you think?

Mrs. C. (much amused). It is, indeed! If only the poor wretch next door knew what was in store for him! Oh, if only I could silence my enemy in that way! But then, of course, I can't a blow a horn.

Mr. L. That isn't necessary; all you have to do is to work the bellows, and the thing goes by itself. Really, I strongly recommend you to invest in one.

Mrs. C. It would be a good plan, wouldn't it? Where did you say they are to be had?

Mr. L. I'll write down the address, if I can find a scrap of paper.

[Takes out a card-case from his pocket, pencils address on back of visiting card, and hands it to Mrs. C.]

Mrs. C. Thank you so much, I'll certainly think about getting one (looks absently at the other side of the card) if they're not too dear, and—(Gasping.) Good gracious heavens!

Mr. L. (anxiously). What's the matter? Are you ill?

Mrs. C. (pointing to the printed side of the card in her hand). Is this your real address?

Mr. L. (much astonished). "No. 1, Yarrowburgh Gardens?" Yes, certainly it is. Why do you ask?

Mrs. C. (faintly). Because—because I live next door at No. 3!

[Tableau! Curtain.]

"GOODE GOODS."—"The Goode Collection" sold at Christie's Tuesday and Thursday last. Goode enough, of course; but because it was the Goode Collection it evidently could not have been the Best.



WHAT THE NEW WOMAN WILL MAKE OF THE NEW MAN!

"IF YOU WANT ME TO KEEP THE NEXT DANCE FOR YOU, YOU MUST WAIT UNDER THIS DOOR. I CAN'T GO RUSHING ALL OVER THE ROOM TO LOOK FOR YOU, YOU KNOW!"

THE OLLENDORF GUIDE TO KNOWLEDGE.

THE CARETAKER.

Is it time to leave town? Yes, it is time to leave town, because the good neighbours have put up their shutters (i.e., the shutters of the good neighbours). Do all the good neighbours put up their shutters? Yes, all put up their shutters, but one of them stays in town at the back of the house. Why does one of the good neighbours stay in town at the back of the house? To escape the expense of leaving town incurred by the other good neighbours who have put up their shutters. Is that expense a great one? Yes, a very great one. Have they any other drawbacks? Yes, they have the annoyances of a caretaker. What are the annoyances of a caretaker? The annoyances of a caretaker are her husband, her children, her cat, her dog, her mother, and all her relations. When a caretaker enters the house of one of the good neighbours, is she accompanied by her annoyances? Yes, the caretaker is accompanied by her annoyances. Does the caretaker lead a happy life in the house of one of the good neighbours? Yes, she leads a happy life, and so do her husband, her children, her cat, her dog, her mother, and all her relations. What do the relations of the caretaker do in the house of one of the good neighbours? They smoke in the drawing-room in the house of one of the good neighbours. If anyone calls to see the good neighbour, what does the caretaker do? The caretaker generally refuses to attend to the bell. Should the caretaker attend to the bell, what does she do? She tells the caller who wishes to see the good neighbour that she knows nothing of the master of the house's movements (i.e., the movements of the master of the house). Does the caller then retire under the impression that the house has been sold up, and that the good neighbour has entered the Court of Bankruptcy (i.e., the Bankruptcy Court)? The caller does leave the house under that impression. While this impression is being created in London, is the good neighbour unconsciously attempting to enjoy himself in Switzerland? Yes, the good neighbour is undoubtedly attempting to enjoy himself in Switzerland, in spite of the cookery, the lack of accommodation, the expense, and the weather. If the good neighbour ceased to be unconscious, and became aware of the damage that was being done to his credit by the caretaker, what would that good neighbour do? The good neighbour would probably swear. Then would the good language of the good neighbour change in its character? Yes; for it would become the bad language of the bad neighbour. Would the bad language

of the bad neighbour have any immediate effect upon the caretaker, her husband, her children, her cat, her dog, her mother, and all her relatives? No, for the bad language would be uttered in Switzerland, and the caretaker, her husband, her children, her cat, her dog, her mother, and all her relatives would be in London. Then what would the caretaker, her husband, her children, her cat, her dog, her mother, and all her relatives do in the house of one of the good neighbours during the protracted absence of the good neighbour on the Continent? They would continue to smoke in the drawing-room.

"HONOURS EASY."

MR. TRELOAR wrote to the *Times* the other day *à propos* of Mr. WILLIAMSON'S peerage. Messrs. TRELOAR and WILLIAMSON are in the same business, i.e. the linoleum trade, and Mr. TRELOAR suggested that "*Lord LINOLEUM would not be a bad title.*" Quite agree with him. Let persons take titles from some specialty of their trade or calling. Suppose peerages granted to

Chiropedist	Marquis of CUTACORN.
Soda-water Manufacturer	Lord SODA AND BANG.
Tailor	Viscount VEST.
Butcher (<i>Irish title</i>)	Baron O'BEEF.
Jeweller	Duke of DIAMONDS.
Grocer	Lord SUGAR AND SANDS.
Draper	Earl of SUMMERGOODS AND WINTERSALES.
Ditto	Lord REMNANTS OF UNDERWEAR.

Bootmaker (*with French polish*) . Marquis DE SHOES ET AUTRES.

Numerous variations will occur to readers. They can be forwarded to our office as probably useful when the next "honours easy" are dealt out.

"OH, THE IRONY OF IT!"—Last week, whilst reports of Tory successes in the boroughs daily reached London, the leading Liberal paper, regardless of expense, had the walls covered with large placards announcing that "the *Daily News* has the best election intelligence." "If this is the best," said Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, observing one of the placards on his way back from Derby, "I shouldn't like to know the worst."



THE SPILL!

JACK AND JILL WENT UP THE HILL
TO FETCH A PAIL OF WATER,

JACK FELL DOWN AND BROKE HIS CROWN,
AND JILL CAME TUMBLING AFTER.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Variety Stage, by CHARLES DOUGLAS STUART and A. J. PARK (FISHER UNWIN), is a history of the Music-halls from the earliest period to the present time. And a very interesting history it is, admirably told withal. One comes upon names familiar in boyhood, and is a little shocked to find that the Great VANCE was really named ALFRED PECK STEVENS. The pages glow with pleasant peeps of London at midnight, as *Pendennis* saw it, and as, once at least, it was looked upon by *Colonel Newcome*. It is sad to find how many of the old favourites of the music-hall fall upon evil times, and even die in the workhouse. SAM COLLINS was more fortunate. He was sumptuously buried in Kensal Green, where a marble pedestal carries his portrait and his epitaph. This last is notable as containing what, as far as my Baronite knows, is the most audacious rhyme in the English language. As it was admitted to consecrated ground, it may perhaps be quoted here. "A loving husband," so it runs—

"A loving husband and a faithful friend,
Ever the first a helping hand to lend:
Farewell, good-natured, honest-hearted SAM,
[AM.]
Until we meet before the great I

Pro BARON DE B.-W.

DIPLOMATIC INTELLIGENCE.—MR. CHAUNCEY DEFEW has arrived. On business, of course. De-pew-tered by American Government.



ON THE TRACK IN BATTERSEA PARK.

"WHERE THERE'S A WHEEL THERE'S A WAY."

THE LABOUR GALLIO.

BAH! Politics are a bad joke.
To get up steam about 'em's silly.

The Tory pabulum is stale "toke,"
The Liberal beverage sloppy "skilly."

My business, whilst they storm and splutter,
Is to earn beer and bread-and-butter.

THURSDAY, JULY 18. FOR TWO KNIGHTS ONLY!—Sir HENRY IRVING and *Sir John Falstaff*. Hitherto Windsor Shakspearianly associated with Merry Wives and washtubbing (with "brown Windsor") of Fat Knight. Henceforth memorable for Royal reception and dubbing (also with the best Windsor) of Thin Knight. Reported that Sir HENRY was invited to represent a Constituency! He has represented two single gentlemen rolled into one, such as *Corsican Brothers*, and *Dubosc and Lesurques*. But to represent a Constituency of some thousands!! No rapid act of "quickest change" could effect it. *Vive Sir HENRY!*

"IN NUBIBUS."—WRIGHT, the convict and ex-solicitor of the Liberator Building Society, said in the course of examination at the London Bankruptcy Court that he was "formerly tenant of Cloughton Castle in Ireland. That was only a small place, but it was customary in Ireland to call almost everything a castle." Quite Wright. Home Rule is now one of these *Châteaux d'Espagne* in Ireland, and "to let."

THE GENERAL ELECTION.

Oh pity an unhappy man
Reduced to desperate dejection!
There's nothing happening but an Election.

Eternally it worries me,
Inducing cerebral affection,
This never-ending topic the Election.

I don't love politics, or care
A pin for Liberal defection,
Or if the Tories gained in their Election.

Unworthy citizen, perhaps
I need reproof and stern correction,
Indifferent to any chap's Election.

Unless I flew beyond the sea,
I'm certain that in no direction
Could I escape at all from the Election.

For no one writes, and no one speaks,
Of anything but in connection
With some loquacious man who seeks Election.

I try my club; though men may come
And men may go, there's this objection
To all alike—they talk of some Election.

I go to bed; no rest for me,
I'm roused by yells, with shrill infection
Of "Extry midnight speshul, the Election!"

The papers, taking any side,
Of any party, any section,
One sort of news alike provide—
Election.

I'll go to see my love, and kiss
Her pretty face, her sweet complexion,
At least she will not talk of this
Election.

"YOU ARE MOST APT TO PLAY THE SIR."

Othello, Act ii., Sc. i.

FRIDAY, July 19, 1895, memorable in annals of British stage as a day set apart for one of the greatest triumphs of the Drama. Sir HENRY IRVING, fresh from the honours of Royal Windsor, received a further distinction at the hands and hearts of his "brothers and sisters" in that profession for which he has done so much. Squire BANCROFT was the eloquent spokesman for the enthusiastic audience of comedians and tragedians which filled the Lyceum; yet before and behind the footlights there was not a suggestion of histrionics. Unlike, too, the great unpaying, who have the dulness of their order, the guests of Friday were remarkable for the tremendous energy of their goodwill. If this theatre had not long been seasoned to the sounds of vociferous cheering, the demonstration might "have brought down the house" literally. Mr. *Punch* takes this opportunity of joining in the demonstration, and drinks to Sir HENRY IRVING. May the Knight of the cheerful countenance prosper according to his deserts. And, if that wish is realised, the lessee of the Lyceum will be one of the happiest men on record.

STAMBULOFF.

GRIM mockery of fate! The assassin's knife
Once more hath power upon a patriot's life.
One steel-armed miscreant, with one felon blow,
May lay the moulder of a nation low.
Masterful man and fiery patriot, still
Is that strong heart, relaxed that iron will.
Yet there's more honour for the brave at rest,
After vain struggle and abortive quest,
Than for the ungrateful herd who dare not rise
To the full height of perilous destinies,
The Northern Bear his distant quarry nosing,
Or the Coburger in gay Carlsbad glosing.

R. PEEL FROM MR. G.—MR. GLADSTONE, writing to Sir ROBERT PEEL, who had been addressing the Fazeley Branch Lodge of Odd Fellows, said, "In our small community we have four separate lodges, and I have associated myself with them all." Mr. G. may now adopt as his signature, not the initials "G. O. M.," but the new one of "O. F. O.," or "Odd Fellow Out." No doubt, with his love of retirement and study, the Grand Old Odd Fellow often says, sighingly, to himself, "O for a Lodge in some vast Wilderness!"

To Dr. W. G. Grace on his
47th Birthday.

MANY happy returns of the day!
Old Time on his record should nick it.
Long, long may he umpire your play.
Here's wishing you luck at the wicket,
Long life,—for one "century," say,—
And a hundred more of 'em at Cricket!



BLASE.

"WELL, PAPA, HOW DID YOU ENJOY THE PLAY TO-NIGHT?"

"OH, I THINK I ENJOYED IT FAIRLY WELL, MY DEAR. I'VE GOT A GENERAL SORT OF IDEA THAT I DIDN'T GO TO SLEEP OVER IT!"

HOW THE TOPERS CAME DOWN TO THE POLLS.

(A Song for the Drouthy, someway after Southey.)

How did the Topers come down to the Polls?

Here they came shouting,
And there they came flouting,
Teetotalers scouting, and HARCOURT mis-
doubting,
With banners, and big bills, and trumpets
and song.

With pint-pots and flagons,
In drags, brakes and wagons,
As valiant as lions, as fiery as dragons,
They hastened along united and strong!

'Midst braying of brass and 'midst clouds of
tobacco,

With jubilant shouts for "The Union
Jack, O!"

With jovial manners, and patriot banners,
'Midst bung-lauding boasters, with big scarlet
posters,

In Sunday-best garments superbly arrayed;

'Midst shoutings from "cadgers," with scarves
and with badges,

With rubicund faces, limp collars, loose
braces,

With dry-as-dust throttles, and handy case-
bottles,

With blonde buxom Beauty to aid 'em in
duty,

And bystanders funning, and little boys
running,

And stentor-toned shouts for "The Cause"
and "The Trade"!!!

All florid and torrid,
Damp shirts and moist forehead,

From near slum and far court,
With railings at HARCOURT,

And wit-aping WILFRID, and truculent
CAINE.

With shouts for Sir MICHAEL,
By 'bus, and by cycle,

Afoot, and well-mounted, by tram and by
train.

All glowing and blowing,
Red cards about throwing,

And rushing, and crushing, and flushing,

And laughing, and chaffing, and quaffing;
And jeering, and sneering, and "beering,"
And skipping, and tripping, and "nipping,"
And hasting, and pasting, and tasting;
And hopping, and popping, and mopping,
Perspiring, and wiring.

But ever untiring.

And drinking, and chinking, and blinking,
and winking,

And sometimes unthinking, but ever un-
shrinking,

And gladdening, and maddening,

And t'other side saddening,

Friends brightening, foes frightening, inte-
riors tightening,

And warming, and forming, and storming;
And flattering, and clattering, and battering,

and shattering;
Arising, surprising, all foes pulverising,

And giving them "toko" on temperance
"boko."

And flashing, and dashing, and crashing, and
smashing, and hashing,

And propping, and stopping, and copping,
and lopping, and topping, and

whopping;
And backing, and tracking, and blacking,

and hacking, and smacking, and
whacking,

And "giving 'em beans."

(You know what *that* means!)

And shouting, "We vote all against Cart
Teetotal!"

We'll beat up each *Bardolph*, and *Pistol*,
and *Peto*,

To give its quietus to villainous Veto.

And kick out the duffers The Trade who
would queer

And rob (big caps, please!) THE POOR MAN
OF HIS BEER!!!

Out, out on the foes of our Freedom—and
Liquor!

They'll follow their Leader—the sooner the
quicker!

The Lords they may floor, and the Church
may assault,

But they've met with their match in the
Champions of Malt!

All together, brave souls!

See, our phalanx on-rolls!!!

And *that's* how the Topers came down to the
Polls!

MAINTAINING THE UNION.—The *Sheffield Daily Telegraph*, in referring to the success of Mr. G. H. ALLSOPP at Worcester, just prior to that eminent Unionist taking unto himself a wife, suggests that the newly-elected M.P. should follow the precedent set by Mr. GRIFFITH-BOSCAWEN in 1892, and give to each of his bridesmaids a brooch with the amount of his majority engraved upon it. This is all very well in its way. But the total at Tunbridge was 933, while that of Worcester extended to four figures. So to give room for labelling, the brooch should be changed to a bracelet. A man bearing the honoured name of ALLSOPP should be appropriately equal to the XX's.

A QUESTION TO OUTSIDERS.—"Won't you come round?" was the invitation (as reported in the *Daily Graphic*) given by Sir HENRY IRVING (after his speech on Friday afternoon) to his "friends in front." But it is a question addressed to many outside the theatre and the theatrical profession; to all sorts and conditions of men and women who still regard the stage askance, and who look upon the ultimate fate of theatre-goers and actors as a melancholy certainty. To these persons, whether a minority or a majority,—in either case a "narrow" one,—Sir HENRY's kindly invitation is publicly addressed, and it is "Won't you come round?"



A SUNDAY DINNER.

Father of Family (who has accidentally shot the leg of a Fowl under the table). "MIND T'DOG DOESN'T GET IT!"
Young Hopeful (triumphantly). "ALL RIGHT, FATHER! I'VE GOTTEN ME FOOT ON IT!"

ROUNDAABOUT READINGS.

To the philosophical mind of a Roundabout Reader the General Election ought to offer many points of interest, not because he is a politician, but because, in the interest of his reading, he has to occupy a position of detachment, and therefore perhaps sees more of the humours and absurdities which crowd the animated scene. Yet here, for instance, am I, a diligent turner over of every possible kind of newspaper, metropolitan and provincial, and all that I have carried away from my careful investigations is a confused sense that if electors on either side only "stand shoulder to shoulder," "leave no stone unturned," and "work as one man from now till the polling-day," why each side is positively certain that "another nail will be driven into the coffin" of the other side, that "a resounding blow will be struck for the good cause," and that "the banner under which we have secured many a brilliant victory will once more float triumphantly in the breeze." As for the "moral victories" gained, they are almost overwhelming both in number and in result.

INDEED, there is nothing so dangerously attractive to speaker and to audience as a fine old crusted political tag. Policies and programmes are as dust in the balance. As you listen to a speaker and watch his hearers, you may see a smile of perfect confidence and satisfaction spreading over the faces of the latter while the former winds himself up to the well-known, fondly-loved, and long-expected tag, which is the inevitable conclusion of the fiery oratorical period. "That," they say to themselves, "is the man for us. He says exactly what we should have said in the only appropriate words." Result—*Loud and enthusiastic cheers, amidst which* MR. PLATTIN-EWD resumed his seat, *having spoken for three-quarters of an hour.*

AND the old familiar funny stories, the humorous allusions, the sparkling gibes, have they not been trotted out from Land's End to John o' Groat's House? Welcome have you been, oh ye kittens, born blind as Liberal (or Conservative) kittens, and converted, through the opening of your eyes, into Conservative (or Liberal) kittens; welcome also, ye hounds, who have devoured all your labels, and know not your

destination. Many a time have I hunted with your sporting pack, and seen my friends ride gallantly at your tails. Also there is a wolf, and there is a lamb; and there was once a Sibyl who dealt in books, and there is an Italian who, having performed the most coruscating solos on the barrel-organ, failed miserably when asked to oblige upon the piano. All these have played their parts nobly. Not for long do I bid them farewell. They will return, I know they will, with the first mutterings of the next election.

PRAY consider my verse, which, if learnt by heart pat, forms
The best of all tips for political platforms.
With a slight dash of MILL you may burden your speeches,
You may tell the great tale of O'BRIEN, his breeches.
On the one side you'll tear WILLIAM HARBOUR to tatters ;
He's out for a time, but I don't think it matters.
Then, in talking of JOE, what will help very much is
A delicate hint at a Duke or a Duchess ;
A suggestion that coats are the garments, if any,
That mustn't be turned when their colours are many :
And that programmes (you'll pause ere you flatly refuse 'em)
Are Brummagem goods, which will break when you use 'em.
Then, whether your hearers be Whig or be Tory,
By the scruff of its neck you must drag in a story.
Adjure them, my friend, lest their zeal should grow colder,
To fight for the Cause, standing shoulder to shoulder.
And, whether you battle for that chief or this chief,
Inform them that stones, if unturned, are the mischief.
And, last but not least, no opponent will quarrel,
When all that you claim is a win *plus* a moral.

As an example of how political conflicts ought to be carried on take the case of West Fife. While Mr. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL, the Radical Candidate, was speaking in Thornton School, "the door of the room was opened, and Mr. WEMYSS, the Liberal Unionist candidate for the constituency, asked 'May I come in,' to which Mr. BIRRELL replied 'Yes, certainly.' Mr. WEMYSS, who was followed by a large number of supporters, then entered the hall, and took a seat on one of the front benches, which he occupied until the

close of the address, when he was greeted with loud calls for a speech. In response to the call, he remarked that he had already made eight or nine speeches that day, and must be excused from making another. He had, however, enjoyed Mr. BIRRELL's speech very much. It was not for him to criticise it at that meeting, but he might only say that he felt sure the electors of West Fife would vote for whom they considered the best man and the man they believed would do his duty. He then called for three hearty cheers for his opponent, Mr. BIRRELL. Votes of confidence were then put for both candidates, when that in favour of Mr. BIRRELL was declared carried. The opposing candidates then shook hands, and departed evidently the best of friends."

A TOTALLY different picture comes to us from Aston Manor, as I judge from the following letter in the *Birmingham Daily Gazette*.

WHAT HAS BECOME OF IKE WARD?

To the Editor of the *Daily Gazette*.

SIR,—My attention has been drawn to an attack made by Captain GRICE-HUTCHINSON on a very respectable member of the National Society of Amalgamated Brassworkers, Mr. IKE WARD. In your yesterday's issue Captain GRICE-HUTCHINSON is reported to have said: "The last authentic account he had of Mr. IKE WARD was that he was 'bones' in some nigger troupe on the sands of Scarborough." Mr. WARD has been for some time engaged as an organiser, and is a member of the Executive of the Railway Workers' Union, has never been in a nigger troupe on the sands of Scarborough or anywhere else.

As the statement is calculated to damage the reputation of my friend Mr. WARD, I am sure that the candidate for Aston will at once either give his authority for the damaging statement or withdraw the aspersions on the character of a respected labour leader.—Yours faithfully, W. J. DAVIS.

70, Lionel Street, Birmingham, July 13.

BUT, after all, even if Mr. IKE WARD had chosen to employ his leisure in performing on the bones in a nigger troupe on the sands at Scarborough or elsewhere he would have done nothing to be ashamed of. Obviously, however, Captain GRICE-HUTCHINSON's account was anything but authentic, and he had no business to cork Mr. WARD's face in so gratuitous a manner.

'Tis a manifest error, this tale about bones—

(You may like what I say, or, if not, you may lump it).

For a worker in brass must produce the best tones

If—I don't say he did it—he blew his own trumpet.

IN any record of electoral humour Mr. MUNTZ, the member for Tamworth, must hold a distinguished place. Here is a report of some of the remarks made by him at meetings in the Nuneaton Division:—

Mr. MUNTZ, in the course of his remarks, characterised Lord SALISBURY's Government as the most able Administration that had ever held office in any Parliament the world over. It was composed of all the great intellect which, prior to the introduction of the Home Rule Bill, was divided between the two great parties of the State. Now all that was left to the Liberal party was the tagrag and bobtail. The late Radical Administration was a failure under Mr. GLADSTONE, great man as he was, and a still greater failure under Lord ROSEBURY, to whom Her Majesty had presented the Thistle. (Laughter.) As to agriculture, he said that he had a conversation with Mr. CHAMBERLAIN on the subject just before the dissolution. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN said to him, "MUNTZ, what are we to do for agriculture?" and he replied, "That's a big question. You have all the great talent and all the great landed interest in the country represented in the present Government; and if the present Government can do nothing for agriculture, there is nothing to be done for agriculture." (Applause.)

After reading this I feel that the question of agricultural distress is settled. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN must, indeed, be a proud man at having obtained so much valuable information in answer to a question which, as reported, sounds familiar almost to the verge of rashness.

CAN pigs be kept at a profit? This was the question which confronted the Devonport Guardians only the other day. The following extract from their proceedings will be read with breathless interest:—

Mr. H. W. BRYANT moved "That the Guardians give up pig keeping, either at the house or otherwise."

Mr. HEALY seconded.—Mr. OLIVER supported, and said they could buy the pork cheaper than keep pigs, and that every pig they had kept cost them 1s. per lb.

Mr. J. GOODMAN said he was a "piggery man." (Laughter.) He liked the pig, he liked the pork, and he liked the profit that the pig brought. He was surprised to hear Mr. OLIVER say that the pigs cost 1s. per lb. He said it did not cost them 2½d. per lb.

Mr. CREW pointed out that the profit on pig keeping last year in the house was £39.

Mr. PENBERTHY said the master entered in his books that it cost them 6d. per lb., and Mr. J. MOORE maintained that they could buy pork at 4½d. per lb. The motion was lost, 8 voting for, and 18 against.

"I m a piggery man," said GOODMAN, J., "though pigs are a wee bit squealy; But I won't sit still to hear pigs denounced by BRYANT and scorned by HEALY.

Let those who prefer it till the fields, and see what a year's hard dig brings;

I like the pig, and I like the pork, and I like the profit the pig brings."

Then CHEW, he chawed Mr. BRYANT up, Mr. HEALY to dust he ground, Sir;

And MOORE maintained you could purchase pork at fourpence halfpenny a pound, Sir.

But the piggery men prevailed by ten, a majority quite on the big side.

Since eighteen voted for pigs that day, and eight on the anti-pig side.

BROWN AND ME.

ME and BROWN has bin a having a lot of differences of opinion all about the County Counsellors, which sumnows we can't get to agree together about em, not by no manner of means. And now, quite lately, we has been a having a lot of quarrells about the members of Parlemt in the City, and all round about it, and, fortunately, me and my frends has wun nearly ewery place where there has bin anythink like a jolly good fight, and has now wun nearly the hole blooming lot on em! So that the poor County Counsellors has hardly got a single member of Parlemt left among the whole blooming lot, and is obliged to have long rambling speeches among themselves jest to fill up their idle time. How they can manage to keep things agoing jest while they makes their old long speeches, I can't for the life of me make out; but I am told that they all agrees that its the only means they has of keeping up their old Charter; and altho it isnt werry much to brag about,



they all agrees its sumthink better than nothink.

Lots of the poor chaps who has been accustomed to go about different parts of London a braggin about the werry great figgers they cuts, or was used to cut, afore the new changes as took place in making amost everybody members of Parlemt, is now obleeged to do their werry best to keep things a going cumfertainly, if possibel; but its but poor work for em, and but a werry poor change for things as was afore they was as they is.

Why, I'm litterelly told as how there is now lots of Gents as was once Members of Parlemt who aint now members for nothink! that it to say, not for nothink as is worth having. Why, I'm ewen told as the County Counsellors, as belongs to the Tems Conserwency, is now so arldly treated, that they werry often can't get enuff to do to keep their time well employed, or to get enuff monney to pay them their werry modderate wages; so eny boddly can werry easily emadgin what poor work it must now be for poor fellers as was once Members of Parlemt, and now aint not members of not nothink!

Sum of the old members tells me as they doesnot despair ewen yet! for they are quite sure as how as numbers of the grand old Tories will stick to em as long as theres any left; but I thinks as I knows a trick worth too of that, and that is, to make the best of the things as is, and hope the best for all the changes as time and hoppertoonty will aford em of putting a few things together as their long xperience has tort em is easily turned to good account.

ROBERT.

ENTERTAINERS ENTERTAINED.—The DAILY Co., headed by Mr. AUGUSTIN DALY and Miss ADA REHAN, were lunch'd by the LORD MAYOR, July 16, at the Munching House. LORD MAYOR paid sincere tribute to the American Company, and AUGUSTIN DALY heartily thanked the City of London. The U. S. Minister found a Link between the two countries in the great Dramatic Light SHAKSPEARE. "And so say all of U.S." Manager DALY forgot to mention, that, as he has to leave England in the autumn, he ought to change the termination of his name to suit the term of his stay here, and be "AUGUST-OUT DALY" instead of "AUGUST-IN."

MRS. R. wants to know if "The Hardwicke Society" has anything to do with the improvement of candles and candle-lamps?

ANOTHER HONOUR FOR DR. GRACE!—The eminent batsman is to be invited to the next "Court Ball."

THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES.

(By our Special Expert, who has been accorded the customary courtesy extended to the Press.)

On board H.M.S. —
— the —th, 1895.

FORGIVE me for the vagueness of my address, but it is the desire of those in command that the greatest secrecy should be observed as to our movements.

"Are we the Blue Fleet or the Red?" I asked only a few moments ago of one of the chief commanders.

"As you are the guest of the Government," was the immediate reply, "you will not be allowed to pay your money—except indirectly to the collector of Revenue; but there is nothing to prevent you from taking your choice!"

From this response you will see that there is a strong inclination on the part of the authorities that are to remain reticent. However it is only fair to say that the force is excellent. Nothing could be better than the wine; and the view on the quarter deck is capital. Still, this is scarcely an account of naval manœuvring—now is it?

Well, I think I may reveal this much. There are two fleets—a Red Fleet and a Blue Fleet. The Red Fleet has a number of ships—so has the Blue. Then the Red Fleet tries to out-manœuvre the Blue Fleet, and the Blue Fleet returns the compliment. All this takes place on the sea. No ship is allowed to run on shore—unless of course by force of circumstances outside the control of the commander. And when I had got as far as this, I thought I would make a further inquiry.



NOTHING LIKE BEING READY WITH AN EXCUSE.

Elderly Skittish Cousin. "OH, HOW UNKIND OF YOU TO HAVE LEFT ME OUT OF YOUR BEAUTIFUL PARTY! YOU SEEM TO HAVE FORGOTTEN I'M YOUR FIRST COUSIN!"

He (with no end of near but not very dear relatives). "SO VERY SORRY! FIRST COUSIN—AH, YES." *(Recovering himself.)* "SO LONG AGO, YOU KNOW. . . . HAD YOU BEEN MY LAST COUSIN, THIS NEVER COULD HAVE OCCURRED!"

"I presume," said I, to one of the chief officials, "that our object is to—"

At this point I was interrupted. "Pray ask no more," was the prompt reply of the veteran I had questioned. "Take my advice. If you wish a question answered, answer it for yourself. Arrange in your own mind that 'Heads' shall mean 'Yes,' and the reverse a negative. Then toss."

And so now I am taking the advice I have received. I have spun my sixpence in the air. I am to write no more to you. All refuse to send my communications for me. So I place this document in a bottle and throw it into the sea. You desired the fullest information about the naval manœuvres. Well—I wish you may get it!

COINS OF 'VANTAGE. — The Dundee Advertiser calls attention to Mr. "ROBERT WALLACE, M.P. Edin'g," complaint that the Imperial Parliament contains, in himself and another Mr. ROBERT WALLACE, two Members with the same surnames and identical Christian names. Mr. "ROBERT WALLACE, M.P. Edin'g," suggests that he may get his namesake's Christmas bills, while "the other fellow" receives his (Mr. "R. W., M.P. E's") invitations to dinner. Could not the little difficulty be overcome with the aid of a coin of the realm? Let the first Mr. ROBERT call himself "BOB," and the second Mr. ROBERT "half a florin." This should settle the matter amicably; although both, no doubt, are worth considerably more than a shilling.

A SEVERE CRITIC.—"SLATIN' PASHA."

RE-INCARNATION.

Monday.—Have just been reading in the *Pall Mall Magazine* a wonderful story called "A Re-Incarnation," by the author of "A Green Carnation." He seems fond of carnations. Re-Incarnation and Green Carnation. Should have been in the exhibition of the National Carnation Society at the Crystal Palace. His story tells how a man murdered a white cat, and afterwards married its soul, re-incarnated in the body of a young woman with "china-blue" eyes and a large fortune. Marvellous! Must carefully avoid marrying young women with "china-blue" eyes and large fortunes, though the latter might not be so harmful.

Tuesday.—That theory of re-incarnation impresses me wonderfully. Think about it all night. In the silent darkness remember that I once stamped on a black beetle. My nurse called it "a black beadle." Think of this with horror. Will it come back to murder me? Terrible! Get up still nervous. Must go out into the air and sunlight, to dispel my gloomy thoughts. Stroll along Piccadilly. To avoid a shower step into the Burlington Arcade. Heavens, what is that by the entrance? It is a man in black—a black beadle! Gaze at him aghast. It has come back, the soul of that harmless crawling thing which I crushed in my boyhood, and now— Fly while there is yet time! Ha! I am safe at home at last.

Wednesday.—Have now no doubt of this marvellous theory. It is probable that re-incarnation may sometimes go the other way. Will investigate at the Zoological Gardens. Directly I see the largest elephant I recognise my late mother-in-law. The large, heavy form, the habit of trampling obstacles under foot—obstacles such as myself—the very ear-strings, now become ears flapping in the wind, all are there. She always poked her nose into everything, and she does it now. What a proboscis she has! Must tell the keeper the real truth to prevent mishaps. Tell him confidentially. He grins. Assure him that I am quite serious. He leads me gently

by the arm to the exit, where the turnstile only turns one way, and advises me to go home at once.

Thursday.—Fresh proofs every hour. Have just seen an omnibus horse, with the long face, the great yellow teeth and the general expression of my uncle's second wife. Greatly overcome, seek rest and refreshment in my club. What is that having lunch over there? Don't tell me it is an old gentleman with white hair and mild eyes. No! It is my first rabbit, which died of starvation through my carelessness. See, he is hungrily munching a lettuce! That is conclusive.

Friday.—My great work on *Re-Incarnation* begun to-day. It will astonish the world, for it is all true. By why have my friends asked those two doctors to call? There is nothing the matter with me. The two fools say I ought to give up all writing and keep quite quiet in the country. Explain that it is impossible. They insist with gentle firmness. Tell them I have no doubt they are the two leeches I once took from the bowl at the chemists and put on my little sister's neck, whence they were removed by the nurse and ruthlessly slaughtered.

Monday.—My diary has been interrupted, for I have been moving to this hydropathic establishment, as those doctors called it, at Colney Hatch. I don't like the place. Most of the visitors seem mad. But probably many of these water-drinkers are mad. Wouldn't they be surprised if they knew who I really am? Ha, ha! It will make a nice summer correspondence for the *Daily Telegraph*. To-morrow I will write to that paper stating the actual facts. I also am re-incarnated. I am, or rather I was, the Great Sea Serpent.

Mrs. R. was very sorry that the clergyman of her parish had been compelled to leave. "You see," she said, "the poor man fell off his bicycle, and his doctor has told him that for some time he must try an incumbent position. So he has gone away for another cure."



DEFEATED!

Napoleon Bonaparte (meditating). "Um!—Bless Harcourt!"

ODE TO A WATER COMPANY.

(By a Poor Sufferer who "Owes it One.")

Oh, Company, scourge, tyrant, tease!
 "Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,"
 (Like woman,) And variable—in supply—
 As your excuses (all my eye!).
 Inhuman,
 Brutal, and bumptious (corporate) beast!
 Harsh as the wind when in the east!
 Were water
 "Supplied" to Wealth as 'tis to me,
 Short is the shrift that you would see!
 Last quarter
 You "froze me out," you "cut me off,"
 And at my plaintive cries would scoff,
 (Confuse you all!)
 Claiming for what I did not have,
 And treating me like a mere slave,
 (As usual.)
 And now, in Summer, just to suit
 Your interests, you (corporate) brute,
 You slacken
 My poor, inadequate supply.
 Yah! I should like your (corporate) eye
 To blacken!
 When care and heat bedew my brow,
 A ministering *demon* thou!
 My fickle
 Supply, upon a day quite torrid,
 You slacken to a 'thread-like, horrid,
 Slow trickle.
 I cannot wash, I dare not drink,
 And fever lurks in pipe and sink.
 You, scorning
 My needs, my health, may turn the screw,
 In mercy, for an hour or two
 Each morning,—
 Or you may *not*! Or when my throat is
 Heat-parched you come and—without
 Disserve [notice—
 Me from the main for a whole day,
 As is your little funny way;
 And never
 Do I complain, with visage meek,
 But you administer more cheek,
 You Tartar!
 And for redress I've little chance
 Unless I've stumped up in advance;
 Your "charter"
 Always exonerating *you*,
 Whether for "putting on the screw"
 Or turning
 The service off. Oh, Company!
 There are, ah! thousands like poor me,
 Who're burning
 With indignation at the capers
 You play with laundresses, and drapers,
 And poor fishmongers.
 Beware! The public yet, you bet,
 On you that dire revenge will get
 For which it hungers!!

ON THE SENIOR SCULLS.

(By our Water Wagtail.)

[The Hon. R. GUINNESS won the Senior Sculls at the Metropolitan Amateur Regatta, beating the redoubtable brothers GUY and VIVIAN NICKALLS, believed to be almost invincible.]

THE rank is but the "Guinness" stamp,
 But scullers of the stamp of GUINNESS
 Are not too common. What a damp
 To GUY and VIVIAN this win is!
 The Honourable K. has found
 How fickle fortune gives hope pickles;
 But in this last—aquatic—round
 True Guinness gold has beaten Nickalls.
 They'll meet, perchance, again, to settle
 The game—for all are men of mettle.

THE GLASS HOUSE OF COMMONS.—Some fine "Pairs" already on view.



AWKWARDLY PUT.

She. "BY THE WAY, GEORGE, HAVE YOU GOT ANYTHING ON THIS EVENING?"
 He. "NOTHING WHATEVER."
 She. "THEN COME AND DINE WITH US—AND DON'T DRESS!"

ELECTION NOTES FROM THE WEST.

THIS is how the *Western Daily Mercury* describes "the fight"—before it began. "The electoral battle continues, but it is a most unequal contest. The Tories have been out-generalled, outmanœuvred, and outclassed. They are like the Chinese fleet at Yalu, stolid and uncertain, whilst the Liberals are sailing round them, pouring into them a withering fire from quick-firing guns, sweeping away masts and signal-yards, and scattering their crews in confusion. The fire from the Tories is intermittent, insufficient, and badly directed. It is doing very little harm."

THIS is quite a gem of nautical description.

Such as might justly be expected from a great naval port like Plymouth, which is the home of the *Mercury*. The chief beauty of it, moreover, is that it will serve again to describe the battle—when it is finished ("after the poll"), the only alteration necessary being a transposition of the two words Tories and Liberals.

Cornwall.—Excellent programme, including Two MACs. As usual, when one "scores," the other doesn't. McDUGALL beaten, while McARTHUR of course held whip-hand in St. Austell's division.

LOVE'S LOCAL OPTION.—"Drink to me only with thine eyes."

SCRAPS FROM CHAPS.

ANOTHER IRISH PARTY!—The snakes are coming back to Ireland! In a Cork paper we read the following:—

Mr. CORNELIUS DONOVAN, while crossing a grass field near Blarney, encountered a snake, which at first he believed to be an eel, and struck it with his walking stick. Having killed the reptile, he discovered it was a snake, measuring 3 feet 9 inches.

Evidently a political omen of some kind, this return of the emigrants to Erin. What does it portend? Mr. M-RL-Y, on being consulted, is "inclined to fancy that the Cork snake is a herald of Coercion, and shows that the venom of Dublin Castle will soon be at work." Mr. G. B-L-F-R, on the other hand, says that "the return of general confidence at the advent of a Unionist Government, and a really capable Irish Secretary, has never been better exemplified. Even the reptiles are not afraid now to try Ireland as a place of residence!" And Mr. J-ST-W M'C-RTHY has no doubt at all that "the incident is another sign of the growing Irish spirit of disunion. Did not St. Patrick banish snakes from Ireland? And ought not snakes, if they are worthy of the name of patriots, to obey St. P., and stay away? Well, they are returning, and defying St. P.—just as R-D-M-ND defies me! And," added the eminent leader, meditatively, "I've often thought there was a good deal of the eel about him, too."

"PEERS ARE CHEAP TO-DAY."—From the *North British Daily Mail*:—

Baillie WRIGHT, in supporting the motion, said that if he had the power he would make every man in that meeting a peer, so that they should go to the Lords and resolve upon their abolition.



OFF!

Mature Damsel (as they pass the Conservatory). "DEAR ME! WHAT A DELICIOUS SMELL OF"—(archly)—"ORANGE-BLOSSOMS!"
Little Mr. Tipples (alarmed). "OH, NO—REALLY—I ASSURE YOU, NOTHING OF THE SORT!"

Prodigious! But how is the Baillie going to proceed? Bring in a "Bill of Wright's" when he has got his new nobility ensconced in the Gilded Chamber? And suppose the Baillie's peers decline to commit suicide?

ATR—"Waly, Waly."

O, Baillie, Baillie, your peers be bonnie
 A little time while they are new!
 But when they're auld, they'll wax
most cauld,
 And vote in a way to astonish you!

DELIGHTFUL DISCOVERIES.

(A Dialogue at the Service of the "I. G. C.")

Visitor. As I am a stranger in London, can you please tell me how to get to Holly Lodge?

Native. Make for Holloway, and you will get into its neighbourhood.

Visitor. Thanks, very much; and where is the Institute of the Painters in Water Colours?

Native. Why, in Piccadilly, of course; next door to St. James's Church.

Visitor. I am infinitely obliged to you; and now perhaps you will direct me to Carlton House Terrace, Kew Gardens, Greenwich, and the Docks?

Native. First, behind the Athe-næum; and the others you can get to by train after consulting Bradshaw. But why this thirst for geographical knowledge?

Visitor. Because I am a member of the International Geographical Congress.

Native. Indeed! And what are you going to do at these places?

Visitor. I am going to be "entertained." In fact, my duty will be to see and be seen.

Native. And how about geographical research?

Visitor. That will be satisfied to a considerable extent by a hunt for sandwiches, and a quest for strawberries and cream!

THE AGE OF CULTURE.

"[It is a good omen for the future of agriculture that the upper classes are beginning to take a practical interest in it.]—*A Morning Paper.*"

Extracts from the "World," June, 1900.

DESPITE the unfavourable weather, Lady TIPTON's garden-party on Wednesday was a great success. Strawberry-picking was the principal amusement, and some well-known performers were present. Miss DE MURE, as usual, beat all her rivals, but the Bishop of PULBOROUGH was only half-a-basket behind. Like most of her friends, Lady TIPTON has now converted all her croquet and tennis lawns into fruit-beds.

LORD GRAYSON is entertaining a large party of friends for bird-scaring this week. Starlings are somewhat scarce this year, but sparrows are very plentiful and strong on the wing. Some capital sport was enjoyed over these well-known fields last week, and the host (who used a blunderbuss manufactured by Messrs. MURDER) is credited with having frightened away about 5000 brace in a single day.

TRUTH is quite wrong in stating that the Marquis of COOMBE intends to sell his well-known potato-patch in Hammersmith. On the contrary, he has just laid down two dozen new plants. It is true, however, that several of the smartest people are growing onions instead of potatoes this year.

As the show-season will soon be with us again, it may be well to remark that the committees should make certain of the genuine character of the exhibits. It would be disgraceful were there to be any repetition of such a scandal as occurred last autumn at a leading

exhibition, when it was discovered that the apples belonging to a certain lady of title, to which the prize already had been awarded, owed their brilliant appearance to the fact that her Grace had tinted them with water-colours.

THE Inter-Varsity ploughing competition takes place at Lord's on Friday. The Cambridge men are perhaps the favourites at present, but, though they have undoubtedly done some fast times, their furrows are apt to be very erratic. Still, under Farmer HODGE's able coaching, they may be expected to improve greatly in the next few days.

SOME of the papers have been making merry over the attempts to start butter-making clubs among the poorer classes. It is true that butter-making has been considered hitherto almost exclusively a rich man's recreation; but I do not see why the hard-working labourer, who has been toiling at golf or polo all day, should not be allowed to amuse himself with this healthy pastime in the evening, just as much as his superiors in social station.

À PROPOS of butter-making, I hear that a testimonial is to be presented to Mr. AXLESBURY, who has now captained his county team for some years. Of his all-round skill it is needless to speak; he is a useful change churner, and he had far the highest patting average last season.

HOW TO SPEND A HAPPY DAY!—Luncheon, dinner, and breakfast baskets provided for travellers by the Great Wheel at Earl's Court. Also all requisites for making up fairly comfortable beds in any one of the compartments. Address Wheel and Woe Co., E. C. S. W.

"MR. SPEAKER!"

"Hats off, strangers!"—*Policemen passim.*

Now the new House of Commons is complete, and Members are preparing to meet for their first Session, the question of who is to be Speaker comes to the front. *Mr. Punch* is pleased to observe the growing conviction in both political camps that there really is no question on the subject. Had Mr. GULLY performed the duties of



Mr. Speaker Gully.

Speaker with merely average capacity, the House of Commons, mindful of its highest traditions, would have been slow to celebrate a party victory at the polls by dispossessing him in favour of a nominee of the new majority. His marked success happily makes such action more than ever improbable.

His position was made exceptionally difficult by the circumstances of the day. Elected by a narrow majority, he succeeded the greatest Speaker of modern times. The fierce light that beats on the Speaker's chair was intensified by the inevitable contrast between the new occupant and the stately figure long familiar to the House. From the first Mr. GULLY wisely refrained from even approach to imitation of the manner of Mr. PEEL. That was a thing apart, like the bow of Ulysses. The new Speaker was simply himself; and the House of Commons, the keenest, swiftest, fairest judge of character in the world, was delighted to find in him perfect equanimity of temper, a judicial mind, unfailing readiness in emergency, and a quite surprising knowledge of the intricacies of procedure.

During his brief tenure of office Mr. GULLY was more than once suddenly faced by a knotty point that might reasonably have been expected to baffle a 'prentice hand. Never on these occasions has he failed. Such rare aptitude displayed at the outset of a career promises the fullness of perfection when, strengthened and sustained by the unanimous vote of a new Parliament, the Speaker resumes his work.

NEW WORK.—Messrs. MACMILLAN have just published *The Theory and Practice of Counter-Irritation*, by H. C. GILLIES. One example of this could easily be given by anyone in a hurry, who couldn't get attended to at the Stores, or *vice versa* by a counter-jumper at a linendraper's, whose temper was more than ordinarily tried by some extra-shilly-shallying customer.

OUR THESPIANS.

SIR HENRY IRVING's Saturday night at home previous to his departure for America was brilliant. House so crowded in every part, that the like of it has rarely been seen even at the Lyceum. Our ELLEN, as charming *Nance Oldfield*, was cheered to the Echo, or would have been had there been any place left for Echo in the house. Sir HENRY admirable as the old soldier in *A Story of Waterloo*, and both he and Miss TERRY at their best in the one scene from grand old WILLY SHAKESPEARE'S *Much Ado about Nothing*. The "*Much Adoo*," as Mr. WELLER senior would have pronounced and spelt it, came after the curtain had fallen, and on both sides the "*Adoo*" was changed into a hearty "*Au revoir!*"

To mention "HENRY" is to remember "JOHNNIE," the Johnnie yeleft J. L. TOOLE, whom *Mr. Punch* was delighted to see, looking "fit as a fiddle," having Toole'd up to town from Margate evidently on the high road to perfect recovery.

CONCERNING A PUBLIC NUISANCE.

By One who lives Next Door.

[The Salvationists of Warwickshire have lately been restrained by the new county by-law, which provides that no person shall play any musical instrument within fifty yards of a dwelling-house.]

BRAVO, good men of Warwick! you'd rejoice

JOHN LEECH's soul and all whose nerves are shattered

By blatant street musician's raucous voice

Or braying trombone—these at last you've scattered!

Ah! would that London followed now your lead,

And kept a tight hand o'er the rude fanatics

Who blare away her Sunday peace, whose creed

Is uproar, "fire and blood," and acrobatics!

If they'd a grain of humour's saving grace,

Enough to hear themselves as others hear them,

They'd straight retire to some far desert place

And bang and clang and howl where none come near them!

Ev'n as I write, some strain like "*Daisy Bell*"

With would-be sacred words and tuneless jar racks

My tortured ear—hard fate has made me dwell

Next door, alas! to what they call their "barracks."

Their ranting, roaring may be heav'nly joys,

But me they fill with bile and ire plethoric;

When, I would ask, shall we put down such noise,

As have the worthy citizens of Warwick?

AU REVOIR TO OPERA.

END of operatic season, and a fine season too. The PARTY nights exceptionally brilliant. DE RESZKE *frères*, the accomplished Bicycling Brothers, did not appear, but Sir DRURIOLANUS sang the old song "*We're going to do without them*," and did so, uncommonly

well, MAUREL, ANCONA, PLANGON, were bright particular stars; while MELBA suddenly shone forth as Comet with magnificent tail, i.e. a great following. CALVÉ held her own against all comers; and, as *Santuzza*, it was a case of "honours divided" with Mme. BEL-LINCIONI, who, it must not be forgotten, was the original of the part. The Beneficent BAUERMEISTER, of talent unlimited, has shown that "woman," like man, "in her time can play many parts." Mile. BAUERMEISTER has played them; and all equally well.

So farewell Operatics till next year, when DRURIOLANUS need fear no storms, if still provided with his lightning Conductors BEVIGNANI, MANCINELLI & Co. Nor need the Liberal-Conservative DRURIOLANUS OPERATICUS think of having to reckon with any formidable rivalry, should the utterly improbable happen and a new Opposition Opera be started. Why two Opera Houses cannot succeed in London may be a problem, but hitherto it is one of which dissolution of the weaker was the only solution. The strong company went to Covent Garden, and the weak went—to the wall.



REPORT FROM A MINOR CANON.—Archdeacon FARRAR, hitherto performing "Archidiaconal functions" at Westminster, has just been "installed" Dean of CANTERBURY. There are, clearly, only two notable installations, one of the Electric Light, and the other of a Dean. Canterbury has now the chance of being thoroughly enlightened and electrified.



A CORRECT EYE.

MRS. BROWN HAS BOUGHT HER HUSBAND TWENTY YARDS OF NATIVE SCOTCH HOMESPUN, AND HAS SENT FOR THE TAILOR OF THE GLEN TO MAKE HIM A SUIT THEREOF. THE TAILOR TAKES THE MATERIAL, GIVES A GLANCE AT BROWN, AND IS ABOUT TO DEPART. "BUT LOOK HERE," SAYS BROWN; "YOU'VE NOT TAKEN MY MEASURE!"

Tailor. "HOOT, MAN, YE'RE NOT DEFORM'D!"

YOUNG PRIMROSE'S PARTY.

A PLAINT OF THE POLLS.

AIR—"Hans Breitmann's Party."

YOUNG PRIMROSE had a Party,
He led it—like a lamb.
It fell in love with a motley thing
They called the Rad Pro-gramme.
They swore that plan to fight for,
Aye, fight till all was Blue;
But when it came unto the Polls,
That Party split in two.

YOUNG PRIMROSE had a Party,
For Progress it was bound;
But all the progress that it made
Was staggering round and round.
The liveliest shindies in the House,
And mockery out-o'-door,
Was all that Party caused, and so
It dwindled more and more.

YOUNG PRIMROSE had a Party.
I tell you it cost him dear.
The Rads he led "rolled into" him
Because he was a Peer:
They tried to knock Bung's spigot in,
The Caineites raised a cheer.
I think that so fine a Party
Never went bust on beer.

YOUNG PRIMROSE had a Party,
They were all "*Sause undi Brouse*,"
A more divided company
Ne'er wrangled in the House:
They talked of "filling up the cup,"
Vetoing the Vowler's guilt;

* "*Saus und Braus*": *Ger.* Riot and bustle.

But soon they found the pot was full,
And that the cup was spilt.

YOUNG PRIMROSE had a Party,
Although it was not big,
It tried to break the power of beer,
And check the sway of swig!
But soon they found 'twas all in vain,
The brewer they did "cop";
And the company scattered like fighting
crowds
When the constable bids them stop.

YOUNG PRIMROSE had a Party,
Where is that Party now?
Where are the lovely golden dreams
Of the Newcastle pow-wow?
Where are the Democratic plans,
The L. C. C.'s delight?
All floated away on a flood of beer
Away—in the *Ewigkeit*!*

* "*Ewigkeit*": *Ger.* Eternity; "gone for ever."

EAST NORFOLK ELECTION.—When women are stoned by cowardly ruffians, of any party, or, more probably, of no party, it is not a time for jokes. But *Mr. Punch* wishes he had been there, with a few of his young men and a few revolvers, and then some persons more deserving to be hit might have been hit, and with something sharper than stones. In East Norfolk, during the excitement of an election, it is evidently almost as necessary to carry firearms for self-defence as in any quite uncivilised and savage country—such as Bulgaria, under the government of the brave FERDINAND.

METEOROLOGICAL MISGIVINGS.

Saturday.—How warm it is! Shall go for my holiday somewhere on the sea. A month's cruise on the coast of Norway, perhaps.

Sunday.—What a tremendous gale! Imagine a month of this on the sea. Shall go inland, quite in the country—say to a cottage on Dartmoor.

Monday.—What a dull day! Couldn't stand the country in this gloom. Try Paris.

Tuesday.—A glorious day. Very hot and sunny in Paris now. Shall go to the Lakes.

Wednesday.—Steady rain. Don't like the idea of the Lakes. Always damp and depressing. In this sort of weather better be at Scarborough or Brighton.

Thursday.—Drizzle and mist. No doubt sea fog on coast. Hate sea fog. Better go to a dry place abroad. How about North Italy?

Friday.—What beastly dust everywhere! No good going to a dry, sunny climate. Try Cornwall.

Saturday.—Damp, close day. Couldn't stand much of this. Too enervating. Shall go to the Alps—anywhere up high in the mountain air.

Sunday.—Chilly for the time of year. Probably snowing on the Alps. Very dismal, cowering over a stove in a Swiss inn. What a difficulty this holiday is! Good idea! Will postpone it till the settled weather in the winter.

NEW ADAPTATION OF ANCIENT CHAFF TO THE DEFEATED CANDIDATES.—"Does your mother know you're 'Out'?" [N.B.—What view "mother" will take of it depends on "mother's" politics.]



AFTER THE BATTLE.

THE MEETING OF WELLINGTON-S-I-SB-RY AND BLUCHER-CH-MB-RL-N.



Workman (politely, to old Lady, who has accidentally got into a Smoking Compartment). "YOU DON'T OBJECT TO MY PIPE, I 'OPE, MUM?"
 Old Lady. "YES, I DO OBJECT, VERY STRONGLY!"
 Workman. "OH! THEN OUT YOU GET!!"

TO JULIA, KNIGHT-ERRANT.

["After the noble lord's dinner-party, at which the ladies appeared in their cycling costumes, consisting of . . . the company set off at half-past ten on their bikes for the region between St Paul's and the Tower, where at that hour, except an occasional policeman, hardly a soul is to be seen. Their example is now being generally imitated." *People of To-Day.*]

WHEN night her sable pall doth spread
 Above the city's sleeping head
 So as it seemeth to be dead;

And labour hath a short surcease,
 And burglars taste a halcyon peace,
 Save where the vigilant police,

All fearless on their darkling beat,
 With sound of heavy-sandalled feet
 Wake awesome echoes in the street;

When weary chapmen go their ways
 To halls of song or sit at gaze
 In front of elevating plays;

Or haply drop into the club,
 And pausing for a friendly rub
 Defy the deadly nuptial snub;

Or watch in fond paternal mood
 The slumber of their infant brood
 In some suburban neighbourhood:—

Then, JULIA, then, at such an hour
 I gather that you quit your bower
 And seek the purlieus of the Tower;
 Encased in wanton breeks and wide,
 A solid regiment, you ride
 With swains revolving at your side;
 By stilly thoroughfares you strike
 Th' astonished silence with your bike;
 Earth never yet hath seen the like!

Not she, that fair of whom they sing,
 Who wrought her city's ransoming,
 GODIVA dared so bold a thing.

High Heaven alone sees such a sight
 When Dian wheels her orb by night
 With many a starry satellite.

But, JULIA, though the mode decree,
 By all the rites of Battersea,
 That you career in company,

The conscious object of remark,
 Whenas the lusty-throated lark
 Disporteth o'er the People's Park;

Yet certes it were more discreet,
 When Hesper from his vantage-seat
 Illumineth Cannon Street,

To ride with none but me to know
 Just how th' enamoured breezes blow
 Round your ineffable trousseau!

How say you, sweet? To-morrow, then,
 We assignate for half-past ten
 Upon the punctual stroke of Ben?
 On Cupid's chaste commission bent
 We twain will meet, with your consent,
 10.30, by the Monument.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

To recommend *Lyre and Lancet* to readers of *Punch* is to preach to the converted, and, as Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT said when he opened his election campaign in Derby, that is a work of supererogation. There is, however, this new thing to be said, that SMITH, ELDER & Co., including the work in their Novel Series, have presented it in dainty form, and have preserved Mr. PARTRIDGE's illustrations. My Baronite has read it through again with increased admiration for the perilous audacity of the plot, the skill with which it is worked out, and the many felicities of the phrasing. It would be so easy to spoil it by a coarse or slovenly touch. In no scene of the breathless drama does Mr. ANSTY's hand forget its cunning.

The larger number of the verses that make up the little volume SMITH, ELDER & Co. publish under the title *Tillers of the Sand* have, Mr. OWEN SEAMAN states in his preface, appeared in the *National Observer*. Whilst they are above the average of the cleverness of that really smart journal, they are tainted by its besetting sin. Purporting to present "a fitful record of the ROSEBURY Administration," the recorder finds it all very bad. This is hard on the late Government, but it is harder still on the clever versifier. True art requires light and shade, and here is none. Appearing week by week the pungent admixtures were passable, were even titillating. But the monotony of vituperation, however cleverly compounded, grows a little wearisome, even in a volume that does not much exceed a hundred pages. My Baronite likes best "The Lament of the Macgregor," not because its literary style is more masterly than that of its companion verse, but because its fun is less acrid. The rest, with significant exception of two pieces that appeared in these pages, is too hotly spiced with ASHMEAD-BARTLETTISM to please one who looks to Mr. SEAMAN for the wine of scholarly verse and finds the vinegar of election squibs. THE BARON DE B.-W.

Shakspeare on the recent R. A. Elections.

ONSLOW FORD, Sculptor, R.A.
 W. B. RICHMOND, Painter, R.A.

"Good Master FORD be contented."

Merry Wives of Windsor, Act III., Scene 3.

"For RICHMOND's good."

Richard the Third, Act V., Scene 3.

MRS. GAMP ON "LOCAL OPTION."—"I never could have kep myself up but for a little drain of spirits, which I seldom touches, but could always wish to know where to find, if so disposed."—*Martin Chuzzlewit*, c. xlv.

THE case of slandering Major RASCH, M.P., was dismissed on defendant TURP tendering apology and paying costs. Rash on the part of TURP, but the case was settled in a Rashional way.

TO MR. A. F. MUMMERY.—The Recollections of his foreign *Climbs in the Alps and Caucasus* might suggest to the author a new work to be entitled "*Pleasant Mummeries*." Of course nothing to do with amateur acting, or with Miss MILN's *Strolling Players in the East*.



EXTINCT!!

SOME INTERESTING SPECIMENS RECENTLY ADDED TO THE PARLIAMENTARY MUSEUM OF THE PAST!

(By Mr. Punch's Own Prehistoric Artist.)



THE FORCE OF HABIT.

Miss Diana (a novice). "OH, JACK, I'M CERTAIN THIS THING IS GOING TO SHY AT THOSE HORRID PIGS! DO YOU MIND LEADING IT PAST?"

THE LAST PAGE OF SOMEBODY'S DIARY.

(Picked up in the neighbourhood of Dorchester House)

BEFORE leaving England I finish this book. I have seen much and would have liked to see more. It was a great disappointment to me that the Polytechnic had changed its character. It was the dream of my childhood to be present at a lecture "Illustrated with brilliant experiments." Still the British Museum was a very good substitute. Then I was pleased with the Imperial Institute, and appreciated STRAUSS's band. Although I have yet to learn what the latter had to do with the spread of the British Dominion. And I was delighted with the State Balls and the Ascot races. I was pleased, too, with my visit to the Board School. And there seemed to be much doing in the Houses of Parliament. But what struck me most of all was the great prosperity I noticed everywhere. There is no poverty in England. All is rich. Everyone is great. There are none who are not powerful; it is marvellous, but true. I should like to return to this great country to learn a little more. I have not yet seen a paper printed. I have not dined at the table of those who are responsible for the gaiety of nations. I have not watched the manufacture of a clock. I have not examined waxworks. I have not risen in the air in a balloon, nor sunk below the level of the sea in a diving-bell. But all this pleasure can wait till I pay England a second visit. And I am pleased to find that certain places are myths, the more especially as these places were said to be "disgraces to civilization." There is no East End. There are no prisons. Poverty is a word that has become obsolete. Everyone is satisfied. A strike never happens because all Englishmen are contented. This is the lesson that I have learned at the hands of the great British Government. It is strange, but undoubtedly true, that the English nation has no "seamy side." So I leave the country of prosperous content with a salaam of heart-felt respect. And now for Paris, with its wicked distractions. I hope I may survive. In the meanwhile Britannia, Brave, Brilliant, Beautiful and Beneficial, farewell!

P.S.—Always supposing I can overcome my terror of *mal de mer*.

HIGHLY PROBABLE.—For a draught of a new Irish policy the present Government is pretty sure to return to the Old Butt.

THE ELECTION PLEASANT PHRASE BOOK.

(For the use of Unpopular Candidates expected to accept attacks "good-naturedly.")

I AM much obliged to you for the unsavoury egg. Pray do not apologise for breaking my arm with a stone three inches in diameter.

Thanks for that pail of mud emptied over my head and hat.

It is really capital fun being peited with gravel.

Never mind having smashed my dog-cart and killed the horse attached to it.

Really, dodging this storm of bludgeons is the most amusing occupation imaginable.

Never mind having crushed my skull, as I really wanted a chance to give a good turn to the local doctor.

Finally, I would willingly acknowledge all these little humours of a contested election in a spirit of genial amiability had you not unfortunately broken my jaw and reduced me to a condition of semi-insensibility.

GOOD NEWS, AND STRANGE TOO!

THE Northern Railway Company of France, as the *Daily Telegraph* informs us, has decided to spend four millions of francs in improving its rolling-stock. This move ought to send up all its "stock" in the market. Also there is to be a train of an entirely new pattern, replete with every convenience, running in correspondence with the London Chatham and Dover Company's most convenient continental service. This is first-class (and second also) news for persons about to travel. The *D. T.* further says that "the adoption of bogies will make the running easy." Good gracious! The cutting and running would come quite naturally to most of the passengers on beholding only one "bogie"; but when it comes to "bogies," there would be a general stampede! Very kind of the Northern to "adopt" bogies. Some poor little orphan bogies, left at the door of a Bogey-Foundling Hospital, deserted by their ghostly and unnatural parents, but "adopted" by the spirited Great Northern of France! "Hush! Hush, Hush, it is the Bogey Train!" But no tricks on travellers, spirited Great Northern of France.

ROUNABOUT READINGS.

I SPOKE last week of the General Election, more particularly with regard to its influence on the speakers who take part in it. A treatise on this aspect of the matter has yet to be written. One of the main points to be determined will be the amount of influence exercised by the speech, not on its hearers, but on the speaker himself.

NOTHING is more remarkable than the rapidity and definiteness with which a speaker's opinions crystallise during the course of a speech. Let us assume, for example, that a Radical candidate has been approached on the subject of an Eight Hours Bill, and, in order to gain time, has promised to deal with it in his next speech, at the same time giving an assurance of general sympathy. Probably he has not thought much about the question before. In the evening he will speak upon it; and suddenly, to his own intense surprise, he will find himself declaring that all legislation will be vain, all social effort fruitless, until the load of toil that presses on the mass of his fellow-countrymen is lightened, and a universal Eight Hours Bill is carried through both Houses.

OR again, a Conservative is confronted with the question of old-age pensions. Precisely the same process takes place, and under the necessity of convincing himself, while endeavouring to convince and to please his audience, he will vow never to cease his efforts in support of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN until a general system of State pensions for the aged is established throughout the United Kingdom.

So it is with votes of thanks and laudatory speeches of all kinds. If you have to move a vote of thanks to A., a politician whom you do not specially admire, the odds are about ten to one that you will describe him as a great statesman, a profound thinker, an eloquent orator, and the man of the future. All this may be due to your having embarked on a rhetorical period which required more words than you had prepared yourself to supply; and in the agitation of filling up the gap, and rounding off the period, you say what you had not the remotest intention of saying when you got on to your legs. Hence come in after years parallel columns, and aggravating charges of inconsistency.

It was roses, roses all the way. But that was some time ago in the case of Mr. ISAAC HOYLE, late Liberal Member for the Heywood Division of Lancashire. He was asked to support Mr. SNAPE the Liberal Candidate at this election, but he refused to "take any part in sending Mr. SNAPE to Parliament, charged with duties for which, as I think, his votes show he has no qualification." The receipt of this letter caused the greatest excitement in the Division, and at the Heywood Reform Club Mr. HOYLE's portrait has been smashed to pieces and thrown out of the building. It is stated also that his subscriptions are being returned. Clearly a case of adding Hoyle to the flames of controversy.

MR. THOMAS MILVAIN, the Conservative who vainly endeavoured to oust Sir WILFRED LAWSON from the Cockermouth Division, was once a great boxer—a heavy-weight champion amongst amateurs, if my memory serves me. In the course of his late contest he addressed a hostile meeting at Dearham. Many questions were put to him. One was, "What weight was ta when thou was a boxer?" Mr. MILVAIN's answer was, "I was 13 st. 8 lb. That was twenty-eight years ago; and I have not had the gloves on since." (*Laughter and cheers, and a Voice: "Would you like to have them on now?"*) "I am quite prepared to give any of you a turn, if you want one." (*Great laughter and cheers.*)

When a Candidate, heckled by enemies, finds
All his efforts to keep the place still vain,
Let him try one resource ere he pulls down the blinds,
And conform to the model of MILVAIN.

For when politics palled he referred to the years
When his skill as a boxer was lauded;
An allusion to gloves won him laughter and cheers,
Which was more than the "point of his jaw" did.

In a provincial contemporary I find the following startling information, under the heading, "Mothers of Great Men." SCHUMANN's mother was gifted in music; CHOPIN's mother, like himself, was

very delicate: WORDSWORTH's mother had a character as peculiar as that of her gifted son; RALEIGH said that he owed all his politeness of deportment to his mother. There are other statements about other mothers, but those I have quoted may suffice in the meantime. What I want to know is why any reasonable human being should care, or be supposed to care, about these ridiculous scraps of information collected from a rubbish-heap of useless knowledge. Here is another that I cannot leave out: HAYDN dedicated one of his most important instrumental compositions to his mother. Amazing.

In the parish of Swaffham Bulbeck (Phœbus, what a name!) there are apparently two bridges. At the adjourned quarterly meeting of the Parish Council the other day, Mr. C. P. Fyson in the chair, "it was reported that Bridge No. 1 required to be re-built. . . . The Chairman reported Bridge No. 2 required the same treatment, and eventually the whole matter was adjourned"—presumably in the hope that in the interval the bridges would rebuild themselves.

HOW I LOST MY POLL.

MR. PUNCH, HONOURED SIR,—By way of supplementing efforts of *Daily Chronicle* to obtain authorised statements showing cause for defeat of certain distinguished candidates, have secured following satisfactory explanations, for authenticity of which I have pleasure in vouching. Have suppressed names of men and places, thus sacrificing verisimilitude on altar of discretion.

A. explains:—Opponent started with every natural advantage, having only appeared in constituency three weeks and two days ago, and being entirely unknown. (*Omne ignotum pro beneficio.*) I, on other hand, had been on spot for five-and-twenty years, and was only *two well known*.

B. explains:—Attribute my defeat (by exactly 4529 votes) to over-confidence on part of my supporters. Seems that recollection of ample margin of two (one voting-paper disputed) by which I was returned to late Parliament produced reckless and culpable apathy.

C. explains:—Mistake to suppose that Local or any other Veto had appreciable bearing on result of election. Fact is that opposition chartered every available traction-engine to bring up rural electorate. All other traffic practically suspended. Terrorised owners refused to risk their stables in unequal struggle. Was reduced to average of one horse a piece for my four-in-hands. Also other man's wife prettier than mine.

D. explains:—Am author of many standard works of blood-curdling adventure, largely among blacks. Found myself besieged one day in headquarters by what I took to be murderous contingent of enemy. In all my books of fiction, hero would have hacked his way through midst, if only with open penknife. Stern reality quite a different matter. Fell back upon services of local fire-brigade. Turned out afterwards that crowd actually consisted of admiring readers and political friends all eager to draw me, by pardonable ruse, into display of heroic qualities as depicted in my popular writings. Disillusioned by me, and damped by fire-brigade, mob went off and voted for other side.

E. explains:—Had Women's Suffrage existed, am confident should have been returned by handsome majority, being single and bit of an Adonis. As it was, fatal gift for attracting feminine attention alienated younger male electors. Other candidate solid family man without physical charm. Has been said that beauty is a curse. In own case must unhesitatingly admit soft impeachment.

F. explains:—It arose in this way. Had arranged beforehand that pole of carriage should snap in two during ascent of heavy incline in very heart of borough, idea being that partisans would be compelled to un-horse vehicle and personally propel it along in semi-triumphal progress. All went well till it came to pushing. Then was seen that weight of fellow-passengers (three obese stump-orators sent down by Cæus) overtaxed strength of small body of supporters, men remarkable for intellectual perspicuity rather than brute force. Notwithstanding laudable efforts, carriage recoiled, slowly at first, then, gaining impetus, rushed with incredible speed full into plate-glass window of Mayor's grocery-store. Self and all three orators bled profusely. Should add that Mayor was exceedingly popular politician of heterodox views. Cause of my Party completely ruined by shocking fiasco.

Kindly observe, dear Mr. Punch, how insignificant a part seems to have been played in above elections by great and vital questions of day. Let me hear if you want any more of these explanations. Cost me nothing.

Yours, SPLENDIDE MENDAX.



Sir William cultivates the "Celtic Fringe."

A PSALM OF AUGUST.

(For the Circular Tourist.)

TELL me not, in Summer numbers,
 "Holidays are but a dream!"
 If you hold that vases are slumbers,
 Well—things are not what they seem.

COOK is real! GAZE is earnest!
 And the earth's end is their goal;
 "Bust" thou art, and "bust" returns,
 Sing they to the tripper's soul.

Not enjoyment—rather, sorrow
 Greets the tourist on his way;
 His to toil, that each to-morrow
 Find him farther on his way.

Tours are long, and Time is fleeting,
 While we dire discomfort brave;
 In globe-trotting, record-beating,
 Pleasure surely finds its grave.

Let us, still, each town be "doing,"
 Since "tow-rowing" is our fate—
 Then, half-dead with guide-pursuing,
 Brag o'er those at home who wait!

"FORWOOD BOYS."—Sir ARTHUR FORWOOD, the new Baronet, observes the Day-by-Day-ist writer in the *Daily Telegraph*. "is not to be confounded with his brother, Sir WILLIAM FORWOOD." Why not? Why interfere with the liberty of speech on the part of some Radicals, who might say "Confound 'em both!" Or, in the words of the National Anthem, "Confound their politics."

OMITTED FROM THE GRACIOUS SPEECH OF H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE OPENING OF THE SOUTHAMPTON NEW DOCK.—"I appear here as the Judge, at whose word the prisoner is to be let into the dock, and, subsequently, let out again. Ladies and gentlemen, the prisoner is—the water." (Cheers.)



PRESIDING DEITY. 1895.

VENUS AN—ILINE DYE—OMENE.

JOEYING AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S.

THERE have been JOES not a few on the stage. Coming down from the time of JOE GRIMALDI, we pass on the way *Joseph Andrews*, *Poll and Partner Joe*, *Poor Joe* from *Bleak House*, and many other JOES until we come to *Gentleman Joe*, hansom cab-driver, played by ARTHUR ROBERTS. The question and answer in the old idiotic nigger song applies appropriately here, with slight adaptation:

What! *de Joe*? Yes! *de Joe*.
 Spruce JOE kicking up hind and afore,
 KITTY LOFTUS playing up to Mister JOE.

And with the assistance of the always graceful PHYLLIS BROUGHTON—of whom *Gentleman Joe* might have sung, but doesn't, "PHYLLIS is my only Fare"—aided also by the pretty-voiced LETTIE SEARLE, helped by the sprightly earnestness of Miss CLARA JACKS, who has turned over a new leaf and come out as a page, and kept moving by the dashing "go" of Miss SADIE JEROME (not at all a "sad eye" nor a "say die" sort of young lady) as *Lalage Potts*, this two-act musical farce, beginning as a kind of *High Life below Stairs* and ending anyhow, offering, as it does, opportunities to Our Only ARTHUR for introducing into it any amount of "diversion" in the way of new songs, eccentric speeches, nods, winks, becks, and wreathed smiles, may be continuing its successful career in the summer of '96, there being no apparent reason why its run should ever stop, that is as long as *Gentleman Arthur Joe Roberts* handles the ribands as the popular *Cabbing-it Minister*.

A NEW TITLE.—Our GRACE, the cricketer, is not made a "Sir" or raised to a dukedom. There is, however, in view of present craze, a great chance for conferring the greater honour on a champion bicyclist. His title would be "The Duke of WHEELINGTON."

SCRAPS FROM CHAPS.

A DIVIDEND DESERVED.—The Glasgow Town Council has been running its own tram-cars for a year past, and has cleared more than £20,000 of profit for the citizens out of the business. There is huge rejoicing on the Clyde, and no wonder, as the result is due to sheer good management, without over-charging the public or over-driving the drivers. The Tramways Committee reports:—

Further, the Committee have given effect to what they believe to be the general feeling of the citizens—viz., that the cars, which necessarily form a notable feature of the streets of the city, should not only be tasteful in design and colour, and comfortable for passengers, but also that their general appearance should not be marred or their destinations obscured by advertisements.

Moral for many southern railway, tram, and omnibus companies—Go and do likewise! Moral for Glasgow citizens—Get carried over your tram-lines often enough, and you'll carry over a big dividend to decrease your next year's rates!

SUB-LIME!—This is how "business" is transacted by some of the Youghal Town Commissioners. The question was—who should supply them with lime!

Mr. Kennedy. I propose that thirty-nine barrels be bought and paid for.

Mr. Loughlan. I propose that he supply the lime at 1s. per barrel.

Mr. Long (warmly). I say the Board can't do anything of the kind.

Mr. Loughlan. You'll get choked if you don't keep cool (laughter).

Mr. Long (excitedly). Take care of your windpipe (laughter). I suppose he gave you a few good lumps of lime (loud laughter).

Mr. Loughlan (jumping up excitedly). Now that is a gross insult.

The Chairman. Order, order, gentlemen.

Then Youghal's worried chairman raised a cry of "Order!"—when

A lump of old white limestone took him in the abdomen;

And he smiled a white official smile and walked out at the door,

And the tongues of LONG and LOUGHLAN interested him no more.

PORKERS AND PAUPERS.—Bath Workhouse pigs "live on the best of good cheer" in the form and substance of milk, so the municipal pork and rate-aided bacon ought to be prime. The *Bristol Mercury* reports a meeting of the Bath guardians, when

Mr. MANCHIP called attention to the fact that some of the children did not even touch their milk gruel and dry bread which was served out for breakfast. On Friday morning when the visitors were at the Workhouse at seven o'clock two buckets of milk gruel were taken out to the pigs. Mr. MANCHIP proposed that the Medical Officer be asked if he would be good enough at his earliest convenience to consider whether a change could be made in the children's diet. The Chairman thought if the gruel was sweetened with a spoonful of treacle the children would then like it. It was agreed to give the Chairman's suggestion a fortnight's trial.

Congratulations to the Bath children on being e-manchip-ated from their old diet!

For securing "absolute impartiality" in conferring the prizes at the Llanelly National Eisteddfod, the judges had "a pit dug for them," into which they disappeared during the progress of competitions, so that participants could not "fix them with a glittering eye," and compel them (by hypnotic means) to award a prize. Sir JOSEPH BARNBY—warbling, *sotto voce*, "This is my time for disappearing"—greatly enjoyed these dives to the bottom of the well in search of Truth, and no doubt the novel departure "assisted" the blindness of Justice. But, so far as dignity is concerned, "Oh! the pit-y of it."

We read of a cooky at Claughton,
 In music she was a self-taught 'un
 But her mistress, I fear,
 Said 'twas nothing but beer

that caused her cook to vociferate hymns and, in her harmonious enthusiasm, to return home towards midnight and hammer loudly at the door. We know not whether this melodious *cuisinière's* recipe for cleaning fire-irons "with a wet rag and a bucket of water" is to be found in Mrs. GLASSE'S *Art of Cookery*, but the learned Judge decided in favour of the mistress, against whom MARY ROGERS (a poetical name forsooth) brought an action for unjustifiable dismissal. Alas! poor cook. She must, henceforward, do her stewing without singing and her "mashes" without melody.

WHEN Mr. HENRY McCALMONT gives "receptions" they will be styled, not "soirées," but "After-Newnes."



"DO TH NOT A 'MEETING' LIKE THIS MAKE AMENDS?"

Duke of Westminster (as they come out of the Hall, Chester). "EXCELLENT SPEECH, SIR! SO VERY KIND OF YOU TO COME!"

Mr. G. "DON'T MENTION IT, DUKE. IF THERE'S ONE THING I LIKE MORE THAN ANOTHER, IT'S A NON-POLITICAL MEETING!"

A SOLILOQUY IN ST. JAMES'S PARK.

(By a Socialistic Loafer.)



BESOLDE the worter in Sin James's Park,
I've stritched meself ter snooze hunder this ole tree—
But cawn't, fur all the keckle, screech, an' squork,
From these yere ducks an' swans, an' sim'lar poultry!

Them fowls is kep' up orf the Nytion's fun's;
If yer chucked stones at 'em there'd be a fuss mide
They're reg'lar bustin' with the kikes an' buns
As they gits frowed by hevery kiddy's nuss-mide!

I'll lay a family cud liv fur weeks
On arf the screps them lyzy hoidle ducks re-
-jecks hevery hour, a-turmin' up their beaks,
An' wallerin' in comfit an' in lux'ry!

Whoy should the loikes o' them 'ave hall the luck,
Whoile sech as me—? It's skandalus, I s'y 'tis,
That—jest becoss I ain't a bloomin' duck—
Sercioity don't grub and board me grytis!

Some d'y we'll mike hour vices 'eard, in 'owls
O' ryge, an' s'y to—well, no matter 'oo it is—
"Ain't we more fit ter live nor worter-fowls?
We're yumin beans—not feathered sooperfloodities!"

I'd cop that one jess waddlin' hup the grorss,
An' twist 'is neck—'e's honly fit fur cookin';
I would, on *prinserple*, as bold as brorss—
If that there bloomin' Keeper wasn't lookin'!

"OH! LIZA."—Another subject for CHEVALIER. A special meeting was held in Liverpool to protest against the presence of Cockney costers who, it was asserted, seriously injured the business of Liverpudlian "market-tenants." Mr. WALKER (is he of the celebrated Hookey branch of the family?) averred that he had "seen a coster with his barrow standing before the LORD MAYOR'S shop for half-an-hour." Our sympathetic soul weeps at this gross injustice to the worthy syndie, and we trust it will not cost-er him too much. But, as the lawyer remarked, *de costibus non est disputandum*.

C. C. NEWS. LATEST (LAST THURSDAY) AS TO SCHOOL BOARD SQUABBLES.—Mr. BOWIE wanted to have his Bowie-knife into Mr. DIGGLE and others; but was prevented. A Bowie, not very sharp and without point, is rather a useless weapon in a fight.

"WURM WURK!"—At Bexhill-on-Sea the "Improvement Committee"—(how wise of Bexhill-on-Sea to have instituted a permanent "Improvement Committee," otherwise it might become Bexhill-at-Sea!)—has engaged the exclusive services of Herr WURM and his band. New motto for this new watering-place, "The Early Beaks-'ll catch the Wurm." The musical *pabulum* here provided will be known as "the Diet of Wurm's." Band to play during every meal. Likewise "Wurm Baths" with music. The eminent conductor will Wurm himself into favour with everyone.

THE *Daily Telegraph* notifies a novelty in return tickets introduced by the South London Electric Railway. "The return half of the ticket is usable at any time." The idea being not "Go as you please," but "Go as we (the Co.) please, and come back as you like."



THE EXTINCTION OF THE HORSE.

Squire. "ISN'T THAT THE MARE, COOPER, YOU HOPED TO MAKE THREE FIGURES OF AS A LADY'S HACK!"

Local Dealer. "YES, SIR, THIS IS HER, WORSE LUCK! SHE'LL HAVE TO GO FOR A 'CABBER' NOW—UNLESS I BOIL HER DOWN FOR BICYCLE OIL!"

LA GÉOGRAPHIE DE LONDRES.

À Monsieur Punch.

MONSIEUR,—*Je viens d'arriver*—but hold! I go to write in english, which I know enough well. I am come to London to this Congress of Geographers. I cross the Sleeve—*la Manche*, how say you? Ah *la douloureuse traversée*, the dolorous traversy! In fine, the train arrives at a station. I seek, I regard, I read the soap, the mustard, the other *réclames*—how say you?—but not the name of the station. Then a cry, "Londonbridge!" Ah, it is the station of London! *Sapristi*, how she is little this station! *La gare de Londres* no more great than a station of *banlieue*, near to Paris. Eh well, I descend immediately. I seek my baggages, I go to find a *fiacre*, a "ansom." Then in English I say to the coacher, "George Street, Number Forty." "Olrattsen," say he. What is this that this is that that? I comprehend not. But all of same I mount in carriage and we part.

Soon we arrive. Hold! This is a street of commerce; there is there but offices. And not of number forty.

"Nottir, maounsiah?" say the coacher. Ah, I comprehend! "No," say I, "not here." "Minnoriss," say he. "How?" say I; but we are in road. Hold! Again a street of commerce—but of the most villain. I anger myself. I cry, "Coacher, I have said you George Street." "Olratt, maounsiah," say he, "this is George Street." "Not here," I respond. "Is there two George Streets?" Then he swear, he laugh; he ask that he may be blown; he say more, that I comprehend not. In fine, he say, "Taousa Ill." Again a George Street. But here some warehouses only. Then the coacher say, "Shoditch," and we go. Again a George Street! Still more small! Again one time I anger myself. I ask to him, "Where go you?" He say, "Which George Street is it?" I say, "George Street, London." Then he laugh again, and he swear; and he say, "Ollaousai." Again a George Street! *Tiens, c'est embêtant!* But it is but a street of commerce, and very little. "Islington," say

he. What! again a George Street? *Sapristi! Quelle ville!* If they love the name of George, these English! But, no, still a poor little street. "Blakfraiahs," say the coacher. We traverse some streets, some streets, without end! In fine, see there number forty. But it is a little shop. *Mille tonnerres! Pas encore!* "Youstonn Road," say he. Again some streets, some streets, without end! And again a street of commerce. And again the number forty is a shop! *Sacré nom d'une pipe!* "Lissn Grov," say he. Again some *kilomètres* to traverse. What! Again a George Street? How many of them is there, of these George Streets? And again, as you say in english, "No go." But all of same we go, for the coacher say "Manshestasquaiah." I shut myself the eyes, and I repose myself.

Ah, that value better! In fine, a better street. And see, there number forty! What joy! In fine, I arrive. How it is fatiguing, this course in London, long of three hours or more! I descend. I demand my friend. What? He live not here? He is gone? *A la bonne heure!* "One more," say the coacher. "What," I cry, "again a George Street?" "Yess, maounsiah, Annovasquaiah." Then this one is not the house of my friend, this one is not the George Street that I seek! *Que le diable enlève!*

But we continue, we arrive, in fine, it is here. All exhausted I descend. How much pays one the course in London? In Paris it is 1'50. Ah! in London it must be one shilling and half. This one has been a long course; I go to give a good *pourboire*, one shilling. I offer to the cabman two shillings and half. Then he cry, he swear, he descend, he wish to fight me. I say, "It is not enough? How much?" He say, "Tenbobb." What is this that this is that that? In fine, my friends come from the house, they explain that that wishes to say, "Ten shillings," they say he has reason, and I pay him. It costs dear the cab of London. But it is equal to me, for now I go to pronounce a discourse before the Geographical Congress on the George Streets of London. He will be of the most interesting, of the most curious. I beg you, Mister Punch, to make me the honour of to come to hear him, and to agree the assurance of my sentiments the most distinguished.

AUGUSTE.

THE POLITICAL UGLY DUCKLING.

(Fragments of a Brummagem Fairy Tale.)

It was in a big town in the Midlands that the Ugly Duckling first chipped shell. "Cheek! Cheek! Cheek!" squeaked the youngster as he crept out. How big and ugly he was, to be sure! Not a bit like the other ducklings. In fact he was a portent, and a puzzle.

However, the ugly, grey-coated youngster, took to the water, and swam about like the rest. "He's every inch my own child, after all," said the old duck. "And really he's very pretty, when one comes to look at him attentively. Quack! quack!" added she; "now, come along, and I'll take you into high society. Now move on, and mind you cackle properly, and bow your head before that old duck yonder, who is the noblest born of them all. Now bend your neck, and say 'Quack!'"

But the Ugly Duckling was an odd bird, as well as an ill-favoured one, and gave much trouble and excited much jealousy in the duck-yard. He quacked indeed, but he would not bend his head or bow to the old duck properly.

"He remained too long in the egg-shell," mused the maternal bird; "and therefore his figure, like his manners, is not properly formed on the true duck model. But as he's a male duck it won't matter so much. I think he'll prove strong, and be able to fight his way through the world." Which was true.

But at first the Ugly Duckling had a baddish time of it. He was bitten, pushed about, and made game of, not only by the ducks, but by the hens. They all declared he was much too big, and fancied himself too much. He certainly was not graceful, and he had a cocky, self-assertive air which irritated the Conservative Old Cookalorums. He was always making unexpected and unducklike sorties, "alarums and excursions," and lifting up his raucous-caucous voice against the time-honoured rules and respectable conventions of the duck-pond. So much so, that they nicknamed him the "Daring Duckling," and prophesied that he would come to a bad end.

So he ran away, and flew over the palings.

He had many adventures, and various. He dwelt for a time with a lot of wild ducks in a marsh, and even struck up a sort of friendship for a swarm of wild geese, who wanted to do away with domestication and destroy the "tame villatic" tendencies of gregarious goosedom, and abolish barn-yards and duck-ponds, peacocks, and game-fowls, and guinea-hens, and poulterer's shops, and *pâté de foie gras*, and other checks on liberty and incentives to luxury. But somehow he didn't get on with the wild ducks for long. He was so much wilder than they, and wanted his own way too much and too often for the old and recognised leaders of their flocks. And as to the wild geese, why he soon lost sympathy with their "revolutionary programmes" and "subversive schemes," which he learned to regard indeed as a sort of wild goose chase, and deride and denounce as vehemently as he had aforetime praised them.

"I think I'll take my chance, and go abroad into the wide world," said the Duckling.

One evening, just as the sun was setting, there came a whole flock of beautiful large birds from a grove. The Ugly Duckling had never seen any so lovely before. They were dazzlingly white, with long graceful necks: they were swans. They uttered a peculiar cry, and then spread their magnificent wings and away they flew from this cold country to warmer lands across the open sea, as was their usual custom. They rose so high that the Ugly Duckling felt a strange sensation come over him, a sort of delicious vertigo. He turned round and round in the water like a wheel, stretched his neck up into the air toward them, and uttered so loud and strange a cry that he was frightened at it himself. Oh! never could he again forget those beautiful, happy birds, so gracefully fleeting against a primrose sky. He knew not how those birds were called, nor whither they were bound, but he felt an affection for them, such as he had never yet experienced for any living creature. And he more and more lost love for, and patience with, all his old associates, ducks or geese, wild or domesticated.

The Ugly Duckling now felt able to flap his wings. They rustled much louder than before, and bore him away most sturdily; and before long he found himself in a noble park, a nobleman's park; indeed, the dainty demesne of one of those who "toil not neither do they spin." It was quite Beaconsfieldian in its beauty, with its smooth emerald sward and umbrageous elm-avenues, its dusky cedar clumps and tail-spreading, crest-sunning peacocks.

"Dear me!" mused the Ugly Duckling. "It is strange, but I feel quite at home here!"

Three magnificent white swans now emerged from the thicket before him; they flapped their wings and then swam lightly on the surface of the water. The larger one (whose beak bore the letter S

as a "nick") was dark and haughty of mien, the second (whose beak was branded B) was slim and exceeding graceful; whilst the third, a solid and even rather sullen-looking bird, was beak-stamped with a legible D.

"I will fly towards these royal birds," cried the Ugly Duckling. And he flew into the water, and swam towards those stately swans, who turned to meet him with sail-like wings the moment they saw him.

"Why, he is one of us!" said the darker and statelier of the three. "Almost!" he added, *sotto voce*.

The Ugly Duckling was startled at the remark. But looking at his reflection in the smooth lake he was more startled still. His own image was to his eyes no longer that of the Daring Duckling, much less of the Ugly One. It was smart, smooth, sleek, swelling, in fact swan-like!!! At any rate, he thought so, and so, indeed, the other three swans seemed to think.

He preened his feathers, and puffed forth his plumes. He flapped his wings, and arched his neck, as he cried in the fullness of his heart:—

"I never dreamed of such happiness when I was the Brummagem Ugly Duckling."

It matters not being born in a duck-yard if one is hatched from a swan's egg!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IN *Leisure Time*, by W. S. MAYOR (ELLIOT STOCK) is, so my Baronite reports, a daintily-bound little volume of blameless verse, unambitious, as may be inferred from its title. The author writes like a classical scholar, his lines are fluent and melodious, his metre and rhyme unimpeachable, while some of the poems, such as "Zaleneus" and "A Vision," rise distinctly above the general level. In others there are passages which my Baronite—a sadly prosaic and matter-of-fact person—owns to having found slightly obscure.

For example, in the following couplet:—

"In vain the fickle demon sports
With fetid remnants of decay."

He quite failed to discover what particular—or rather anything but particular—demon is referred to, or why he should amuse himself in so eccentric and unpleasant a manner.

Nor, my Baronite says, was his conception of contentment greatly assisted by this somewhat complicated comparison:—

"Contentment is a love-commissioned barque
Sailing a self-less sea—a sea whose flood
Is ordered alway by the laughing guns
Of Virtue's fortalice, whose armament,
Primed with rose-petal powder, doth discharge
In generous rounds of sympathy with all,
Scattering happiness, whose smile betrays
The pangless hurt."

But that, he is quite willing to admit, may be rather the fault of his own imagination than the poet's. Again, in a poem entitled "Love's Messengers," the author writes:—

"Flit thou along on softly feathered feet,
Noiseless, thou shadowy-pinioned minister,
And gently fan, with midnight gale, my sweet,
Lest thou awaken her."

Which, to my Baronite, suggests the difficulty that, if the minister fans the lady with his shadowy pinions "gently," he will fail to produce anything resembling a "midnight gale"; on the other hand, if he performs the part of invisible punkah so energetically as to suggest a gale, he can hardly help awakening her unless she is a very heavy sleeper indeed—and *might* give her a cold in the head. Surely this is rather an unfair dilemma on which to place a feathered minister of any denomination.

But after all, poetry, as my Baronite fully recognises, is not meant to be judged by so literal a standard, and it may be cheerfully conceded that there are many people who make a less profitable use of their "Leisure Time" than Mr. MAYOR has done. In which opinion concurs

THE LEISURELY BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

HOP(F)UL LIBERALISM IN KENT.—SIR ISRAEL HART, of Hythe, thinks that if his friends do their work well, he may yet find in the Hytheians an Israel-light-hearted constituency. Sir ISRAEL is a *Jew d'esprit*.





THE BICYCLE AGAIN.

Applicant for the Situation of Cook. "BEFORE I GO, PLEASE, MA'AM, MAY I ASK YOUR SERVANT TO SHOW ME THE BASEMENT? I MUST SEE THAT YOU HAVE A CONVENIENT PLACE FOR MY BICYCLE!"

Mistress. "OF COURSE I HAVE SEEN TO THAT. YOU WILL FIND A ROOM SET APART. ONLY I MUST TELL YOU THAT I DON'T ALLOW RATIONAL DRESS!"

FOR THE TAILORS' CONGRESS AT VERVIERS.

1. WHY should it take nine tailors to make a man?
2. Ought you cut a coat according to your cloth, or according to the fashion?
3. How do you cook a tailor's goose? Should it be basted?
4. In England is the most suitable seaside resort for tailors Wessit-on-Sea, or Sheerness *sur la côte*?
5. Shall a prize be given for the best essay on the advantage of having a pair of Pantaloon on the stage in a Pantomime?
6. Is it a matter of universal complaint that a tailor should not be allowed to play billiards because he scarcely passes a day without cutting a cloth?
7. What price for the best tale of a coat?
8. Is it proved to satisfaction that SHAKESPEARE was a tailor from the fact of his having written *Measure for Measure*?
9. Whether, for the next International Yacht Race, the tailors should enter a cutter?

GOOD BADMINTON.—Among the contents of LONGMAN'S *Badminton Magazine* is an article by the Markiss o' GRANBY on Grouse; SUSAN, not Black-eyed nor Rebellious, but Countess of Malmesbury, writes cleverly on her perch, and on the matter of salmon the Countess would count for a lot in any ex-salmonation. Lord ONSLOW on slow and on quick bicycling; capital. C. B. FRY, not one of the Small Fry, gives his ideal of a cricketing day, which is to be known as a "Fry-day." Then who is it writes a florid account of fishing in Florida? O' THE MYGATT. The question of "What's on at Newmarket?" is pleasantly answered by ALFRED WATSON at Newmarket. On "Old Sporting Prints," PEEK writes with point. And on "The Alpine Distress Signal Scheme" there is a paper by C. T. DENT, who has been, more or less, a Re-si-dent on the spot, as this in-denture witnesseth.

"TO THE RANK OF MAJOR-GENERAL HAVE RISEN!"—*Critic.* From a paragraph in last week's *Truth* we extract the following:—"Another scandalous 'selection' job has just been perpetrated at the War Office. Colonel TROTTER, who has been promoted to the rank of major-general, has seen no war service, and has no professional claims whatever upon the authorities." If this information be correct, the colonel should be remembered by the distinctly Dickensian title of "Job" Trotter.

THE LAST KNIGHT OF THE SEASON.

ON Monday, July 29, Sir AUGUSTUS HARRIS, bidding farewell to a typical '95 Covent Garden audience (house crowded in every part), seized the opportunity to present one of his lightning conductors with a "*bâton* of honour." In a spontaneous speech, DRURIOLANUS declared that Signor MANCINELLI had "worked like a Trojan," and the announcement was received with sympathetic applause. Still, it was thought possible by those present that the pleasant and prosperous *impresario* was in search of something that he had seemingly lost—"a little poem of his own." We have no hesitation in publishing the following lines, entitled *Sans Adieu*, found in the neighbourhood of the C. G. orchestra. If they are not from the pen of DRURIOLANUS, they ought to have been:—

Not farewell, my MANCINELLI!	You will wave it, you will wield it
MANCINELLI, <i>au revoir</i> !	
As harmonious <i>fratelli</i>	Always, my conductor prime,
We shall meet again! <i>Espoir</i> !	Never up again you'll yield it,
Take, oh take this shining <i>bâton</i> .	Ever living to beat time!
You're a marvel! O, <i>si sic</i> !	Grasp it, use it, MANCINELLI!
When you've got it, with your hat on	Highest praise to you is due!
<i>En vacance</i> you'll cut your stick.	With it beat Old Time to jelly,
	Till Conductor Time beats you!

More Honours.

MOTTO for Sir WILLIAM DUNN: "*Ce qu'il fait c'est bien fait.*" Likewise "Just Dunn enough."

For Mr. JOHN TOMLINSON BRUNNER, M.P., a Brunneretey.

Motto for Sir A. B. FORWOOD: "*En avant! et plus en avant que jamais.*"

"H.M.S."—Should H.M. the King of the BELGIANS ask H. M. STANLEY, M.P., to return to Congo-land, the inquiry wired will take this simple form "*Congo?*" and the answer must be "*Can't go.*" On dit. The H.M.'s have settled satisfactorily.

MEDICAL CONGRESS.—Explanation:—The "Anti-toxin" party is against the use of a dinner bell or gong. They do not agree with Lord BYRON, "The tocsin of the soul, the dinner bell."



THE NEW KEEPERS.

SQUIRE BULL (to S-L-SB-RY and CH-MB-RL-N). "WELL, MY MEN—NOW I'VE TAKEN YOU ON, I SHALL EXPECT BIGGER BAGS THAN I'VE HAD LATELY."



REMINISCENCE OF A RECENT POLITICAL CONTEST.

Harmless Individual (who has suddenly and unexpectedly been assaulted and battered by inebriated party). "YOU SCOUNDREL! WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS?"
Inebriated Politician. "LECKSHUNS, OLE F'LA! 'LECKSHUNS!—(hic)—"
(Comes a cropper himself.)

THE MEETING OF THE WATER-RATEPAYERS.

["The New Town Hall in Mare Street, Hackney, was altogether too small to hold the crowds who came last night (August 1) to protest against the action of the East London Water Company in cutting down the supply of water during the past few weeks."—*Evening News.*]

AIR—"The Meeting of the Waters."

THERE is not in the whole land a meeting so meet!
 As that of the ratepayers held at Mare Street.
 No mare's nest they'd found, no, the Hackneyite heart
 Was hot at the new Water Company start!

It was not that Nature had stinted supply;
 That Monopolist pretext appears "all my eye."
 'Twas not summer parching of river and rill,
 Oh! no—it was something more troublesome still.

'Twas that greed and neglect had combined,
 it is clear,
 To make East End water deficient and dear;

And Monopoly now the supply must improve,
 Or more than mere Mare Streets will be on the move.

Big Monopolist Mammon, 'how calm could you rest
 With your dividends high in the way you love best;
 But when water runs short, and diseases increase,
 The East End won't leave you and your Water at peace.

GULLY-VER.—Mr. BALFOUR's decision as to not disturbing the SPEAKER in his uneasy chair was e-gully awaited, and is, it is hoped, accepted e-gully by all parties. So now, in his chair, Mr. GULLY will reign re-gully.

LATEST FASHION.—Bicycle dinners and suppers have been the vogue. *Pièce de résistance* is of course "Cold Wheel." This dish is selected because whatever the number "wheel" is sure to go round.

LEAVE OF ABSENCE TO AUGUST-OUT DALY CO.

AUGUSTIN DALY's Company has left us just as play-goers had taken a fancy to *Nancy & Co.* To paraphrase the old refrain—
 And all their fancy
 Dwelt upon NANCY
 The play called *Nancy & Co.*

It went as a lively laughter-raiser should go, with Miss ADA REHAN excellent in every way; Miss MAXINE ELLIOT charming; JAMES LEWIS inimitably funny, and Mr. WORTHING ("quite a Bright'un," as WAGSTAFF says) capital. That the fun of a farcical comedy should be kept up through four acts is a tribute to the original work and to the skill of its adaptor, Mr. DALY himself. "*Vive la Compagnie!*" et au revoir!

A Sportsman's View of It.

CHAMBERLAIN *vice* ROSEBERRY! What fun! The change means order, peace, and lots of tin for us. [won
 What are the Derbies twain young Primrose
 To the New Markets many Joe will win for us?

"AFTER THE CALL WAS OVER."

(Notes for an Additional Chapter to the History of HULLIBULGARIA.)

THE Deputation did their very best. They were most anxious to make things smooth. "He whom they desired to obey" would wear an inferior sort of crown, robes of cotton-backed velvet, trimmed with imitation fur. He would not give away orders—he would only take them. He would not command the army, save as an agent acting under direction from the Master. There is nothing he would not do to secure the goodwill of his great, his benevolent, his all-powerful Master. The Bear was very amiable. The Bear was pleased with the Deputation and with the nation they represented. And having said this, there was nothing further for the Bear to say. "But, most powerful of powers, most clement of sovereignties," urged the Deputation, "there is another matter needing decision. How about the Prince?"

"What Prince?" softly murmured the Bear, in a tone of curiosity combined with astonishment.

"The Prince we wish to serve," explained the Deputation; "the Prince who desires to serve you."

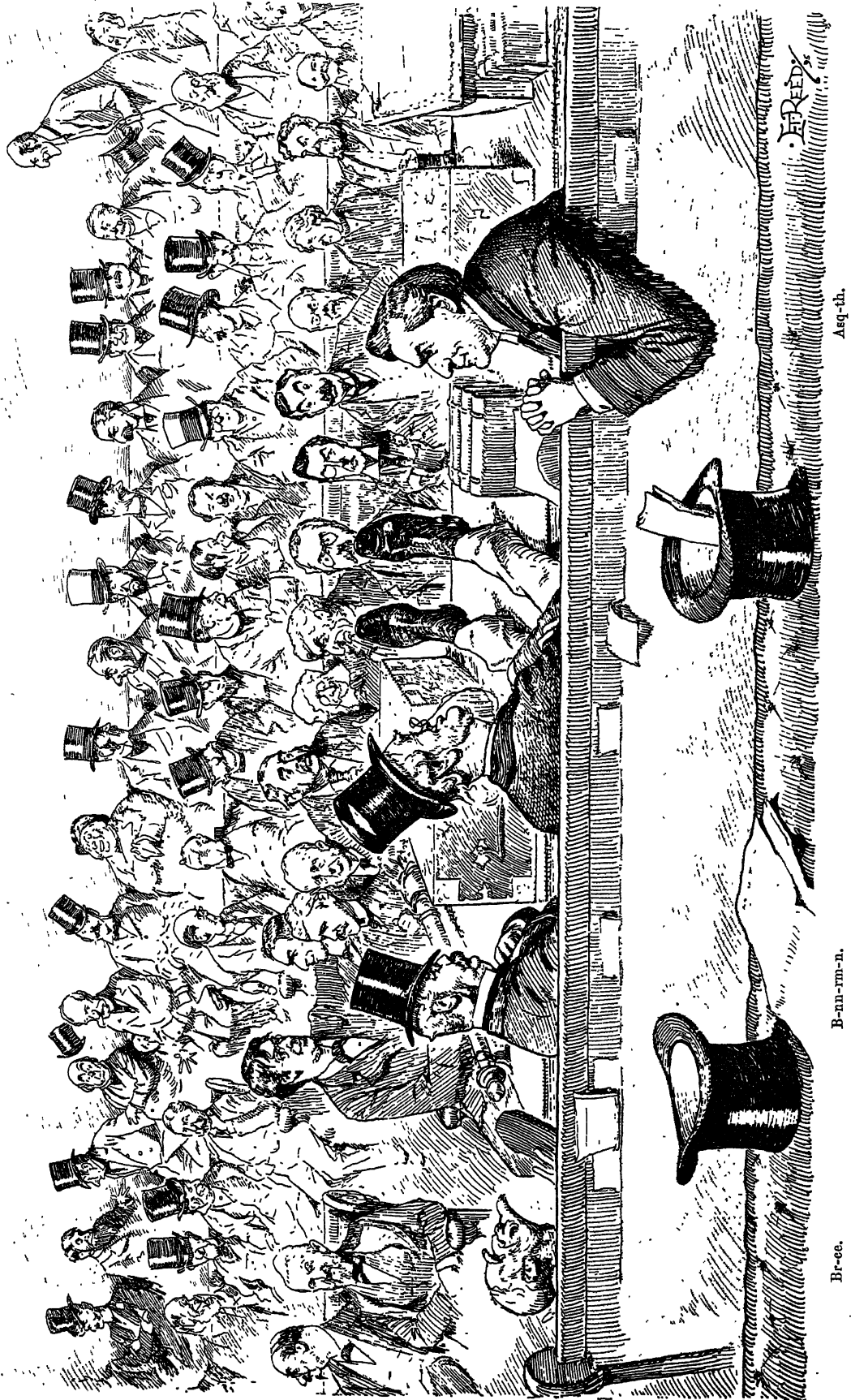
"Have you read the Treaty of Berlin?" asked Bruin. "It is a most excellent agreement, and deserves special attention. Does the name of any Prince appear therein?"

"No," replied the Deputation; "and the same painful omission is observable in the *Almanac de Gotha*. So we would petition on our knees that the painful omission should be supplied. We ask that the Prince—"

"Stop! stop!" cried the Bear. "You are talking of a myth. As Mrs. GAMP—a well-known Englishwoman—once observed, 'I don't believe there ain't no sech person.' So think I, and so thinks the Treaty of Berlin."

And so the Deputation returned from whence they came, and "the Prince" continued to "take the waters" without obtaining the cure he desired. It was disappointing to His Highness, but not to the Editor of the *Almanac de Gotha*, who found a revised edition of his excellent periodical was, at least for the present, unnecessary.

WHAT title will Baron DE WORMS take? Viscount CHRYSAEUS? to end by becoming Le Duc DE PAPILLON?



Asq-th.

B-un-rm-n.

B-ee.

A PARLIAMENTARY PROSPECT.

'Sir W. V. Harcourt (on Opposition Bench), "How hot and uncomfortable they must be over there!" So crowded!'

PASSION AND POETRY.

I WAS immensely struck, a few days ago, by a passage in a speech recently delivered by the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, in which he explained his method of dispelling those passing fits of ill-temper from which, alas! not even Archbishops are wholly free. "At times," so ran the report of His Grace's words, "anger or irritation came upon him, but on the table he kept a book of pleasant poems, of which he would read a few lines, and the irritation would melt away." Immediately I determined to follow this noble example. It was unfortunate that the "book of pleasant poems" was not described more specifically—could it be the verses of Mr. ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON?—but I bought a pocket volume of *Selections from the Great Poets*, which contained enough variety to suit every case, and then looked out for an opportunity of trying the Archbishop's plan.

I had not long to wait. That very evening I came across my uncle ROBERT at Clapham Junction, in a furious rage at having just missed the last train to Slowborough, where he lives. At once I produced my volume, and in slow and emphatic accents I read aloud some three or four hundred lines from "Paradise Lost." I was about to add one or two of WORDSWORTH's sonnets, when I realised that my uncle had long since disappeared, and that I was surrounded by a jeering crowd, who evidently supposed me to be a member of the Salvation Army.

On the following morning I received a visit from SNIPS, my tailor. He was impolite enough to suggest a settlement of what he termed my "small account," a demand, as I politely but plainly assured him, which was altogether absurd. As he showed distinct symptoms of irritation at this juncture, I began to read him a scene from *Measure for Measure*. Strangely enough, this seemed only to irritate him further, and I understand that he intends to take proceedings against me in the County Court. This second unaccountable failure of the Archbishop's remedy greatly surprised and pained me, but I decided to give it another trial.

This morning I was playing golf with my friend MACFOOZLE. At no time a skilful golfer, MACFOOZLE's form to-day was worse than ever; whenever he made a bad stroke—and he seldom made a good one—he indulged in the most violent language. Fortunately my volume of poetry was in my pocket. When he completely missed his drive at the second hole, I read him COLERIDGE's *Dejection*. When he broke his mashie at the fourth, I treated him with copious selections from *In Memoriam*. Finally, he got badly bunkered while playing to the fourteenth hole. For some ten minutes he smote furiously with his niblick, only raising prodigious clouds of sand as the result of his efforts. This was clearly a golden opportunity for the Archbishop's cure, "anger and irritation" but faintly represented MACFOOZLE's rage. Seating myself on the edge of the bunker, I began to read aloud *The Ring and the Book* with the utmost pathos. Over what followed I prefer to draw a veil. It is enough to say that a niblick is a very effective weapon, and that I write these lines in bed.

When I recover, I really must call at Lambeth for fuller directions. The archiepiscopal remedy for angry passions does not seem invariably happy in its results, as far as my experience goes.

THE MALT-LIQUOR-TIPPLER'S MAXIM.—*"Nihil ale-tenum a me penter"*:—"Nothing in the shape of beer comes amiss to me if it's in a pewter."



AN EYE TO EFFECT.

Little Dives. "OH, BY THE WAY, BELAIRES—AWFULLY SORRY TO CUT YOU OUT, YOU KNOW—BUT I'VE JUST PROPOSED TO LADY BARBARA, AND SHE'S ACCEPTED ME, AND WE'RE TO BE MARRIED IN SEPTEMBER. AND LOOK HERE, OLD CHAPPIE; I WANT YOU TO BE MY BEST MAN. I WANT TO MAKE A GOOD SHOW AT THE ALTAR, YOU KNOW!"

A Chip to the Champion.

[Mr. RANJITSINHJI is running Mr. W. G. GRACE very close in the batting averages.]

To the ancient air of "Cheer up Sam!"

BUCK-UP, GRACE!

And don't let your average down!
For "RANJIT" seems running you hard for first place,
To collar your Cricketing Crown!

By a Reasonable Rad.

WHY were we whipped? Rads wrangle round,
But to the cause make scant allusion.
When all's summed up, it will be found,
"Fusion" has won against Con-fusion!

A SUGGESTION.—In latest *Observer* is a capital article by Mr. ESCOTT, whose text is that "smart" Society transplants to London all Parisian fashions that will bear the process. The title is "British Boulevardism;" but one still more suggestive of the mixture would be "John-Bulvardism." Perhaps Mr. ESCOTT may adopt this and give us another column.

"PROUD O' THE TITLE."—SIR HENRY JAMES to be "Lord JEAMES." How delighted W. M. THACKERAY would have been!

ROUNABOUT READINGS.

IN a biographical sketch of the late Rev. Dr. JULIUS HAWLEY SEELYE, formerly President of Amherst College, in America, I read that "Amherst made him President notwithstanding considerable opposition in the faculty. He soon overcame that, and advanced the



prosperity of the College in the accessions to its faculty and endowments that he secured. He soon required the students to sign an agreement to be gentlemen. A violation of the pledge resulted in the termination of their careers at Amherst." This sounds strange, for it would appear that if no pledge had been given the students might have behaved as they liked, without terminating their careers. The idea of solemnly pledging yourself to be a gentleman is quite colossal.

THE Independent Labour Party is not dead yet. It is forming clubs, just like any ordinary humdrum party. The *Western Daily Press* reports that "At a special meeting held at LEE's Coffee Tavern, Bath Bridge, last night, when there were present Mr. W. S. M. KNIGHT, president of the Bristol South Independent Labour Party (in the chair), Messrs. A. BROWNE, E. B. HACK, C. VALE, C. F. BROCKLEHURST, T. POLE, C. PARKER, and W. PRICE, it was unanimously decided to open a club for Totterdown and the East Ward of Bedminster in connection with the Independent Labour Party. Officers and a committee were appointed, and suitable headquarters for the club were decided upon." Nothing could be more appropriate. Totterdown suggests decrepitude and failure (in this case at least), and Bedminster hints at repose and peace. I offer the suggestion and the hint gratis to the Independent Labour Windbags.

THE Loveday Street Canal Bridge (which is, I fancy, in Birmingham) is evidently a demon bridge with a depraved taste for injuring children. One day last week it threw JOHN CHICK, aged seven, off and broke one of his legs. About five hours later, resenting an attempt on the part of THOMAS WALTON, aged twelve, to climb it, it flung him off on to the towing-path and injured his back. A few days before that it had precipitated the same THOMAS WALTON into the water, whence he was rescued with some difficulty. Evidently this is a bridge with an ungovernable temper, and the authorities should guard it efficiently.

THE *Scotsman* informs me that "speaking the other day at Haddington, Mr. BALFOUR glanced scathingly at those politicians of the baser sort who seek to confuse great issues by dragging to the front petty or irrelevant questions, and the breath of whose nostrils is the disturbance of the harmony which should subsist between class and class of the community." On this two questions arise. The first is how Mr. BALFOUR, an amiable gentleman, managed to glance scathingly. To scath, as I learn from the dictionary, means to hurt, to injure; and, personally, I cannot imagine Mr. BALFOUR infusing very much venom into a mere glance of his expressive eye. The second question is how politicians, even of the baser sort, can go on living when their unfortunate lungs are filled with a disturbance of harmony. That they should have sufficient strength left to drag to the front petty or irrelevant questions is nothing short of a marvel, due allowance being made for metaphors.

A GOLFER is in trouble, and has confided his difficulties to *Golf*.

Whilst playing on the links at Streety, on July 16, he drove a ball, which apparently fell clear, but which for some time could not be found. After some little hunting it was discovered under a small tuft of heather in a lark's nest, resting on the back of a young lark, apparently about four days old, together with three lark's eggs, which were quite intact. The golfer was obliged, of course, to lift the ball and place it behind, as it would have been gross cruelty to have played it from the nest. It was match play. Under the exceptional circumstances was he bound to lose the hole? The editor replies that if a player were a stickler for the law and nothing but the law, he, of course, would be entitled to enforce it against his opponent who found the ball in the nest.

A TEE for your ball, you may fashion of sand
(Which is found in the sugar you use for your tea);
Then you spread your legs wide, and you take a firm stand,
And away with a whack goes the ball flying free.
If it flies like a bird, there's no need to explain;
If not, then the ways of that golfer are dark,
Who attempts, though the effort is doomed to be vain,
To stand, taking tee on the back of a lark.

THERE has been some excitement at Weston-super-Mare. The

"Conservative party organized a reception for the Hon. G. H. JOLLIFFE on his first appearance in the town since his election for the Wells division. Arrangements were made for those intending to take part in the procession to meet the hon. gentleman at the Potteries on his return from Banwell Horse Show at 7 p.m., but he arrived in the town a quarter of an hour too early, and scores of enthusiasts were disappointed. Those, however, who happened to be early enough followed the hon. gentleman, some on foot and others in cabs, to the Royal Hotel, the Town Band heading the procession. Mr. JOLLIFFE rode on a coach drawn by four horses, and was supported by several of the leaders of the party in the town. Subsequently he addressed those assembled." But if Mr. JOLLIFFE rode on a coach, why was it necessary to support him? Moreover, seeing that it was a four-horse affair, it seems unjust that the leaders should be talked of and that no mention at all should be made of the wheelers.

NANA SAHIB has died once more.

A Mr. WILLIAM BROWN, who was formerly an officer in the East India Company's service, and is now residing at San Francisco, gives the following particulars regarding the fate of NANA SAHIB. Mr. BROWN says that he was commodore of the Ganges Fleet in the Indian Mutiny, and was attacked by Sepoys under NANA SAHIB himself, who was shot in the fighting, and afterwards died on board Mr. BROWN's ship. NANA SAHIB's body was then cremated, and the ashes were committed to the river.

Why, oh why, has Mr. BROWN, whom I heartily congratulate on clearing up the mystery, kept silence for nearly forty years? And, by the way, which Mr. WILLIAM BROWN is he? There must be a good many WILLIAM BROWNS even in San Francisco. Before concluding that the matter is definitely settled, I should like to hear Mr. HENRY SMITH, Mr. RICHARD ROBINSON, and Mr. JOHN JONES on the subject.

WHERE NOT TO GO.

(Hints by our Pessimist Passenger.)

Amsterdam.—Too much sea before you get there.
Boulogne.—Not particularly pleasant at low tide.
Cologne.—The reverse of fragrant at all times.
Dieppe.—The trap of the tripper.
Etretat.—No longer what it was.
Frankfort.—Only good for a change of money.
Geneva.—Dull and dear.
Heidelberg.—Too much hill, and too little castle.
Interlaken.—The 'appy 'ome of 'ARRY.
Jura Pass.—Sure find for BROWN, JONES, and ROBINSON.
Karlsbad.—Kill or cure.
Lyons.—Apotheosis of silk monotonous.
Marseilles.—Good place for mosquitoes, bad for all else.
Nice.—Too near to Monte Carlo.
Ouchy.—Hotel good, but surroundings superfluous.
Paris.—Too hot. Theatres closed and wideawakes seen on the boulevards.
Quebec.—Dangerous rival to Bath, Coventry, and Jericho.
Rotterdam.—Worthy of its name.
Suez.—Not comparable to Cairo.
Trouville.—Requires antedating a quarter of a century.
Ug.—Skyed and out of reach.
Venice.—Vulgarised by the steam launches.
Wiesbaden.—Has not yet recovered the loss of its table.
Xerez.—Long journey for a glass of sherry.
Yokohama.—Not a patch upon Pekin.
Zurich.—Alliterative attraction for zomebody.

A BONNE BOUCHE.

Mr. Wagstaff. Ah! I have lived many years in the bush.
Mrs. Leo Hunter. How interesting! I suppose you must have become almost savage!
Mr. W. Frequently, when I couldn't get a 'bus or a cab.
Mrs. L. H. (utterly astonished). A 'bus or a cab! in the bush!!
Mr. W. (pleasantly). Ah, yes; I was talking of "Shepherd's Bush." Good morning. [Exit chuckling.]

[* * Note by the Bird in the Bush.—In future this little jest of WAGGY'S will be impossible, as it is proposed to re-name Shepherd's Bush, and call it Pastoral Park, or All-Askew Park, or something of the sort.]

"SORTES SHAKSPERIANÆ."—On the new Postmaster-General:—
"Friend post the Duke of NORFOLK."

Richard the Third, Act iv., Scene 4.

And we hope his Grace will be "Friend post," and benefit us all.

A VOLUME of Reminiscences by HENRY RUSSELL is promised. Evidently this ought to be a "Cheery, Boys, Cheery" sort of book.

"THE SECRET OF SUCCESS."

(Modern Version of the Story of the Idle and Industrious Apprentices.)

MR. GOODCHILD was admittedly the most successful of merchant princes—not only financially, but morally. From a boy the great trader had advanced on the road of commerce by leaps and bounds. His parents were of humble birth and in poor circumstances, and yet he had risen to the top of the tree of commercial prosperity. Mr. GOODCHILD had shops, warehouses, wharfs, and a fleet of ships. He had never had a reverse. All he had touched had turned to gold. This is so well understood that a description of his enormous wealth in detail would be entirely superfluous.

"Do you really want to know the secret of my pecuniary triumph?" asked Mr. GOODCHILD, when he was questioned on the subject.

"Why, certainly," was the reply. "How is it that your companion, the idle apprentice, came to such signal grief?"

"Because he was always reading the worst of literature. He knew the history of every felon recorded in the *Newgate Calendar*, original edition, and added chapters. That brought my 'colleague as a boy' to such dire disaster."



DISCRIMINATION.

Young Man from the Country (with the affable condescension he supposes marks the Man about Town). "MORNING, COACHMAN! STREETS RATHER BUSY THIS MORNING, EH?"

Metropolitan Driver. "YUSS—A BIT THE USUAL WAY, SIR. 'OW 'S 'OPS LOOKIN'?"

"And you never perused the pernicious documents?"

"Never. And I can prove my statement to the hilt."

"You never perused them! And why not?"

"Because," returned the prosperous capitalist with a gentle smile, "those in whose hands my future rested had my true interest at heart. I was never taught to read!"

And with this suggestive announcement (well worthy of the attention of ratepayers who can control the expenditure of the School Board) the history of the two apprentices is brought to a conclusion at once pleasing and instructive.

ARITHMETICAL EXERCISE.

Letter to the Editor.

"SIR,—I read in the Money Market article last week that Dumbells Co., Isle of Man, paid 17 per cent. Now, Sir, a long time ago I invested in Dumbells, and use them regularly every morning; also I recommend everybody to invest in Dumbells. But where is my 17 per cent. I've never received it. I am certainly considerably better in health and muscular development than I was before my investment in Dumbells. But, putting this at 5 per cent. better, I still want the other twelve. I apply, Sir, to you, for further information, and am, yours hopefully,

"A. WYSE AKER."

A QUERY.

(By Omar Khayyam.)

["WANTED.—AN UP AND DOWN GRL; aged 16; English; strong."—Advertisement in "Times," August 7.]

TELL me, mysterious maiden, when and whence
And where and wherefore and on what pretence

You're "up-and-down" — this
riddle rede, I pray,

And rid my bosom of a care immense!

Does "up" mean sky-high, "down,"
upon the ground?

Is't on a see-saw that you bob and
bound?

There's more in this than meets
the eye, I fear —

I cannot rest until the clue be found.

Are you a damsel, too, that's in-and-
out,

And there-and-back, and also round-
about?

You may be all at once for aught
I know,

For all I know is clouded o'er with
doubt.

Pray, have you golden hair all down
your back

A-hanging? Is there something that you lack
To play with, love, adore—as, say, a bike
Whereon to travel up and down a track?

What though I've never met you in the throng,
I'm glad you're English-born, sixteen, and strong;
Life has its ups and downs (more downs than ups),
But you're a new sort—hence this idle song!



JOVE'S JESTER INTERVIEWED.

(A Page of Mythology written up to Date)

THE Traveller from the Earth left his balloon and trod the cloud that seemed prepared to receive him. As he did this there was a peal of laughter which echoed far and wide.

"Where am I?" asked the explorer in English, for he was British-born.

"You have come to the head-quarters of waggery," returned the Resident, recovering from a violent fit of merriment. "We are never dull here, we have so much to amuse us."

"Indeed! And how is that?"

"Why, I take a delight in effecting the most comical transformations imaginable. By the simplest means I can cause an inhabitant of the Earth to change his costume five times in as many hours. The jest is provocative of limitless mirth, especially amongst the doctors and the undertakers."

"And what are the simplest means?"

"Why, I will serve up on Monday a sun worthy of the most fiery day in an unusually sultry August. On Tuesday I will send a gale and hailstones, suggestive of the arctic regions at Yule-tide. On Wednesday I will resume the oppressive heat until streams dry up, and water rises to a premium. Then on Thursday I will cover the ground with snow, and finish up the week with a deluge."

The Stranger raised his hat and answered, "The Clerk of the Weather, I presume?"

"Quite so," was the immediate response. "And now you must leave me to my work, or Englishmen will have nothing to talk about." And the balloon once more continued its progress amidst a perfect salad of the elements.

"Very amusing," thought the Traveller, and then he added aloud, speaking incidentally the opinion of all his countrymen, "but distinctly inconvenient!"





MERELY A SUGGESTION.

Mr. Punch (to the Shahzada). "WOULDN'T YOUR HIGHNESS LIKE TO SEE THE NORTH POLE?"

[“At the weekly meeting of the Balloon Society on the 6th inst., Herr S. A. ANDRÉE read a paper on the projected Polar balloon expedition. . . . He intended, he said, to go to Spitzbergen and wait for a southerly wind, which would take him very quickly into the Polar regions.”]

Fall Mail Gazette, August 7, 1895.]

TO CHLOË.

You're mine "in haste"—and so it ends,
The usual scrambling, headlong letter;
Long vanished are the days of friends
Not otherwise more kind or better,
Who yet excelled in this respect—
In that they grudged not time or trouble
The choicest phrases to select,
Nor wrote their letters "at the double"!

You're mine "in haste." It's not your
fault,
You're but unconsciously reflecting
Our modern life, we cannot halt,
The vice is now beyond correcting,
But yet we sigh for old-world days
When lighter far was toil and worry,
When life was spent in peaceful ways
Without the least idea of hurry.

You're "mine in haste"—but as I'm told
(The saying's not precisely novel)
That all that glitters is not gold,
The fairy palace proves a hovel,
So, possibly, that age was dull,
And since you've graciously consented
To live to-day—it's wonderful
And wrong, perhaps—but I'm contented!

You're "mine in haste." I must devote
Five minutes to a swift endeavour
To pen an answer to your note,
But let me sign myself, "Yours ever";
'Tis not an antiquarian taste
Which makes your phrase earn my dis-
pleasure
So much as that "you're mine in haste"
Suggests that I'll "repent at leisure"!

ONE OF THE CHURCH MILITANT. — The Venerable Archdeacon DENISON celebrated his ninetieth birthday last week. He has been in all the hard fighting, and never shirked. May he yet long be a Denizen amongst us. *Prosit!*

Mrs. R. says that, though she has known it all her life, yet she could never quite make out what is the meaning of the old saying that "One man can only stand at a door, while another may look over a house."



REASSURING.

'LOR' BLESS YER, SIR, THAT'S ALL RIGHT, SIR! THAT AIN'T A FLY, SIR!—
THAT'S A BIT OF DIRT!"

BALLAST FOR THAT BALLOON;

Or, Rubbish to be Shot at the Pole.

DR. ANDRÉE, if you're going to the Pole by a balloon,
(*Punch* hopes you'll be successful, and he trusts you'll come back soon.)

Could you find a little room for some companions in your car?
We have some whom we should like to see thus travelling afar.
Place aux dames! There's the New Woman whom we really do not want,

And the Female-suffrage female, and the shrieking slave of Cant;
There's the Fashionable Mother who constricts her daughters' waists,
There's the Woman with a Past, who so pollutes the public tastes;
There's the female who is masculine, the male effeminate,
The Hedonist of hollow heart and paradox-muddled pate;
There's that big bore the Degenerate, he'll turn up, devil doubt him!

And that other bore, almost as big, who writes big books about him;
There's the pedlar of Emotions, and the petty foe of Morals,
There's the stirrer up in newspapers of journalistic quarrels;
There's the thorough paced denouncer of Creation's horror—Man;
There's the muckrake wielding maunderer on the Mysteries of Pan;
There's the dirty dynamiter, the neurotic novelist!—
Oh, take them to the Pole, Sir, I'll be happy to assist,
And drop them there—and leave them there—"they never will be missed!"

ON account of the vogue for cycling in Battersea Park this summer, the past two months will be remembered as the "Bike-at-Batterseason '95."

BY OUR NOTES-AND-QUERY-MAN.

Mem. for the next Historian of England.

It is probable, from recent discoveries in the Archives of the State Paper Office, that immediately after the time of CRANMER, in consequence of his having recanted two or three times, the See of Canterbury was to have been re-named "The See of Recanterbury." Also the question as to the origin of the name is, we believe, finally settled by the fact having come to light, that, every Archbishop, in consequence of the extent of his diocese and the necessity of his taking exercise, was compelled to be (as was Dr. TAIT, and as is the present Archbishop, Dr. BENSON) an excellent equestrian, and that the favourite pace for proceeding comfortably and expeditiously was "a canter." The origin of the "bury" has yet to be accounted for, as it has been spelt at various times "bery," "berry," "berie," "burrie," "bury." But Kent being an hop county, and beer the popular beverage from time immemorial, it is highly probable that as "canter" referred to the horse, so "bery" (with the "e" long "beery") referred to the refreshment for man (not for beast) required during the journey. This is from an antiquarian point of view most interesting.

"THE COWES WEEK."—This, read out aloud to a dairyman and a butcher, sounds bad; as the first would be anxious as to the milk, and the second as to the veal: for he would argue, "If the cow's weak, what'll the calf be?"

THE POET LAUREATESHIP IN ABBEYANCE.—Why not go to the City for our Poet Laureate? If a name be any indication, the choice ought at once to fall upon "Alderman RYMER."

THE COUNTRY OF COCKAIGNE.

A MONOLOGUE—WITH A MORAL.

SCENE—An airless Court in a London back street. TIME—August.

Jimmy (aged eight, to FLORRIE, aged seven). No, I ain't comin' to the Reckereation Groun', not jess yit, I can't. . . . I'm goin' ter wyte about 'ere till the lidy comes. . . . Why, 'er as is comin' to see my Muvver 'bout sendin' me fur a fortnight in the kerntry. . . . Yus, where I was larst year. . . . It's settled as I'm ter go agine—leastways as good as settled. My Farver 'e've sent in a happlication to the K'mitty, and Teacher 'e sez 'e kin reckermend me, an' Mr. and Mrs. DELVES—them as 'ad the cottidge where I went afore—they've arst fur to 'ave me agin—so yer see, FLORRIE, it's all right. On'y I can't settle to nuffink afore I know when I'm goin', an' about the trine an' that. Yer 'ave ter roide in a trine ter git to the kerntry, yer know. . . . Wot, ain't yer never bin there? . . . Yer 'd wanter fawst enough if yer knoo what it was loike. . . . There's grors there, an' trees an' that. . . . Na-ow, a lot better 'n the Reckereation Groun'—that's all mide outer old gravestones as the deaders 'as done wiv. There's 'ills an' bushes an' 'edges where yer can pick flowers. . . . There ain't no perlice to git yer locked up. . . . An' everyfink smells so lovely, kinder 'elthy like—it mikes yer feel 'ungry. . . . Not like sassage an' inions azackly—'tain't that sorter smell. . . . On'y 'ere an' there, an' yer 'd 'ardly tell they was shops, they kerriy 'em on that quioiet. . . . Yer wouldn't call it poky if yer was there. Mr. DELVES 'e was a kind man, 'e was; mide me a whistle outer a sicker-more bronrch, 'e did; an' Mrs. DELVES she lemme 'elp her feed the chickings. . . . They 'ad a garding beyind, an' there was raspberries an' gooseberries a growin on bushes—strite, they was—I ain't tellin' yer no lies—an' eat as many as yer like, yer could. An' they 'ad a dog—Rover 'is nime was—'e was a koind dog, lemme lay insoide of 'is kennel orien, 'e would. . . . I'd like ter 'ave a run over thet Common agen, too. I dessay as I shell—preps the d'y arter to-morrer. . . . There's a pond on it, an' geese, an' they comes at yer a stritching out their necks an' a-'issin' thet sevidge. . . . Na-ow, yer've on'y got ter walk up to 'em, an' they goes orf putendin' they took yer fur somebody else, an' wasn't meanin' no offence. I ain't afride o' no geese, I ain't—nor yet LILY wasn't neither. We sor a pig 'aving a ring put froo 'is nose one day. 'E 'ollered out like 'e was bein' killed—but 'e wasn't. An' there was a blecksmiff's, where they put the 'orse's shoes on red 'ot, an' the 'orse 'e never tock no notice. Me an' LILY used ter go fur long walks, all under trees. Once she showed me a squill—"squell" she kep' a-callin' of it, till I tole 'er 'ow—an' it run up a tree zigzag, and jumped on to another ever so fur. That was when we was pickin' nuts. We went a blackberryin', too, one day. . . . Na-ow, there warn't nobody dead. An' LILY. . . . LILY DELVES 'er nime was, 'blonged to them I was stoppin' wiv. . . . I didn't notice partickler. . . . Older nor you, an' bigger, an' lots redder 'bout the cheeks. . . . She wasn't a bad sort—fur a gal. . . . I dunno; I liked all on 'em. . . . Well, there was Farmer FURROWS, 'e was very familiar, said as 'ow I might go inter 'is horchard an' pick the happles up as was layin' there jess fur the arskin'. An' BOB RUMBLE, 'im as druv Mr. KENNISTER the grocer's cart, 'e used ter gimme a roide along of 'im when 'e was tikin' round porcells an' that. We'd go along lanes that 'igh yer couldn't see nuffink fur leaves; and once 'e druv along a Pork with tremerjus big trees in it, an' stages walkin' about underneath with grite big 'orns. . . . Suthink like 'im as is drawed outside the public round the corner—on'y they warn't none o' them gold. I 'speek them gold ones is furrin. . . . An' the grub—'e 'ad beefstike pudd'n o' Sundays, an' as much bread an' treacle every day as ever I could eat, an' I was 'ungry when I was in the kerntry. . . . An' when I come away Mrs. DELVES she gathered me a big



noseguy fur to tike 'ome to Muvver—kissantimums, marigoles, an' dyliers, all sorts there was—an' Muvver she put 'em in a jug, an' soon as ever I shet my eyes an' sniffed, I could see that garding an' Rover an' LILY as pline—but they went bad, an' 'ad to be froed aw'y at larst. I shall see 'em all agine very soon now, though, won't thet be proime, eh? . . . Whatsy? 'Ere, FLORRIE, you ain't croyin', are yer? . . . Why don't yer arsk yer Farver if 'e won't let you go. . . . Oh, I thought as yer wanted to go. Then what are yer—? . . . No, I ain't gled to git aw'y from you. . . . A-course I shall be gled to see 'er; but that ain't why, it's jess— You ain't never bin in the kerntry, or you'd know 'ow I'm feelin'. . . . There's the lidy comin' now. I must cut across an' 'ear what she sez to Muvver. . . . Don't tike on—'tain't on'y fur a fortnight, anyway. . . . Look 'ere, I got suthink for yer, FLORRIE, bought it orf a man what 'ad a tray on 'em—it s a wornut, d'yer see? Now open it—ain't them two little choiner dolls noice, eh? . . . I'd rorther you 'ad it nor 'er, strite, I would! . . . I'll be back in a minnit.

AFTER AN INTERVAL OF TWENTY-FOUR HOURS.

No, I ain't bin nowhere partickler. . . . Settled? yus, it's all settled 'bout me goin' ter the kerntry. . . . To-morrer? no, I ain't goin' to-morrer. . . . Nex' week? not as I knows on. . . . You wanter know sech a lot, you do! . . . If I do tell yer, you'll on'y go an' larf. . . . Well, I ain't goin' at all—now I 'ope you're pleased. . . . What's the good o' bein' sorry? . . . Oh, I don't keer much, I don't. . . . Set down on this step alonger me, then, and don't you go sayin' nuffink, or I'll stop tellin' yer. . . . You remember me goin' in yes'day arternoon to 'ear what the lidy said? Well, when I got in, I 'eard 'er s'y, "Yus, it'll be a great disappointment fur 'im, pore boy," she sez, "arter lookin' forward to it an' all; but it can't be 'elped." An' Muvver, she sez, "'Is Farver'll be sorry, too; it done JIMMY ser much good larst time. 'E can't pay not more nor 'arf-a-crownd a week towards it, but he can manage that, bein' in work jes now." But the lidy sez, "It's this w'y," she sez, "it costis us neelly arf a sufferin' over what the parints pays fur each child, and we ain't got the fun's fur to send more 'n a few, 'cos the Public don' suscroibe ser much as they might," she sez. "An' so this year we're on'y sending children as is delikit, an' really wants a chinge." So yer see, I ain't a goin'. I dunno as I'm delikit; but I do want the kerntry orful bad, I do. I wish I never 'adn't bin there at all, 'cos then preps I shouldn't mind. An' yit I'm gled I bin, too. I dreamt about it larst night, FLORRIE, I did. I was a-settin' on this 'ere step, sime as I am now, an' it was 'ot an' stoifin', like it is; an' all of a suddink I see Mr. KENNISTER's cart wiv the grey 'orse turn into our court an' pull up hopperite, an' BOB RUMBLE 'e was a-drivin' on it. An' 'e sez "Jump up!" 'e sez, "and I'll tike yer back to Mr. DELVES's cottidge." And I sez, "May FLORRIE come too." An' 'e sez, "Yus, both on yer." So up we gits, an' we was droivin' along the lanes, an' I was showin' yer the squills an' the stages. an' jes as we come to the turn where yer kin see the cottidge— Well, I don't remember no more on it. But it was a noice dream so fur as I got wiv it, an' if I 'adn't never bin there, I couldn't ha' dreamt it, could I, eh? An', like as not, I'll dream the rest on it anuvver night. . . . An' you must try an' dream your share, too, FLORRIE. It'll be a most like bein' in the kerntry in a sort o' w'y fur both on us, won't it?

THE MORAL.—The offices of the Children's Country Holidays Fund are at 10, Buckingham Street, Strand, and contributions should be made payable to the Hon. Treasurer.

"Now I'm set up!" as the first page in type observed to his companion pages in MS.

"RULE, 'BRITANNYER'!"

Being a loyal letter from Mr. Jeames, at Cowes Regatta, to Mary in Mayfair.

DEAR MARY,—"Rule, Britannyer!" To that sentiment I'm partial, As there isn't not one like it, not to make a man feel martial, Pattryotic, and all that, dear. But at this serblime conjunction—Of ryalties and regattas—wy I hutters it with hunction. Rule, Britannyer! As you 'll understand I mean the Ryal yot! Hah! Haiteh-Har-Haiteh—Eving bless him!—knows hexactly wot is wot

In the way of yots and racing; wich I'm free to own, my dear, As I don't. And moresoever it do make me faint and queer When I think of Hengland's 'Ope aboard that skittish, sloping thing, As looks to my shore-going eyes like a white bird all wing. Well, I own I'm not a Wiking; all I want of the blue sea Is a kipper for my breakfast, and a wrinkle with my tea. But the Guv'nor, he's a topper at the nortickie. Great Scott! 'Ow he do put on the Brayvo 'Ieks when once aboard a yot! He's a puffiek pocket Neptune, wich a chubby little chap, Looks peticularly fetchin' in a trotty yotting cap. Then he loves the swells—like I do—and it's sweet to 'ear him tork Of his pal the P. of W. and his chum the Dook o' YORK. He's just like a locomotive on the everlastin' puff, He enjys hisself like fifty, and he's never 'ad enuff: I do like to 'ear him patter to the company ashore, He keeps his friends a-bustin' and the table in a roar. I on'y wish, dear MARY, I could phonygraft his chat, And kinetty-scope his haction; you would roar all round your 'at. The Cowes Week would 'ave been rippin' if it 'adn't bin for rain;— (As was bad for Ryal Princes, and likeways for Messrs. PAIN). And them tuppenny-apenny "trippers," as did ought to be kep out When hus gentry is a-swarmin', and there's Ryalties about. The Solent should be cordon'd hoff for Hemperors once a year, For a mix o' Margit manners, and Salvationists, and beer, Ain't no welcome for a Kyser, no, nor yet a Shazydar, As demmoocryev is gettin' too permiskus like, by far. A orty OWEN ZOLLERN didn't ought to be mixed hup With Bank 'Oolidays and bikes, when he's a ruinin' for a Cup. 'Tis his seventh Solent wisit, and things went a trifle rum; And if he took the Himperial 'Ump and nex' year didn't come, W'y it wouldn't be serprisink, and hus BULLS, and Cowes, would suffer. What'er that HEMPEROR may be, he ain't no idle duffer! The Guv'nor, he hadmires him most tremenjus; so do hi. It is suthink a'most touchin' for to see him, smart and spry In his simple yotting costoom, with his snowy cap an' ducks, A-taking it so heasy, though he'd none the best of lucks. And his hironclads!!! Great Gumbo—as the Guv'nor loves to say— They do not spare the powder, and if this is but their play, I don't want to see 'em workin'. The young HEMPEROR whisked about— With our Guv'nor on his track, too, don't you make no sort of doubt— His hork-beye—the Guv's—wos heverywhere. He watchin' each puff an' pop.

From the scrubbin' of a binnyole or the twirlin' of a mop, To polishin' the funnel-tops with rottenstone and ile, Wich he said he watched each mornin', Guv wos in it all the while. He fair shaddered the young KYSER. And the story he'd rehearse, With a eloquence and hunction quite like droppin' into werse. And he always soots the haction to the word in sech a way, That when fairly on the cackle he's as good as any play. But, O, MARY! it wos orkerd, and yumillyhating too, When our yot—her name's the Polywoog—to git a better view, Shoved 'erself a bit too forrad, and, amidst a general skoff, Wos taeckled by a snortin' tug, and coolly carted hoff! Guv swore he'd tell his pal the Dook but p'raps that wos his fun; He also said he'd ark him why the Meteor didn't run. Owsomever "Rule, Britannyer" is quite good enuff for me (Though the "Hail, Sir" 'ad a hinnings). I am nuts on Germany, But when Haiteh-Har-Haiteh wos winnin', why I felt a bustin' throb Swell this buzzum, for I thinks, thinks I, "Old England's on the job!"

Wich to see her rule the waves, dear, is the hackmy of my dreams, So no more at present, MARY, from your fellow-servant,

JEAMES.

At a banquet given in Bristol in honour of the invincible bicyclist, Mr. A. A. ZIMMERMAN, a reverend gentleman suggested that the Town Councillors should present the freedom of that city to the two champions W. G. GRACE and A. A. ZIMMERMAN. Another spokesman, on the same festive occasion, remarked that he had heard of a book called *Zimmerman on Solitude*. He had never seen ZIMMERMAN on Solitude, but he had beheld him on a safety. Really in Bristol their badinage is quite brilliant!



House of Commons, Monday, August 12.—Back in the old place. Same address; same walls; same benches; same stage in short, but almost entirely new company. SQUIRE OF MALWOOD lends friendly look to Front Opposition Bench. But there are many vacant places to right and left of him. Where is JOHN MORLEY, and ARNOLD MORLEY, and SHAW-LEFEVRE who saved our Commons but could not save his seat among them? What

has become of JOHN HIBBERT, gentlemanly man that ever repulsed attack on the public purse? And GEORGE RUSSELL and LEVESON-GOWER? Was not even a BRAND plucked from the burning? Was "BOBBY," in laager behind his collar, cut off in the full fragrance of youth and beauty?

SARK, looking round on other quarters of House, cannot refrain from dropping a salt if silent tear. "You call this the House of Commons," he said, bitterly, "and find in it no place for ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS? One black man may be as good as another, and even better; that is the MARKISS's affair. As VIRGIL wrote of *Tyrin* and *Tyrian*,

BHOWNAGGREE NAOROJI mihi nullo discrimine agetur.

But how is Parliament going to limp along without our CONYBEARE, our SEYMOUR KEAY, and our DON'T KEIR HARDIE? I suppose it's all right. The SPEAKER will take Chair at usual hour; questions will be put and answered; Bills will make progress and the House will now adjourn. But if the House of Commons is itself without the eminent persons I have mentioned, I at least shall not be able to recognise its identity."

"Oh, cheer up," said ST. JOHN BRODRICK, Premier-maker, Destroyer of Majorities, sort of Parliamentary WARWICK. "You don't know what the future may have in store for you. There are fathomless possibilities in this unfamiliar crowd. It's true no new Members, as far as I observed, came down in a brake accompanied by trumpets also and shawms. But DON'T KEIR HARDIE didn't live up to that introduction. The fact is, it probably had something to do with his distinct failure. It raised expectation too high, and even his collarless shirt, his short jacket, his Tweed cap, and his tendency to shed papers out of his over-stuffed pockets as he walked about the premises, didn't make up what was lacking."

Whilst WARWICK BRODRICK talking, he was constantly turning over things in his pockets. Thought at first it was money. "Been drawing your salary a quarter in advance?" I asked, anxious to learn the habits of the new Ministry.

"No," said WARWICK, "it's not that. See," he said, picking out handful of small bullets; "these are what we use in the new rifles fired with cordite. Nice things you know. Will hop across two miles before you know where you are. In the other pocket got a few charges of cordite. No! Rather not see them? Well, no accounting for prejudice. I mean to keep a supply always on hand, or rather in pocket. Opposition not likely to do anything much yet awhile. But they'll try and form up by-and-by. When they do, I'll show 'em a cordite cartridge, rattle a few of these bullets, with their cupro-nickel jackets, and, poof! they're off just as they were when I defeated the late Government in June. Can't have too much of a good thing. What cordite's done once it may do again."

And the Financial Secretary to the War Office walked off, ostentatiously rattling the contents of his pockets as he passed CAWMELL-BANNERMAN, who visibly faltered.

Business done.—New SPEAKER elected.

Arcades Ambo.

THE Heathen Chinese and Unspeakable Turk Seem largely alike, in Gehenna's black work. The earth would smile fairer, methinks, were it free Of Unspeakable Turk and of Heathen Chinese.



IDLE SPEECHES.

"AND SO THAT'S HER HUSBAND, IS IT? LOOKS AS IF SHE'D WON HIM IN A RAFFLE!"
 "AND AS IF THE TICKETS FOR THAT RAFFLE HADN'T BEEN VERY EXPENSIVE!"

THE OLLENDORF GUIDE TO KNOWLEDGE.

THE CHEAP EXCURSIONIST.

DID the good neighbour go by the cheap excursion? Yes, the good neighbour did go by the cheap excursion, and so did his wife, his wife's mother, and his six children. Did he catch the cab of the early driver? No, he did not catch the cab of the early driver, but he used the omnibus of the sleeping coachman, who took him as far as half-way (half-way as far as). Had the good neighbour to finish the journey to the railway station on foot? Yes, he had, and so had his wife, his wife's mother, and his six children. Are they in a good temper, or a bad temper? They are in a bad temper, because it is raining, and because the mother of the wife of the good neighbour had not wished to go. Have they found the right train? No, they have not found the right train, but are entering carriages bound for another destination. Has the guard of the wrong train disturbed the good neighbour, his wife, his wife's mother, and his six children? The guard of the wrong train has disturbed them, and has thrust them into the bad carriages of the right train. Were not the bad carriages of the right train already crowded? They were already crowded with the hairdresser, the artist's model, the plasterers, the builders, the sweeps, the fruiterers, and the quiet young man who contributes poetry to the columns of a local paper. Did not the entrance of the good neighbour, his wife, his wife's mother, and his six children, inconvenience the hairdresser, the artist's model, the plasterers, the builders, the sweeps, the fruiterers, and the quiet young man who contributes poetry to the columns of the local paper? It did, and caused most of them to use bad language (i.e., oaths). Did the quiet young man who contributes poetry to the columns of a local paper use bad language? No, the quiet young man who contributes poetry to the columns of a local paper did not use bad language, because he was in a fit. How did the good neighbour enjoy his journey? The good neighbour did not enjoy his journey, because he had to submit to the smoke of the hairdresser, the lavender water of the artist's model, the snuff of the plasterers, the smoke of the builders, the concertinas of the sweeps, the comic songs of the fruiterers, and the gasps of the quiet young man who contributes poetry to the columns of a local paper. Did the good neighbour have to submit to any further inconvenience? Yes, he was abused by his wife, bullied by his wife's mother, and plagued by his six children. Was the weather at the destination of the good neighbour favourable? No, it was not favourable, as it rained heavily all day. Did the good neighbour find time hang heavily on his hands? Yes, he did find time hang heavily on his hands; but not so heavily as his wife, his wife's mother, and six children.

Did the good neighbour, his wife, his wife's mother, and his six children get sufficient to eat? No, they did not get sufficient to eat; but they discussed the broken scraps left at a shilling ordinary (i.e., ordinary price one shilling). Were they happy to get home? Yes, they were happy to get home; but had to return with the hairdresser, the artist's model, the plasterers, the builders, the sweeps, the fruiterers, but not the quiet young man who contributes poetry to the columns of a local paper. Were the hairdresser, the artist's model, the plasterers, the sweeps, and the fruiterers more noisy at night than they had been in the morning? Yes, they were more noisy, because they had all been drinking the much-adulterated beer of the prosperous but dishonest publican. Did the good neighbour arrive at home at last? Yes, the good neighbour did arrive at home at last, but more dead than alive (i.e., aliver than more dead). Will the wife of the good neighbour, her mother, and her six children go on a similar trip on the next suitable occasion? They will go, but they will not be accompanied, if he can help it, by the good neighbour. Will the good neighbour be able to help it? No, the good neighbour will not be able to help it; so he will accompany his wife, his wife's mother, and his six children, protesting. Will the good neighbour use good language? No, the good neighbour will use bad language. Will the bad language of the good neighbour be very wrong? Yes, the bad language of the good neighbour will be very wrong, but it will not be unnatural.

On the Cards.

M'CARTHY a-cudgelling HEALY now starts,
 And HEALY mild JUSTIN remorselessly drubs.
 Alas, that long over-due "Union of Hearts,"
 Will become a Collision of Clubs!

MONOPOLY.—M. MAX O'RELL, who has commonly "a guid conceit o' himself," and shows it, with more than Scottish—or, as he says, Scotch—simplicity, dislikes the monopolist egotism shown in the phrase "an English gentleman." "A gentleman of France" would perhaps less shock his fine altruistic sensibilities. He suggests that speaking of a courteous Scot we dub him "an English gentleman," but were he a murderer should call him "a Scotch murderer." Perhaps he will write a new book, and call it "John Bull and his Bile." "It is wonderful" (he continues) "how JOHN BULL manages to monopolise all that is good, and let the rest of the world partake of what he does not want." Well, not entirely, perhaps. For example, JOHN BULL does not wish to "monopolise" MAX O'RELL himself, though, of course, he is "good," and full of "good things."



“THE SOONER THE BETTER.”

FIRST PORTER (A. J. B.) “COME MATE! PUT YOUR BACK INTO IT—WE’VE GOT TO SHUNT *THIS* BEFORE WE CAN GO OFF DUTY!”



JUSTIN THE TERRIBLE!

J. M'Carthy (with dim recollection of Mr. Penley as the "Rev. Robert Spalding"). "DO YOU KNOW, TIMOTHY, IF YOU GO ON LIKE THIS, I SHALL HAVE TO GET VERY CROSS WITH YOU; I SHALL REALLY HAVE TO GIVE YOU A GOOD HARD KNOCK!"

HARRY ON 'ARRY.

"There is no doubt whatever that a large number of Englishmen abroad conduct themselves in a manner which brings discredit on our country. . . . Such demonstrations, indeed, are taken to mean that our countrymen desire thereby to show their consciousness of superiority over foreigners. . . . We do not want 'HARRYS' to disgrace us, no matter whether the 'trippers' ride in first, second, or third-class carriages."

The "Echo" on "English Tourists Abroad."

DEAR BERTIE,—I have got the needle, and got it exceedingly sharp.

This 'ARRY—I mean the cad-cockney well known to "the 'Eath and the 'Arp"—Is becomin' no end of a nuisance all round; but I think you'll agree

It is playin' it pretty low down when they mix up that mongrel with me!

One would think the dropped aitch and apostrophe ought to have labelled *that* brand, Which the Comics, in picture and patter, have scattered all over the land;

But surely some new Trades Mark Act must be wanted exceedingly bad.

When HARRY, the travellin' Briton, is jumbled with 'ARRY the Cad.

Just glance at the cutting enclosed. Now I travel, in silks, as you know, And Paris and Lyons to me are familiar as Bradford or Bow.

But a gent is a gent, though in trade, and abroad just as much as at home. And the manners that pass in Pall Mall ought to do for Berlin or for Rome!

I'm sick, my dear fellow, of readin' about British Cads on the trip, And the way that they rough-up the foreigners. Every French barber or snip, With a back that's all hinges and angles, will read us a lesson on form, And the penny-a-liners at home back him up, and we—bow to the storm!

It's rot, and there's no other word for it!—I mean rebellin' for one.

All this talk about 'Arries Abroad, which the ink-slingers think such prime fun, Is all unpatriotic knock-under, poor tame cosmopolitan cant, And as much a true bill as the chat of that sour Mrs. ORMISTON CHANT.

If there's anythin' gives me the hump, it is hearin' Old England run down;

And your Rads, and your Cads, and your Cock-tails, all haters of Class and the Crown, Are eternally bastin' JOHN BULL on his bullyin' airs and stiff back. O it gives me the very go-nimble to hear their contemptible clack!

They charge us with bounce and bad manners, with trottin' around in queer togs, With chaffin' the waiters at *cafés*, and treatin' the porters like dogs.

They say we raise shines in their churches, and mock their processions and priests; In fact, if you'd only believe them you'd class us as bullies and beasts.

Now I say a Briton's a Briton wherever he happens to go.

He has got to be "taken as written," with freedom his briar to blow, His flannels and bowler to sport, his opinions and tastes to express.

As he would in Hyde Park or the Strand, and he won't be contented with less.

He takes "*Rule, Britannia*" along with him, young JOHNNY BULL does, you bet; And it's no use for Germans to grant, and it's no use for Frenchmen to fret.

We've got to be *free*, my dear fellow,—no matter if welcome or not,— And to slang us as "Arries Abroad" for that freedom is all tommymrot.

That Johnny who writes about 'ARRY—in *Punch* don'teher know—is a Rad, I can see it as plain as be blowed; and he labels the lot of us "Cad."

If we've patriot hearts and high spirits, talk slang, and are fond of a spree, But *his* 'ARRY's no class, and it's like his dashed cheek to confound him with me!

He's done heaps of mischief, that joker, along of his levellin' trick,

Of tarrin' the classes and masses, without any judgment or pick,

With one sweepin' smudge of his tar-brush. Cad! Cad! Cad!—all over the shop!—

I'm sure he's a bloomin' outsider, and wish *Punch* would put on the stop.

I like easy ways and slang-patter, I'm Tory and patriot all round,—

As every true Englishman *must* be who isn't an ass or a hound,—

But your ill-spellin', aitch-droppin' howler, with "two quid a week"—as he brags—

Isn't *me*, but a Battersea bounder with big bulgy knees and loud bags.

I *did* do the boulevards once in striped knickers and straw, I admit;

And once in a Catholic church I will own I did laugh fit to split.

But then, foreign tastes are so funny, and foreign religions so rum;

And if they will play mumbo-jumbo, how can a smart Johnny keep mum?

It is all the dashed foreigners' fault. They don't relish *our* up-and-down style; They smirk and they play monkey-tricks and then scowl if we happen to smile.

They hate us like poison, and swear 'tis because of our "swagger and bounce,"

But it's BULL's fightin' weight that they funk, and by gad, they know that to an ounce!

There! I've let off the steam, and feel better! We need "*Coalition*" all round,

We gents, against Cad-dom, and Rad-dom,—they don't differ much, I'll be bound—

We've got it in Parliament-rippin'!—and if the same scheme we can carry

In social arrangements, why *then* 'ARRY won't be confounded with HARRY.



SCRAPS FROM CHAPS.

ON A CROSS BENCH.—The Union of Hearts does not seem to have spread as far as Limerick, if the meetings of the Limerick Rural Sanitary Board are any test. One member expressed an opinion that the Conservative Government would do as much for the labourers as the Whig Government had done.

Mr. M'MAHON.—We'll give them a chance.

Mr. M'INERNEY.—We have got very little out of the Liberal Government.

Mr. MORAN.—Bad is the best of them.

The discussion then ended.

This is unkind to Mr. MORLEY. Perhaps a stave of a popular Irish melody will run thus,—

Och, these dhrivellin' Saxon Govern-ments,

They dhrove us patriots mad!
The worst of 'em's unspakable,
And the best of 'em is bad!

"A LITTLE MORE CIDER TOO."
—"The National Association of Cider Makers," says the *Bristol Mercury*, "is taking energetic measures to ensure more attention being given to the cider competitions at agricultural shows." And it can't make its measures too energetic—not even if it turns an average consumption of a pint-measure into a quart. What beverage beats cider cup—unless it be perry cup? At present the only people at the shows who are allowed to taste the cider are the judges. But the public want to taste, too—give them a taste of cider, and they'll get a taste for it in no time. And rival makers want to taste each other's products, so as to make their own better. "Cider on tap" is the motto for the shows, and the



WHAT, INDEED!

"LOOK HERE, DOCTOR, MY SON WANTS ME TO SEND HIM TO COLLEGE, AND HE SPELLS IT COLIDGE. WHY HAVEN'T YOU TAUGHT HIM BETTER?"

"AH—I'M AFRAID THAT MERE SPELLING IS NOT TAUGHT IN OUR CURRICULUM!"

"THEN WHAT ON EARTH IS TAUGHT IN YOUR CURRICULUM?"

[The Doctor suddenly remembers that the Sixth Form are waiting for his Lecture on Sophocles.]

West country will thus be given a decidedly useful "leg-up."

PUERIS REVERENTIA!—The advertisement question in tram-cars is "up" again before the Glasgow bailies. The Town Council has banished these disfigurements, but it seems there are still Philistine bodies who long for the good old flaring coloured-poster days. Witness this account of a recent meeting:—

Mr. BATTERSBY pointed out that a large revenue could be derived from advertisements on the cars, and he did not see why the committee should look over such a thing.

Bailie PATON said that personally he was dead against putting advertisements on the cars. If any necessity arose they had that source of revenue. He would not spoil the beautiful appearance of the cars by vulgarising them.

Mr. BATTERSBY.—That is all sentiment of a very puerile description.

Perhaps. But as there happens to be a large balance to the good on the working of the cars, why not allow the "puerile sentiment" to have play? We could do with a lot of this kind of puerility and sentimentality down south.

GOOD OLD SAM!—Our belief even in the "respectability" of SAMUEL PEYS is gone for ever. The Bright light recently thrown on him by the indefatigable MYNORS BRIGHT has done the trick. This skilled and uncompromising decipherer of the Pepsian shorthand will be remembered in connection with these volumes as "*Under-MYNORS BRIGHT*."

APPROPRIATE SPOT FOR A PROVINCIAL BICYCLE CLUB.—Some Rural Wheelage in the Wheel'd of Kent.

IN RE THE I. O. C. R. V. C.

THE suggestions I was permitted to make on a recent occasion concerning the future of "the Devil's Own" having been productive of a perfect torrent of letters, I hope that I may be allowed to reply, before the commencement of the fast-approaching Long Vacation, through the columns of a paper that for more than half a century



has been the recognised organ of the Bench, the Bar, and the other branch of the legal profession. First let me repudiate, with the scorn it justly merits, and indignation which has moved me to tears, the contention that in calling attention to the comparatively falling fortunes of the Inns of Court I was "making a bid for the chiefship of the battalion." Although willing (no doubt in common with every other Englishman of right feeling) to shed my blood to its last drop in defence of my country, I can see no possible good in accepting "the crown and star" of the I. O. C. R. V. C. No, I prefer the "stuff" of the ranks to the "silk" of command. So the forensic wag, who apparently found time during the pauses of a contested election in a wavering constituency to depict me as a colonel with PORTINGTON as my orderly, was at fault in his conclusions. His rough-and-ready pen-and-ink sketch, although strongly resembling Sir HENRY IRVING in the character of *Don Quixote*, was not without a certain rude kind of merit. When I inspect it (and probably I shall examine it frequently) I shall be reminded of the talents of one who, had he not been a "Q.C., M.P.," might have become the rival of ROWLANDSON, the peer of GILRAY,

and the modern extinguisher of the less serious of the Old Masters of the sixteenth century. But to return more immediately to the subject of my correspondence.

"The Brightest Ornament of the British Bench" writes to me to say that he considers "The Brook Green Volunteer" was the precursor of the Inns of Court. I respectfully submit to his Lordship that he is in error. The Brook Green Volunteer was the solitary representative of his battalion. I am happy to be able to say that the "Devil's Own," although no doubt reduced in numbers, has never on parade presented so insignificant a "field state." Consequently, the statement that "the regiment is likely to diminish to its original proportions" is a prophecy founded upon a misunderstanding and nourished upon a fallacy.

The proposal of "One who bows daily to his Lordship during Term Time" is excellent. My correspondent suggests that the Junior Bar, not immediately concerned in the business of the Courts, should drill silently in open Court. Of late it has been ordained by the Red-book that commands may be conveyed by gesture. Thus, a Judge trying a case, by raising or depressing his arms, or clenching his fist, might cause the not-immediately-employed Bar to "turn" to the right or left, or even to "lie down." This last command might be deemed satisfied by the Wig-wearers "coming to the sitting posture smartly." At the close of the day's proceedings, his Lordship might raise his left arm to the height of his elbow, upon which the temporarily-unemployed might take up their dummy briefs, and hold them at "the recover." The hand of his Lordship brought towards the face, with the thumb pointing in the direction of the nose, might cause the juniors to "turn" right and left. Then, when the senior usher raised both his arms towards the ceiling, the stuff-gownsmen might march to their front through the corridors until they dismissed without further gesture of command in the robing rooms." Altogether capital! "One who bows daily



SOCIAL PRECEDENCE.

GENTLEMEN ENTITLED TO BARE ARMS.

to his Lordship during Term Time" should publish his suggestions in pamphlet form, to be sold at the popular price of a penny.

"A Junior of Fifty Years' Standing" considers that no one should be admitted to an Inn of Court who was unwilling to join the "Devil's Own." He declares that he himself has done infinitely more work as a rifleman than as a counsel. "And yet," he adds, "I found the labour very light. I do not believe I attended more than one parade in the course of a year on the average." I may add, that possessing the name of "A Junior of Fifty Years' Standing," I can vouch for my learned friend's accuracy, eminence, and ability.

"A Judge who prefers Newmarket to the Law Courts," proposes that the corridors should be utilised as a drill-ground. "Let the Briefless Brigade drill therein during Term time, so that they may be ready to hand if needed." A very valuable suggestion.

"One who takes three years of practice to earn a quarter of chambers' rent" suggests that "The Devil's Own" should adopt as its regimental motto, "Retained for the Defence." Considering the numbers of the battalion, I am afraid the device would have a sarcastic significance. And now, in all sober seriousness, can nothing be done to put the grand old corps on its former satisfactory footing? It has an illustrious past—most of the best known men at the Bar belonged to it—is it impracticable to secure for it an equally illustrious future? Men who, for half a lifetime, have stood shoulder to shoulder in defence of their clients' causes can surely adopt the same satisfactory and honourable position to protect the interests of the ancient battalion. Let Bench and Bar work with a will, and "The Devil's Own" will be worthy of its title. And with this prophecy (which sounds well, but is delivered subject to counsel's revision) I bring my communication, already too long, to an abrupt conclusion. (Signed)

Pump Handle Court, Aug. 10, 1895. A. BRIEFLESS, JUN.

A MOST SILENT AND DISCREET ECCLESIASTIC.—There is a most reverend personage who, every year, and especially during the summer season, must hear any number of *Amantium confessiones*, and his name is "Father Thames." Let lovers beware of a "babbling brook."

REACTION, 1895.

(See the "Daily Chronicle" of August 6.)

REACTION's in the air, and (so to speak)

Its trail is o'er the *Chronicle's* own pages—
Witness "An Unknown Quantity" this week,
Whose meditative J-pen disengages

De rebus omnibus a keen critique.

Extravagance, and levity, and fads

Have been o'erdone, it seems, since Eighteen-eighty
(Or thereabouts); but, our observer adds,

JOHN BULL has this year grown more wise and weighty,
Less "new," less yellow—and has chucked the Rals.

Reaction's the reverse of retrograde,

If we recede from decadent excesses,

And beat retreat from novelists who trade

On "Sex," from artists whose *chef-d'œuvres* are messes—

'Tis time indeed such minor plagues were stayed!

Then here's for cricket in this year of GRACE,

Fair-play all round, straight hitting and straight dealing

In letters, morals, art, and commonplace

Reversion unto type in deed and feeling—

A path of true Reaction to retrace!

CAUGHT WITH A "CATCH."—The idiotic catch-line of a Parisian Café-Concert ditty—"En voulez-vous des z'homards?" has been taken up by the citizens of the gay French capital with as much avidity as characterized their seizure upon shares in the Russian loan. The Comtesse Y., in sportive mood, twitted her butler—a very ancient retainer of the family—upon his antiquated, out-of-date manners, and chaffingly suggested that he should attempt to be more *fin-de-siècle*. The veteran *maitre-d'hôtel* assured Madame la Comtesse that he would give her no further cause for complaint. Accordingly, on the same evening, while handing round wine at the dinner-party, he promptly bellowed forth "En voulez-vous du Pommard?"

TRIFLES LIGHT AS HAIR.

HOWEVER much Kentish farmers may grumble about the agricultural outlook, their strop-and-razor colleagues, the barbers of that county, should now replace any grief in which they also may be indulging in reference to their industry, with great gaiety, for there is every prospect of a long and prosperous run of hirsute harvests. The High Constable has decreed that, unless his men can grow "well regulated beards or military moustaches," they are to be clean-shaven. Farewell the festive "mutton-chop" whisker and the jovial goatee! Henceforth "Bobby" will be beardless, and as he drinks the mid-day pint of that frothing beverage whose main ingredient—more or less—is malt, the upper-lip hops-tale, upon which the foam was wont to find a brief resting-place, will be conspicuous by its absence—not lost exactly, but shaven before.



ROUNABOUT READINGS.

PRESIDENT ANDREWS, of Brown University, has contributed to the *North American Review* an article entitled "Are there Too Many of Us?" Personally, I should answer with an unhesitating yes, especially after Bank Holidays, or *fêtes* and galas such as those with which the provinces teem. And it may be noted, by the way, as a curious fact in the natural history of amusements, that no genuine *fête* is ever found without a gala. Conversely a gala without a *fête* cannot be imagined. From the presence in your neighbourhood of one of the two you are at once entitled to infer the presence of the other.

I RETURN, however, to Professor ANDREWS. He proves by a series of elaborate and convincing calculations that if the world started with a population of two, the increase in 3,000 years would have become "two quintillion human beings; viz., to every square yard 3,333½ persons. Or the earth would be covered with men in columns of 833½ each, standing on each others heads. If they averaged five feet tall, each column would be 4,166½ feet high."

ALL this sounds highly stupendous. As I am no mathematician, I cannot compete with Professor ANDREWS of Brown University on equal terms, but to my non-mathematical mind the only inference to be drawn from the Professor's calculation appears to be that the world is not much more than thirty years old, or, let us say, 30½. In another ten years or so, I suppose we shall have to start work on the columns. Personally, I am not impatient. I am quite willing to let 832 of my friends get into position first. I can then climb up and complete the column. How the fractional third is to be made up I know not, unless—happy thought—there is to be an extra allowance of three tailors to every column.

THE Social Democratic Federation has been meeting in conference at Birmingham. Comrades QUELCH, BELCHER, SHAYER, GEARD, TOOTH, TEMPEST, WATTS and WENLINGTON were all on the spot. Some discussion took place with reference to *Justice*, the official organ of the Federation.

MR. BELCHER (Lincoln), in the course of discussion, thought they ought to induce the workers to take up shares, and to back *Justice* to the fullest extent. They were inclined to sneer at capitalists, but they could not carry on the Federation work without taking a leaf out of the capitalist's book. (*Hear, hear.*)

MR. M'FERSON, as one of the auditors, said the branch accounts in reference to *Justice* were a disgrace. A great deal was heard about the immorality of capitalists, but a little more morality was wanted in some of the branches in regard to the paying of accounts.

This, of course, is most lamentable. Even a Social Democrat, it seems, cannot alter hard facts or get on without money. And at present nobody seems in want of the particular kind of justice which Messrs. QUELCH, BELCHER and other comrades are anxious to purvey.

I LIKE to rescue from the dark unfathomed caves of ocean any gem of purest ray serene. Here is one extracted from the speech of Mr. POWELL WILLIAMS, M.P., at the recent dinner of the Birmingham Conservative Club.

MR. POWELL WILLIAMS, M.P., proposed "The Press," and said that before he spoke of the Press he would like to correct a statement which Sir MEYSEY THOMPSON made. That gentleman thought that Yorkshire was peculiar, inasmuch as it had got rid of something objectionable in the shape of fever called Shaw-Lefevre. He put in a claim for distinction for the county of Cornwall. In Cornwall they would tell you that they had got rid of the worst kind of beer that anyone ever tasted, and that they called Conybeare.

LATER on Mr. WILLIAMS said that, although the Gladstonian Press was more numerous than the Unionist Press, it had not been able to persuade the nation to swallow eighty Irish members—which is, perhaps, fortunate; since, to take only one, I am sure Mr. TIM HEALY would prove a very tough morsel to digest.

AND here is a rose that, but for me, might have blushed unseen in the report of the proceedings of the South Dublin Union:—

MR. LENEHAN moved, in accordance with notice—"That the pauper inmate nurses be removed from the male and female Roman Catholic hospitals, and also from the Protestant male and female hospitals, and trained nurses engaged to look after the sick poor." During the course of a lengthened address, delivered in a remarkably loud voice, he urged that the present system of nursing was bad, that militiamen were employed for the purpose, and that reliance could not be placed on the paupers at present engaged in the hospitals. He said that there were at present 184 inmates employed in nursing, and he proposed to put a trained nurse in each ward, that would be 43, and two nurses in each hospital, that would be 8, or 51 in all. These 51 nurses, at £30 a year, or 11s. 6d., would be a little over £29 (*laughter*), or a saving of some shillings (*laughter*).

MR. SYKES.—What in the world is the meaning of that calculation?

MR. LENEHAN repeated his statement amidst great laughter.

MR. O'REILLY said he would second the motion for the sake of discussion, as Mr. LENEHAN complained that his resolutions were never seconded.

MR. BYRNE was surprised that Mr. O'REILLY had seconded the resolution, for Mr. O'REILLY was a sensible man—

MR. LENEHAN.—I deny that (*laughter*).

MR. BYRNE said it was all braggadocio, and a desire to obtain notoriety, that made Mr. LENEHAN bring this forward.

AFTER this no one will be surprised to hear that Mr. LENEHAN withdrew his motion. It must be a terrible thing to be accused of braggadocio and a desire to obtain notoriety.

AND finally here is an estimate of Mr. BALFOUR from a correspondent of the *Birmingham Daily Gazette*:—

THE UNIONIST MAJORITY.—To the Editor of the "*Daily Gazette*."—SIR,—Among the many causes assigned for the above, no one, so far as I know, has suggested the following one. Is it too much to hope that the statesmanlike character of Mr. A. J. BALFOUR has influenced greatly the country at large? His simple dignity, both in majority and minority, his pluck and energy as Irish Secretary, are still remembered. The *Spectator* publishes an article on "Mr. Balfour's Benignity," and at the reception given to the Medical Association at the Imperial Institute he and his sister were received with deafening cheers. Lastly, we shall hear nothing from himself. Surely all parties recognise and admire such a statesman, and willingly confide in his future.—AN OUTSIDER.

BUT why are we to hear nothing from Mr. BALFOUR himself. As one who likes good speaking on either side of the House, I hope we may hear a great deal from Mr. BALFOUR.

THERE have been great doings at Cirencester. At a *fête* (and gala) in Earl BATHURST's park, the chief attraction was the announcement of a captive balloon, which was expected to make trips during the afternoon. Unfortunately, however, the gas-main in the Tetbury Road, where the balloon was filled, was not so large as was desirable, and the result was that the balloon was not filled till after five o'clock. It was then taken to the scene of the *fête* at Pope's Seat, where every effort was made to make up for lost time. The Hon. B. BATHURST, M.P., the newly elected member for the division, made a short speech from the balloon, being received with loud cheers. The "right away" ascent was afterwards abandoned. The evening, which proved fine, closed with an excellent display of fireworks by Professor WELLS.

If a captive balloon should refuse to inflate,
And should linger too long flopping loose on the grass,
Just insert an M.P. in the car to orate,
And you'll promptly secure an abundance of gas.

TO TRICKASTA.

A NOTE of pain was sounded when you said
That we had better never meet again.
My nerves were shattered and my heart was lead—
A note of pain.

Far other had it been when down the lane
You graciously inclined your pretty head
To listen to me. Yes, I was insane
Enough to hope that one day we might wed,
Until your double-dyed deceit grew plain.
I like to think my letter was, when read,
A note of pain.

"SITTING ROOM ONLY."—The election of Sir L. LYELL for Orkney and Shetland on Saturday last brought the General Election to conclusion. By this final result the House became quite full, if no quite FULLERTON.

SCRAPS FROM CHAPS.

THE IRISH YOLK.—In the name of the Profit—eggs! Irish co-operators have already made giant strides in the production of milk and butter, and now the Irish Co-operative Agency has decided, so says the *Cork Daily Herald*, to "take up the egg-trade." We hope the egg-traders won't be "taken up," too; if so, the trade would be arrested just when it was starting, and where would the profit be then? "It is stated that many Irish eggs now reach the English market dirty, stale, and unsorted," so that wholesale English egg-merchants have preferred to buy Austrian and French ones. Ireland not able to compete with the foreigner! Perish the thought! A little technical education judiciously applied will soon teach the Irish fowl not to lay "shop 'uns."

Feathers in Scotch Caps.

"THE railway race to the North, like the race across the Atlantic, has placed beyond challenge that on land as well as on sea Scotch engines break the record."—*North British Daily Mail*.

Did not Lord BYRON anticipate this when he wrote (in *Mr. Punch's* version of his poem on "Dark Lochna-gar") :—

Yes, Caledonia, thy engines are
scrumptious,

Though even in England some
good ones are seen;

And, if the confession won't render
you bumptious,

We sigh for your flyers to far
Aberdeen!



IN MEDIO TUTISSIMUS!

"WHAT! NEVER BEEN ILL SINCE YOU WERE BORN! I SUPPOSE YOU'RE
A TEETOTALLER?"

"OH NO! BEEN A MODERATE DRUNKARD ALL MY LIFE!"

BUT if Caledonia is inclined to boast about its locomotives, let it ponder its tinkers, and learn humility. The Glasgow "Departmental Committee on Habitual Offenders, Vagrants, &c.," reports that the nomad tinkers of Scotland number 1702, and of these 232 "were apprehended for some crime or other during the year." They don't do 151 miles in 167 minutes, like the locomotives—no, they do a couple of months in Glasgow gaol; and they break the laws instead of breaking records. There are 725 tinker children, who get practically no education. Bonnie Scotland, land of grandeur, where the thousand tinkers wander, you must catch these children, and educate them! The adult tinker may be irreclaimable, but at least the children should have a chance of something better—a choice of being soldier, sailor, tinker, or tailor, as they prefer. If, after all, they elect to tink, tink they must.

DR. JOHN RHYNS, of Jesus College, Oxford, quite rose to the occasion at the New Quay, Eisteddfod, and, in his presidential address, made lengthy quotations in Welsh. "Na chabib a rhaw" must mean "nor cares a rap." By the way, the *South Wales Daily News*, in reporting the proceedings, finishes up by declaring that "the speech was listened to with 'urapt' attention." As Mrs. MALAPROP remarked, "The parcel was enraptured in brown paper."

ROBERT UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE.

ME and a werry old Frend of mine has seized the hoppertoonity that ardy ever okkers to too frends as has little or nothink to do for a hole week, to thurrowly enjoy themselves for that time, and see weather suttin places in our little world is reelly as butiful and as



as sum peepie tries to make out as they is. Our fust place was Epping Forrest, where we spent a hole day from morning to nite in what my frend called such a gallery of buty and wunder as werry likely werry few peepie ever has injoyd as we did. We spent hole miles among the most butiful Forest Trees as was ever seed, every single tree of which was rather more butiful than the last, and not one of which but what was a reel bootiful studdy. It took us jest about two hours to eat our dinner afore we set to work again to polliish off the lovely trees we had not yet seen; and then, when we had polliished off the last of them, we staggered to our werry last carriage, and took the sleep of the

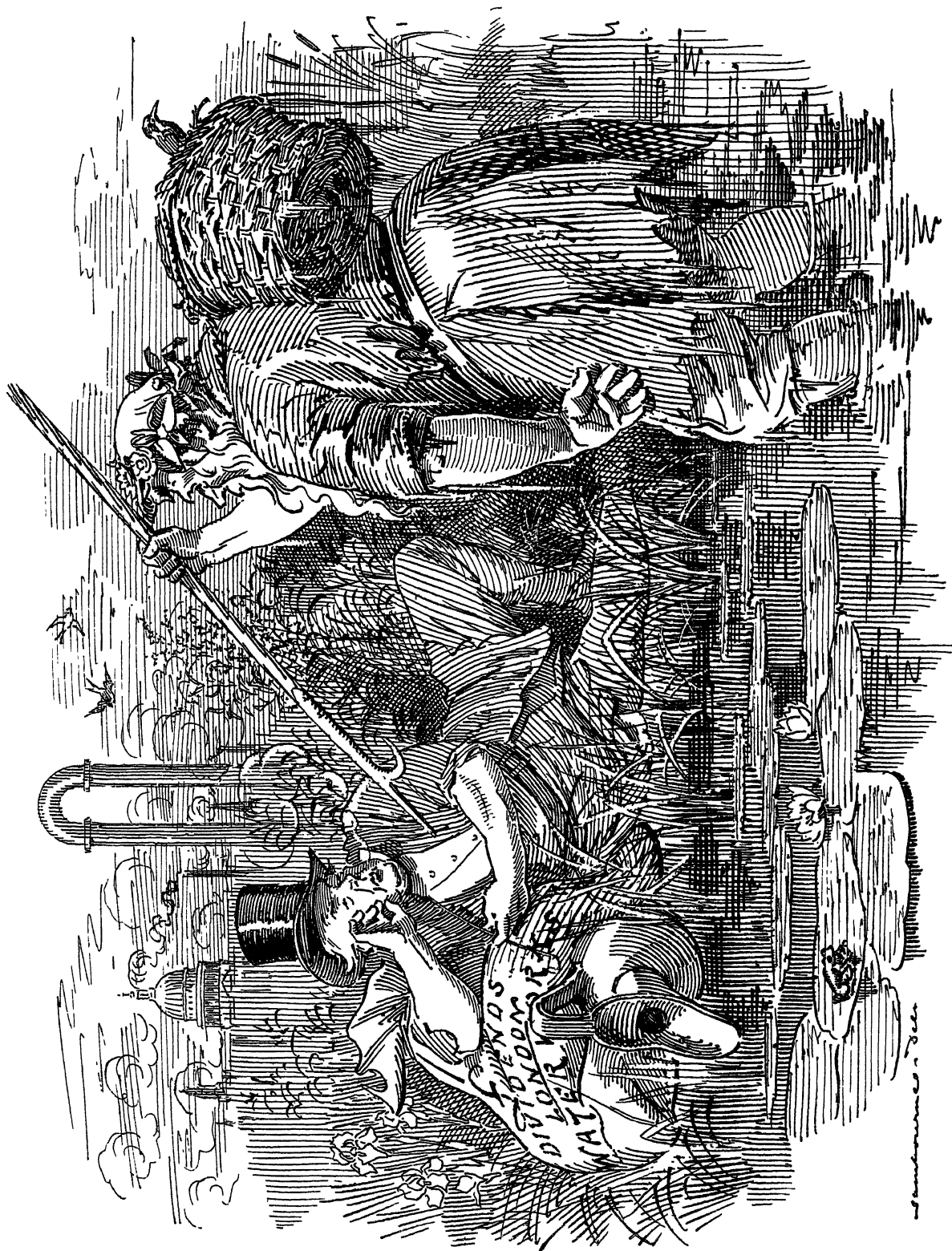
Just, and did not wake up till Brekfust came kindly to our assistance, and helped us to sett out and try again to dishoover similar seems of delishus injoyment to those so marwellusly injoyed the day before!

The trees as we xamined on the second day was quite a diffrent class to them on the fust, and emused us every bit as delifelessly as the fust sett, tho they was quite a diffrent sett altogether. In won place we drove bang into the werry middel of the thickest wood, and there we both lost ourselves for nearly three ours, but it wasn't a minnet too much for us, for we both agreed that, upon the hole, it was about the werry loveliest part of the hole day's proceedens, and that we should not regret havin to repeat it the next day. Oh them

hundereds and thowsends of lovely Trees! every one of which seems far more butiful than the last, and quite equal to any we had yet seen. At one place we was showed the place where Good Quean ALIZEBETH always went up stairs on Orseback, coz she did not like going up stairs in public. At another we was showed where the present QUEEN sat in her privet Carriage, and made the hole nayerhood bow to her by the hunderd. Tom and Me both went up to the werry place, and pinte it out to them as didn't kno it, which made us both feel werry grand. The werry next day we had made all our derangements for follering up our prewius wisitashun, and making a grand fi-nayle of the hole lovely affare, when, to our tremenjus disapintment, the wind begun for to blow most orfully, and the rain begun for to rain wus as I beleeves, and as Tom beleeves, than ewer it did afore, and so we was both obleeged for to leave our truly lovely forests, and defer our tree climbing till a much more drier hoppertoonity, which we both bleeves will appear in about a week, and then we shall renew our grand old wisit as before, and lern again to beleieve in our hundereds and thowsends of the most buteful trees as ewen old hingland can brag about, as the most loveliest as the world ewer saw.

And to think that all the lovely places as we seed in them three lovely days is past and gorn for the present, makes us long only the more artily for the glorius days still in store for us! ROBERT.

SERGEANT-MAJOR and Mrs. BAKER were one of a trio of couples successful in winning their claim to the prize of a fithch of bacon at Dunmow. Three hundred and sixty-six days of married life without a fithch—we should say, hitch—in the flow of amicable intercourse is, nowadays, a marvellous achievement, and merits due recognition. We, however, commiserate the gallant and ambitious sergeant-major on having his matrimonial intentions aspersed by the opposing counsel, who, in attempting to "save the bacon," suggested that "BAKER had one eye on the lady and the other eye on the fithch." The prospect of a reward even "more lasting than ham" would hardly, it is to be feared, serve to keep ordinary couples from "tiffs" for the space of a year and a day continuously.



WAKING THE WATER-BEARER.

Father Thames. "NOW THEN, STIR UP, OLD STICK-IN-THE-MUD! SUMMER OR WINTER, YOU'RE STILL FOUND WANTING, AND THEN I GET THE BLAME!"

THE RED ORCHID.

(Soliloquy of a Victorious Statesman.)

[MR. CHAMBERLAIN at the opening of Parliament wore a red orchid in his buttonhole.]

OF colour-symbols much we hear,
And something, too, of colour-music;
But here 's a sight that much I fear
Will make the beaten Red Rad crew sick:
Red! 'Tis the hue of my old flag—
In days that are as dead as mutton;
Now, with the instinct of a wag,
I sport it still,—but at my button.
It signifies how much I care
For the "consistency," quite brainless,
Which is the Radical bugbear.
Their poisoned darts are harmless, painless.
JUDAS? Egregious TANNER tries,
In vain, to link me with ISCARIOT.
What need I care for envious lies,
With S. and B. bound to my chariot.
They'd bite my heel, I crush their head,
And wear their colour in—my orchid!
Red! It will make the Rads "see red,"
They're fangless, though their tongues be
forked.
"They toil not, neither do they spin,"—
I said, of the old Tory lilies.
Now they will have to work, to win,
And that the Rads don't see—the sillies!
SALISBURY'S Tories were one thing,
My Unionists are another matter;
My Ransom-Song no more I sing,—
Then I was bowler, now I'm batter.
We have new wickets, smooth and dry,
And one who coolly smites and places,
May, with firm wrist and steady eye,
Outshine the greatest of the Graces,
"The white flower of a blameless life"
Is—well, laid up at last at Harwarden,
Sheltered from storm, afar from strife,
And—other blossoms deck the garden.
Roses and lilies had their turn,
Now other blooms woo sun and showers;
And the Red Orchid—well, they'll learn—
In time—the new Language of Flowers!
Of parasitic opulence
Orchids are types, it will be said,
The difference though may be immense
When the new Orchid's mine—and Red!

THE NEARLY REACHED SHILLING.

(A School-Board Chronicle.)

"UTTERLY impossible!" replied the official.
"A good plain cook! No, the Board does not
create persons of that kind. If you had wanted
a *chef* for a club, or a *cordon bleu* for a West
End hotel, we might have accommodated you.
But a good plain cook! No—utterly im-
possible!"

"But surely cookery is taught in the
schools," pleaded the Ratepayer.

"Assuredly. And very well taught too.
But whom would be satisfied with a mutton-
chop? We aim at something higher. Our
scholars are equal to producing *sole à gratin*,
or *suprême de volaille*. And you don't re-
quire those *plats* every day of your life, now
do you?"

"Then, can I have a housemaid?"

"I am afraid not. Since music has become
one of the recognised branches of study, we
do not obtain many candidates for the task of
stair-sweeping. And it is not surprising. A
girl who can play the piano, or lead a chorus,
is surely worthy of a better fate than that
which usually falls to the lot of a servant in
a middle-class establishment."

"I suppose it is useless to ask you if you
can give me the name of a boy in buttons?"

"Quite. To tell you the truth, we do not
encourage such appointments. Our lads are
wanted at their studies until they are grow-



ON THE CARDS.

Young Wife. "OH, MAMMA, DO YOU KNOW I BELIEVE ALFRED'S GOING TO REFORM,
AND GIVE UP GAMBLING!"

Her Mother. "WHAT MAKES YOU THINK SO, DEAR?"

Young Wife. "WHY ALL LAST NIGHT HE KEPT TALKING IN HIS SLEEP ABOUT HIS
MISERABLE, WORTHLESS HEART!"

ing too old to be young pages. Then, when
they have reached the required standard their
literary attainments entitle them to something
superior to the post of a drudge in the
pantry."

"Then what do you propose doing with
your charges?" asked the Ratepayer, who
was rapidly becoming resigned to his position.

"Well, our *chefs* must wait until the time
arrives when there will be enough clubs and
West End hotels to secure the benefit of their
services."

"And the musicians?"

"They, too, at present are rather a drug
in the market. But who knows? Some day

there may be a huge demand for pianoforte
players."

"And the literary lads?"

"Most admirably adapted for clerkships,
but the clerical labour market is as dull as
the proverbial ditchwater. Still, things may
revive. But for the present they must hope
and wait."

"And I provide the funds for all this?"
cried the Ratepayer.

"You do," returned the official promptly.

"This year it will be elevenpence halfpenny
in the pound, and next probably considerably
higher. But then you see—it is quite worth
the money!"

A LITTLE HOLIDAY.

(By Our Own Enterprising Explorer.)

"WHY not go to Amsterdam?" At first sight this conundrum had the customary couple of answers, "No time, no money." But these were incorrect solutions.

"My dear Sir," said the Secretary of a Society organised to bring happiness into the humblest home (pronunciation with or without aspirates, according to the taste of the speaker), taking me up smartly, "you can get there in less than no time, remain there less than no time, and be back in less than no time. We can manage that for you."

"But the expense?"

"We should not be a Society organised to bring happiness into the humblest home if we could not manage that also. Look here: start Day 1 at 6.30 p.m.; be in Amsterdam morning of Day 2. Pause of thirty-six hours for refreshment; then back again to London in time for breakfast on Day 4. And with a view to bringing happiness into the humblest home we charge a guinea for travelling expenses, which includes a state cabin in the saloon of an excellent boat."

So I closed with the Secretary, and brought away happiness to my



"That characteristic movement in sea produced more gravity than gaiety amongst the passengers."

Leaving the excellent boat out of the question—which boat, by the way, would no doubt have been more than excellent *minus* the gale—the journey "there and back" was accomplished with comfort and despatch.

On my arrival at Amsterdam I found myself in a city that, in its main characteristics, was not entirely unlike Brixton. The shops and the people were both suggestive of the southern suburb. The trams that, according to the guide-books, "traversed the town in every direction," were also reminiscent of that delightful haven of rest (from Saturday to Monday) of the overworked stockbroker and the underworked Government employé.

"You are sure to like Amsterdam," a friend of mine had said, as he pressed my hand at parting, "because it's exactly like the Regent's Park Canal."

My friend was right. Amsterdam certainly resembles the Regent's Park Canal, but *plus* Brixton. No doubt it is for this reason that it is sometimes called "the Northern Venice." The people, too, had a suburban look about them. I felt sure that most of them were called SMITH, BROWN, JONES, and ROBINSON, with perhaps a conventional "dam" tacked on to the end of their names to show that by nationality they were Dutchmen. I approached one of these good, honest creatures, who looked like SMITHDAM, and in my best broken English asked for the Hotel Amstel. I pronounced the latter word as if the last syllable rhymed with "peal." Mr. SMITHDAM stared at me and shook his head. Then he said "Nine."

"Otel Amstale," I continued, with a new pronunciation. "You know what mean I—Otel Amstale?"

But Mr. SMITHDAM didn't. He smiled, and again shook his head. This annoyed me, so I murmured, "What an ass this chap must be; fancy not knowing the way to the Amstel Hotel!"

"Amstel Hotel," he cried, with a pronunciation infinitely more English than my own, and then most courteously gave me the route. I thanked him with effusion, and most probably should have found his directions of infinite value had he but delivered them in English instead of Dutch. As it was, I put myself into a London-looking cab (the driver very properly wore a military cockade), and was soon at one of the best hostleries in Holland. Situation pleasant—of course overlooking a canal—rooms comfortable, kitchen all that could be desired.

And now what did I do in Amsterdam? Why, I went to the Exhibition. And what was it like? Well, a Dutch edition of those

that had gone before. At the Naval display before the Royal Hospital at Chelsea, there was a model of the *Victory*, with a representation in wax of the Death of Nelson. At Amsterdam there is a model of a mail-boat, with a representation (in breathing humanity) of people drinking beer.

At Paris there was a Tour Eiffel, with a magnificent view at the summit; at Amsterdam there is a tower in the shape of a colossal elephant, with a fine display on every floor of beer. At South Kensington there was a realistic reproduction of Old London on temperance principles. At Amsterdam there is a realistic reproduction of Old Holland served with beer. Go where I would I ran across beer. The grounds of the Exhibition were dotted with booths. Before many of them were very decent orchestras discoursing sweet music. But the foreigners were there not only to attend to the music, but to drink beer. The Exhibition proper (contents small and select, with few English exhibits) was not apparently much of an attraction. I readily understood the reason—it was not devoted exclusively to beer. In what I may term the Exhibition annex I found any number of specimens of the oriental merchants in the fezes, who were wont in the olden days to enhance the joys of Olympia and Earl's Court.

"Come here, gentlemen," cried half a dozen in a breath, "I will sell you this!"

But they didn't. Having done the exhibition and the admirable museum, with its wonderful armour and marvellous old masters, I sampled a music hall. I went to "the Crystal Palace" (vide guide-books), a magnificent building, that no doubt had been built with the highest aspirations and had come in the progress of time to the loftiest tumblings. A portion of this noble institution had been converted into a place of entertainment. Small stage with miniature scenery, trapeze, orchestra. Audience almost entirely Dutch, entertainment almost entirely English. Several British singers. One, a gentleman in evening dress covered by a long Newmarket overcoat, with a *répertoire* redolent of Holborn and the Surrey side, sang about "Nine in a row" who (so I understood him to assert) "rolled down the street" when (if I am not mistaken) they were rather "rocky about their feet." Then he had another ditty which referred to his want of value. Was he worth anything? He appealed to the Dutch audience. Some of them (possibly friends of the singer) replied in the negative. Then he expressed his conviction that he ought to be chucked out. The spectators cheered, and seemed well satisfied with the programme. Whether they were able to appreciate all the topical allusions is open to doubt, but I am certain that they were thoroughly enjoying their beer.

I went to the market. An enormous crowd surrounded one booth. The salesman was singing a song in honour of his wares, which were composed of pieces of broken iron! So far as I could understand the manners and customs of the vendors, the golden rule seemed to be amongst them, "When in doubt take off the door to the outhouse with the three broken panes of glass, the back parlour chandelier that lacks a chain, and the disused baby's cradle, and sell 'em all by auction."

I looked in, of course, at the Cathedral. My guide could not speak French, but he understood English. He showed me the tombs of several admirals.

"Where is VAN TROMP?" I asked, taking an interest in the career of about the only Dutchman whose name I know intimately. Then, to make it plainer, I added, "Whar is das VAN TROMP?"

My guide turned up his nose contemptuously, and said something (so far as I could comprehend him) about VAN TROMP being in "de odder kirsher." Later on, when I asked the use of a sort of vestry, he murmured something about "Baladlava." From this I took it that he could not make himself understood. But I was wrong. I did not know much about the Dutch coinage. When I bought anything I invariably kept my hand waiting for change until the supply was exhausted. Sometimes I put forth my hand a second time with the result of getting a few extra coins. There are guilders, little pieces that look like a doll's silver pennies, and a showy coin that suggests a sixpence in a decline. These latter are worth, I fancy, about three halfpence a dozen. I gave the cathedral custodian one of these sixpences in a decline. But it was not enough, not nearly enough, so I exchanged it for a doll's silver penny, when he beamed with gratitude.

Would that I could tell of the other attractions of Amsterdam, of the Royal Palace, the Zoo, the theatres, and the canals. But exigencies of time and space say "No." Those who want to see and hear have only one thing to do. Let them hie to the Hook of Holland, ho, to the Dutch capital, and further description will be unnecessary.

DURING a severe thunderstorm at Bjelina, in Bosnia, according to the *Pall Mall Gazette's* "Science Notes," there fell a remarkable "shower of whitebait." This phenomenon has been easily eclipsed at London, in England, where it recently rained cats and dogs.

CHEEK!

["Blackberry or strawberry juice rubbed slightly on the cheeks, and then washed off with milk gives a beautiful tint. The garden-beet is also an excellent cosmetic: the beet is cut and the juice applied gently with a camel's hair brush."—*Announcement quoted by Mr. James Payn in "Our Note Book," "Illustrated News."*]

ALAS for the bard's and the *ingénue's* dream!—

Even Nature, it seems, joins Art's plot to betray us.

We've heard cheeks compared to strawberries and cream,

But that earth's sweetest fruit such a false trick should play us,

In conspiracy base with fresh milk from the cow,
Brings the red flush of wrath to the snowiest brow.

What, sweet Mother Nature lend aid to a cheat,

And play Madame RACHEL in faking complexions!

Arcadia's vanished, naught's native or sweet,

The daintiest Beauty wakes doubtful reflections,

When for ought we can tell her ingenuous blush

Is—a compound of beet and a camel's-hair brush!

ROUNABOUT READINGS.

It is a great thing to know—and one must believe it if one believes, as I do, in what the newspapers say—that every single male member of the upper or fashionable ranks of society is at this moment engaged in slaughtering grouse. It is of course well known that every member of Parliament is, on his election, presented by a grateful country with a large and well-stocked grouse-moor, situated in one of the most picturesque and romantic parts of Scotland, and no one (not even a brewer) is ever raised to the peerage unless he can prove that at least three generations of his family have shot grouse regularly on the 12th of August on a moor of their own. Thus is the connection of both branches of our legislature with sport safeguarded.



WHENEVER the 12th of August, or, for the matter of that, the 1st of September or the 1st of October, comes round with the revolving year, we are informed in every newspaper that "Sportsmen were early astir." There is about these words a halo of tradition so ancient and venerable as to have become almost sacred. Imagination conjures up the picture of happy bands of shooters all duly booted, gaitered, gunned, cartridge and cigarred, sallying forth with dogs and keepers at 5 A.M., no doubt after eating, as condemned men do, a hearty breakfast. Of course this may be so. I have read it so often that I hardly dare to doubt it. My own experience, however, is that sportsmen are not specially early even on the 12th, although keepers and other professional guns who cater for the

London market are often so early as to anticipate by more than a few hours the recurring anniversary.

Now with black London's close and torrid street
Stern Caledonia's heathered moors compete.
Lo, well equipped with cartridge-bag and gun,
Concurrent streams of rank and fashion run
Where, though the birds be strong upon the wing,
Not unrewarded sounds the frequent ping;
Where dealing fate to feather (and to fur)
The early sportsman is perceived astir,
And in the lengthy language of the chase,
A bird's no bird, but merely half a brace.
Some skilful, some not fit to shoot for nuts,
Walk for their game or take their stand in butts;
And, wondrous fact, as all the scribes proclaim,
Each from a separate butt destroys his game.
At least it was so when the EMPEROR shot, so
With non-Imperials it perhaps is not so.

I AM never irritable myself; I am sometimes justifiably annoyed by the unreasonable conduct of a friend. But I have often noticed the most melancholy irritability in others, and have wondered why they gave way to it, and what it portended. Now I know. I have been reading the *Medical Press and Courier*, and I learn from it that "this hyperæsthesia of the temper is the direct outcome of over-work and want of sleep; in fact, it is a morbid sensitiveness of the cells of the cerebral cortex due to exhaustion or under-nutrition. Irritability is, therefore a clinical sign of some importance, the more so because it is often the premonitory indication of impending breakdown. Under these circumstances, the condition is usually most marked during the forenoon, and is associated with a distaste

for food at breakfast time. Later on, even the humanising effect of a good lunch fails to raise circulatory activity to the standard required for adequate cerebral nutrition, and the irritability becomes chronic, yielding only to the influence of repeated doses of a diffusible stimulant, such as brandy and soda. The remedy naturally only aggravates the symptom, which is sooner or later followed by other manifestations of cerebral exhaustion."

WHEN you're lost in the whirl of a medical vortex,

You gasp and you grasp, and you'll struggle in vain;

For it seems you have cells in your cerebral cortex,

Which is somehow connected, I fancy, with brain.

Exhausted and panting with under-nutrition,

You dare not presume to declare yourself well,

And you rapidly tend to complete inanition,

Produced by a morbidly sensitive cell.

The result is a wound to the temper, a something

Not as deep as a well, but, no matter, it serves,

Perplexing your friends, who pronounce it a rum thing

That DICK—that's yourself—should have gone in the nerves.

You toy with your breakfast; the kidney, the kipper,

The egg that is buttered, the egg that is fried,

The tea that once found you a regular sipper,

Unipped and untasted you push them aside.

Your lunch of cold beef with the gaff and the shandy,

You simply can't face it, your head is one ache:

A "diffusible stimulant" (alias brandy)

Is all that you wish for and all that you take.

A day or two back all your manners were courtly,

Alas, what a change is apparent to-day,

For you jump on your friends, and you take them up shortly,

With a quarrel a minute whatever they say.

Then, in spite of the canon that's set 'gainst self-slaughter

(In the language of verdicts it's *felo de se*),

Some day you'll be found with your head in the water,

Six inches will do, or attached to a tree.

THERE have been some difficulties at Brierly Hill. At a recent meeting of the Urban Council a letter was read from the Local Government Board asking for information with regard to a communication which Dr. ELLIS, the medical officer of health, had addressed to them. This referred to the fact that Dr. ELLIS had ordered a "dumb" well at the Town Hall to be cleared out. What is the use of a dumb well? Even if it contains the truth it cannot speak it. Personally, I prefer a babbling brook.

WHAT is this? Is it a revolution or merely a mistake? Do I sleep, do I dream, or is visions about? These questions occur to me on reading that at Ironbridge the other day a clown, a member of a circus, was brought up on remand charged with stealing £1 10s. and several articles, the property of his landlady. And he was actually sentenced to fourteen days' hard labour. All I can say is that I have rarely allowed a year to pass without seeing at least one clown steal a string of sausages, a lady's bonnet, two plump babies, half a dozen fowls, the greater part of a general dealer's property, and the upper half of a policeman. Nobody bothered him about it. In fact, everybody expected him to do it, and there would have been great dissatisfaction if he had observed the laws against larceny. And yet when a clown at Ironbridge acts as clowns are intended to act, an unfeeling bench visits him with a fortnight of hard labour. This is preposterous. There ought to be an Amalgamated Union of Clowns to protect its members from such an outrage.



THOSE who study the reports of meetings of Town Councils learn many things. For instance, at Bristol the other day, during a discussion of passenger tolls at the docks, Mr. GORE complained that they had been hoccussed by the chairman of the sub-committee that day. Mr. BAKER objected to the word "hoccussed" being applied to him, but added that they had been hoccussed out of a good deal of time to-day, and Mr. GORE retorted that they were going to be hoccussed out of another quarter-of-an-hour yet. Mr. BAKER asked Mr. GORE to withdraw the word, and Mr. GORE refused. Matters had apparently come to a desperate pass, when it occurred to the Mayor to inquire what the word "hoccussed" meant. Mr. BAKER thought it was something akin to cheating, whereupon Mr. GORE, in the handsomest manner, said that knowing the meaning of the word he would now withdraw it. The only thing that was not explained was why Mr. GORE had used a word of the meaning of which he was ignorant. There is a fatal attraction about the sound of certain words which forces speakers to use them entirely without regard to their actual meaning.



A LESSON IN DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Laura (to her rich Sister, who has been extravagant as usual). "I DO THINK IT'S A MISTAKE TO BUY AN UGLY THING ONE DOESN'T WANT, MERELY BECAUSE IT'S DEAR!"

'ARRY ON HARRY.

(A Rejoinder to "Harry on 'Arry.")

DEAR CHARLIE,—My eye and a bandbox! Wot next, and wot next, and wot next? 'Ere's a HARRY 'as mounted the pulpit, and taken poor me as 'is text! * 'E bangs *Boernerges* to bittocks, this lar-de-dar bagman—in silk— And 'e's going to do me a fair knock-out as sure as a whale ain't a whilk.

I larf, I do, CHARLIE, tremenjus! Wot's needled my nabs, it appears. Is 'is being mist'oken for Me!!! Well, 'e needn't 'ave no blooming fears! The public ain't all of 'em mugginses, some of 'em can twig a joke. Confound 'im with me? Yus, they will—when they can't tell *Bend Or* from a moke.

'E calls me,—yus, me—"the cad-ockney well known to the 'Eath and the 'Arp." Well, that's a fair challenge, old man, and I mean being on to 'im—sharp! I'll take 'im—with 'is aitches chucked in—with one 'and whensomever 'e likes; And "Cads" do the road in smart dog-carts as well as afoot or on bikes.

"'ARRY the Cad!" Great Jemimer! Jest fancy our HARRY's disgust At the thought of their knocking 'is aitch out! 'E's fair on the bile and the bust. Way oh, HARRY! Do keep yer 'air on, old pal, if you've got any thatch,— For it's wonderful 'ow these swell HARRIES go in for the shiny pink patch!

* See "Harry on 'Arry," p. 81.

It's their brines working through—or their bumpiousness. I've got no hend of a crop, As looks, when I've 'ad a close clip, like a fuzz-bush a sprouting up top; But lor! these 'ere munchy-mouthed mashers—with aitches—as gives theirselves hairs, Carn't grow any, not arter thirty, the bladder-o'-lardy-dar scares!

'Owsomever, that ain't to the pint, CHARLIE. Wot is a Gent? That's the nip! Well, it's partly a matter of "snap"—like, and partly a matter of "snip." If I've got the grit and the gumption, and know 'ow to tog like a toff, I've got the true gent in my nyture, and them as ain't got it—they're hoff!

But "aitches" won't do it, my pippin! Yer grammar may be quite O K, All yer parts o' speech proper as pie, and yer spellin' fust chop in its way, But if you can't rattle and patter, and 'old up your end like a man, All yer mincey-wince mealy-mouthed hasp-rates is nothink but slop and cold-scran.

You may garsp out yer aitches in spassums, until you 'ave got a sore throat, And it won't give you "clarss" arf as much as cool cheek and the out o' your coat. Wot the mivvies call hinsolent *hotoor*, wot cocktails dub cocksure conceit, With snideness and "suitings" to match,—that, dear boy, is wot makes the *eleet*.

There, HARRY, you've got it in once! And, now, dear boy, 'ow about you? Well, I guess, as the Yankees observe, you 'ave bit hoff a chunk you can't chew.

Bit vulgar? Well, never mind that, mate, for, spite of *your* finnickle fuss, It's jest wot you guffins calls "vulgar" as swells love to borry from *hus*.

There's *chick* in it, HARRY, and that's wot you chalk-witted chowders ain't got. Not one snappy snide phrase in your sermon, except that old gag "tommy rot," Which you didn't invent, nor your sort; it's *hus* aitchless ones start all the fun, And our yesterday's wheeze you freeze on to to-morrer, as sure as a gun.

And the same with your sentiments, HARRY. Your loud "Rule, Britannyer" 's all right; But *we* gave you the patriot tip, years ago, in "*We don't want to fight*," You water it down, and then wave it as if 'twos your own privit flag, And then, arter nicking our principerles, slang us—and with our own gag!

I'm one with you as to the furriner, leastways *you* seem one with *me*, And when you rile up at the rot about "'ARRIES Abroad," I agree. I shan't discumfuddle myself if they *don't* like my tysates or my togs. Let the Germans go 'ome and eat coke, Frenchies stick to their snyles and stewed frogs.

But when you suggest as the "aitch" makes a 'a'porth o' difference—Bosh! You call me a "aitch-droppin' howler," whilst you are "a gent"! It won't wash. *Me* a Rad,—arter all I 'ave written? 'Taint much on it *you* can 'ave seen. And to ask *Punch* to give me the chuck! —yah! it's mean, Mister HARRY, it's mean!



“CALM AND PEACE.”

LORD S-L-SB-RY (*Skipper*). “WELL, ARTHUR, WE’VE WON OUR RACES—AND NOW WE CAN TAKE IT EASY!”

[“I hope we shall have a period of calm and peace.”—*Mr. Balfour’s Speech, August 12.*]

"A Battersea bounder," too! Rats!!! Do you think I'm a pal o' JACK BURNS? Mix me with "the masses"? Great Scott! It's a thought as the soul o' me spurns. You jumped-up, cheap, Coventry bagman, silk-sampling, no doubt, is your biz, But sampling "the classes and masses" is *not*, blow me tight if it is!

Yah! Pack up your ribbings, and aitches, and don't aggranoy me no more, But jest mind your own interference! A bounder you are—and a bore. You've borrowed my patriot sperrit, you've borrowed a slang phrase or so, But there's one thing, my boy, you *can't* borrow, and that is my rattle and go!

There, CHARLIE, I've given 'im beans, this 'ere HARRY, as can't abear Cads, And wants to put up a aitch-fence like to keep out us row-de-dow lads. Let 'im call 'isself 'ENERGY at once, *that's* the badge for sech bounders to carry, And then 'e may bet 'is larst bob as 'e won't be confounded with 'ARRY.

THE SONG OF THE SHRIMPER.

[A correspondent, writing (to the *Daily Chronicle*) from Harwich, describes the deplorable condition of work prevailing among the shrimp catchers. "These poor fellows," he says, "are at sea twelve hours a day catching, and have to devote four hours more to boiling and packing for London. And yet all the middlemen send them down is from fourpence to fivepence a gallon."]

TOILING sixteen hours a day, and for precious little pay,

Seems a blend of prison labour and starvation,
Yet I do hear some suggestion that the "burning Labour Question"
Is the one that mainly agitates the nation! [not rightly see



No Trades Unions have we, and I do
How "Co-operative Wholesales"
help our like,

Who must slave in sun or shine,
cramped and chilled in the salt
brine, [if we "strike,"

With the choice of sheer starvation
Labour Questions? Well, here's one.
When the I. L. P.'s have done

A-wrangling and a-jangling o' th'
Election;

When Mister CHAMBERLAIN has done
counting o' the slain,
And KEIR HARDIE a-explaining his
rejection;

When TILLET and JOHN BURNS have
both taken of their turns

At wildly lamming into one another, [Harwich,
It might help to "cool their parritch" if they cast a glance at
And the state o' their poor shrimping "man and brother."

Ah! above our nets to stoop, and to scrape, and scratch, and scoop,
In loneliness laborious and risky,

Is not a task, in truth, to encourage sturdy youth,
Or make work-worn old age alert and frisky,
Then with sore and aching back we have got to boil and pack;

And then the hungry middleman's remittance,
When it comes, is precious small, what a docker-lad would call
A paltry and a belly-pinching pittance.

Yet the Fish-Rings, they do say, are quite prosperous and gay,
And Billingsgate is wealthy; and the skimpers
Who so cut our profits down, live like fighting-cocks in town,

On the ill-paid toil of fishermen and shrimpers!
Ah! That "Harvest of the Sea" is a sounding phrase, but we
Find such "poetry" for us has little meaning.

The "Fish-Farmers" may do well, as their profits plump and swell,
But, alas! for those who have to do the cleaning!

A TRIP "PER SEA."

Projected Re-visitation—Ilfracombe—Torrs Walks—En route—Start—In Dock—Out—Tender Thoughts—On Board—Reception—Greetings—Exciting Search—Parting—Off!

Happy Thought.—Revisit Ilfracombe. Hire highest possible house at the lowest possible price close to celebrated "Torrs Walks." Why called "Torrs Walks"? Probably original TORRS who discovered Ilfracombe used to walk here; one stormy night TORRS lost his head and legs; then fell from sheer height of several hundred feet into boiling sea; boiling sea made it hot for the unhappy TORRS; TORRS only walking, not swimming. Therefore end of TORRS. Family name perpetuated in Walks. Years ago, price to ascend Torrs was one penny per head, body included. Tariff gone up since then. To Torrs Torrs-tuons Turnings admission twopence. Extra penny might have improved paths. Here there is as much "winding up" as in bankruptcy. "*Excelsior*" is motto of visitor; likewise of proprietor who put on the extra penny. No matter; not another spot in England where pedestrian can get better air, better exercise, and finer views, all for twopence!

Friendly Advice—gratis.—Always carry waterproof. If practicable get someone to carry it for you. Never know when you may want it, or when you mayn't. Stop for five o'clock tea on Torrs top. Whistle merrily "*Torrs-eador contento*" as you descend, and you will be giving one of the best airs in *Carmen* in return for about the finest air in Devonshire.

How to get to Ilfracombe.—Per rail, London and South-Western. Picturesque line of country. Another, and a longer route, per mare

et terram, and therefore more varied and health-refreshing, which are important points to score if your holiday be circumscribed, is to take passage on board steamer, Pacific Orient Line for choice, which stops at Plymouth *en route* to give a last glance at Old England before proceeding across the Bay of Biscay to Naples, and, ultimately, Australia. Only drawback to this is the start from Fenchurch Street. Fenchurch Street Station enough to make anyone start. Wanted here a spacious, light and airy place where passengers carrying "hand properties" can move about rapidly without loss of that equanimity of temper which every traveller should cultivate under circumstances that would try even the joviality of that utterly impossible creation *Mark Tapley*. Still *Mark Tapley* is an ideal to be lived up to as near as may be; and the passenger who, with bag in hand, while struggling with mixed crowd in Fenchurch Street Station on the departure of any important Tilbury Dock train, can be jovial or even ordinarily polite, is already in a fair way towards earning the Ideal Tapley Medal.

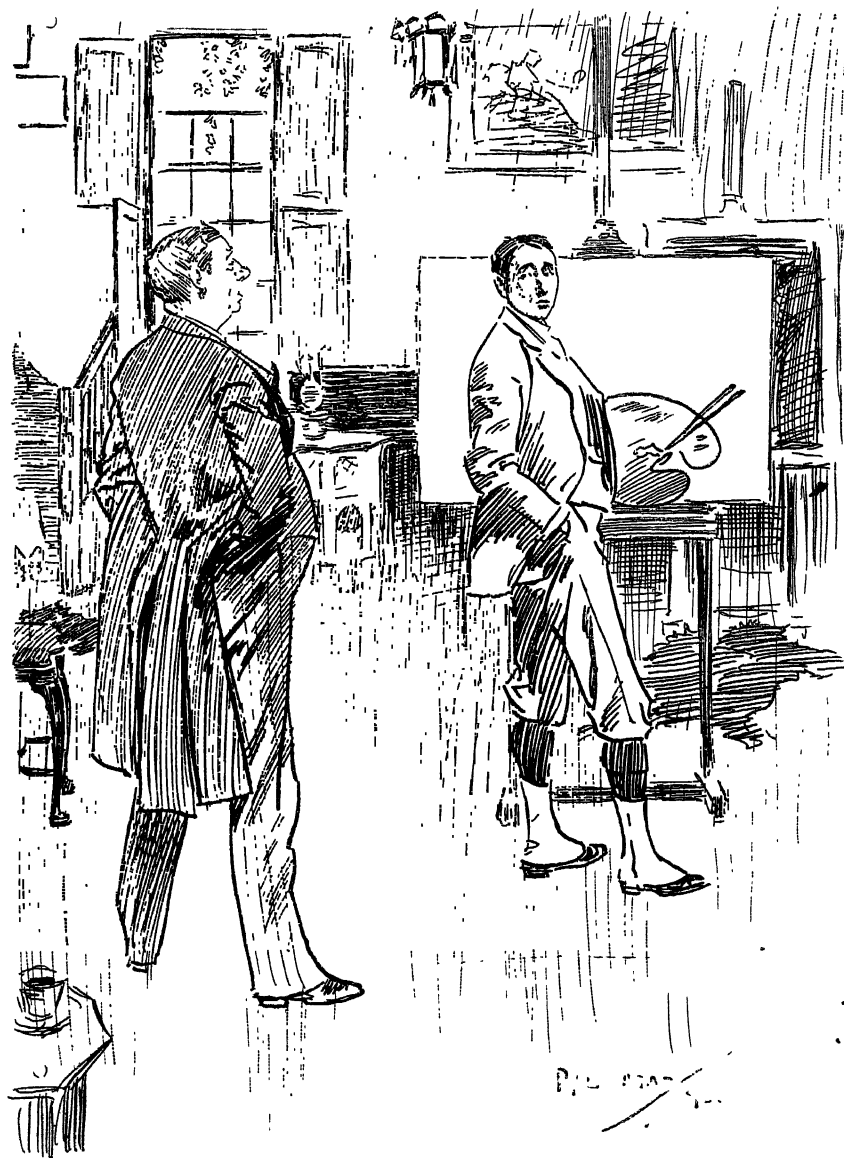
Tilbury Wharf. "And at this wharf of Tilbury" why not more porters? Why not a covering to the landing-stage, where at present, the traveller, like the sky parlour in ancient song, "exposed to the wind and the rain," will be thoroughly drenched while awaiting the advent of the tender. *Happy Thought.*—To-day, fortunately, fine.

These queries occur to me as I stand on this floating quay, and witness in the distance the "tender parting." There will be many "a tender parting" beside this one to be seen when the *Orotava* gets her steam up, and quits Tilbury for Melbourne.

We board the *Orotava*, which is to board and lodge so many of them (with another contingent going overland, and joining the ship later on) for the next month or so.

I am personally introduced to the captain by some kindly friends who come to see me off, and whom, as I lose sight of them in the crowd, it is soon my turn to "see off"; as subsequently I can only catch a glimpse of them in the crowd, on the tender, as they depart for shore, when we wave hands to one another implying thereby all sorts of good wishes. After making the captain's acquaintance, I am introduced by some light-hearted companion—everyone on board is either boisterously gay or in the deepest grief—to a good-humoured-looking portly gentleman, whom, there being nothing whatever nautical in his appearance, I should have taken for a landed proprietor, "one of the olden time," had I not very soon discovered him to be something uncommonly superior in the Nautical Pacific Service, and the friend in need, without whom no passenger's happiness is complete, that is, speaking from practical experience, if the destination of that passenger is only Plymouth, as was mine.

Farewell! The tender is about to depart. It seems to me to be as full as when it arrived. "Cheers, tears and laughter:" only the laughter is a bit forced, while the tears are natural, and the cheers most hearty. The tender hesitates. Tug evidently tender-hearted; can't bear to part with the good ship *Orotava*. No; this is not the cause of the delay. Some one is waited for. Tender crew impatient. Where is he? Who is he? Find him. Some one, in ordinary frock coat and top hat but clearly an official on board tender, puts both hands to his mouth and shouts out what sounds to me like "Wait for Mister TUBBS!" Evidently tender cannot go ashore without TUBBS; equally evident that TUBBS is not to sail with the *Orotava*. Puzzle, to find TUBBS. Stewards, chief officers, mates, men rush in all directions to rout out TUBBS. Look-out man aloft in sort of suspended clothes basket cannot get a sight of TUBBS either in the offing or out of it. Nothing like TUBBS to be seen anywhere. Somebody reports at top of voice "He's with the captain." Captain up above somewhere, invisible, denies soft impeachment as to being cognisant of the whereabouts of TUBBS. What is TUBBS doing? Playing hide and seek? Search light turned on into darkest and deepest depths of *Orotava*. No TUBBS. Suddenly first gangway withdrawn, and grasp of tender partially relaxed. Exciting moment. Crew of tender rattle second gangway threateningly: their patience is almost exhausted. The cry goes up once more for TUBBS ahoy! Even the weeping wives and sorrowing friends, lovers and children forget their dear ones for a moment and strain their eyes in every direction, gasping for a glimpse of invisible TUBBS. At last a small, stoutish figure appears on the gangway. Is he hatless? breathless? Not a bit of it. He walks the gangway as if he yet had hours of leisure before him, and was quite unconscious of having kept anyone waiting. It is TUBBS himself. The self-possession of TUBBS is remarkable, nay admirable. He notices nobody. Speaks to nobody. Suddenly he disappears; the gangway is withdrawn; more cheers, more waving of pocket-handkerchiefs, and the tender, with the impassive TUBBS to boot, drifts out of sight, and the *Orotava* is fairly under weigh.



WITHOUT PREJUDICE.

Ugly Man (who thinks he's a privileged wag, to Artist). "Now, MR. DAUBIGNY, DRAW ME."
Artist (who doesn't like being called Daubigny, and whose real name is Smith). "CERTAINLY. BUT YOU WON'T BE OFFENDED IF IT'S LIKE YOU. EH?"

THAT POOR IRISH HARP!

MOORE hymned the "Irish Melodies,"
 And as he harped all heeded his chords.
 But heaven help the bard who tries
 To harmonise the "Irish Discords"
 The Paddies quarrel, gird, and carp,
 Blend petty squeak with mad mock-thunder.
 No Minstrel Boy may tune that Harp
 Since faction "tore its chords asunder."

A WEDDING of great interest to Welsh society, which took place lately in the Rhondda Valley, was that between Mr. SMITH and Miss MARGARET ABRAHAM, daughter of "Mabon," M.P. Of course "Ma bon-nie bride." The presents, though numerous and handsome enough, did not somehow include one that, having in view the nationality of the interesting pair, would have been singularly appropriate. There was no gift of Taff-eta.

THE LATEST DANGER.

(A Caution to those who are Interviewed.)

THE celebrity awaited his interviewer with some impatience. He had arranged his story with considerable care. He was prepared to show that he was the best of boys at school, the most studious of students at the university, the worthiest of men at all times. He felt sure that when the record of his life was published, preparations would be made to erect a statue and a glass window in his honour. And so he was satisfied.

In due course the interviewer appeared. The man was bland and persuasive. He requested the celebrity to take a chair, and then placed his hand upon his brow. The celebrity gazed into the eyes of his visitor with a lack lustre stare, and then seemingly sank into a heavy sleep.

"And now I am prepared to begin," murmured the interviewer, taking out his note-

book. "My worthy Sir, I command you to tell me all. Mark you well—all."

And then the celebrity, in a monotonous tone, revealed the secrets of the past.

The celebrity was furious. The interview had appeared, and was far too true in the story of its subject's life to be pleasant. There was no assertion that the celebrity had been the best of boys at school, the most studious of students at the university, the worthiest of men at all times. On the contrary, the celebrity had "come out" in rather unflattering colours. So that eminent man was simply furious. He had sent for his interviewer, and awaited once more his arrival with impatience. In due course his biographer turned up.

"And now, Sir," said the celebrity, in tones trembling with anger, "what do you mean by suggesting that I tried as a child to slaughter my maiden aunt?"

"Did you?" was the calm rejoinder.

"That is beside the question. And why did you assert that I had told you that I never did a day's work at the university?"

"But you did say so—didn't you?"

"Again beside the question. And what did you mean by stating that I had deserted my wife, and turned my children out-of-doors at a moment's notice?"

"But were those statements true or untrue?"

"That you have not received a writ for libel is my answer. But how came you to know these unpleasant details—who told you?"

"You did."

"I did! When, where and how?"

"When I saw you here, and at my request."

"I do not understand you," murmured the puzzled celebrity. "Why should I tell you all this?"

Then came the explanation.

"You told me all I wanted," replied the interviewer, "because I am a hypnotist?"

"Indeed!" returned the celebrity when he had recovered from his astonishment; and then, after a moment of deep consideration, he gave his visitor the names and addresses of the more hated of his rivals.

THE NEW BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

SOME advance on Peace's journey
 We may reckon. War's disasters
 Won't attend this great Chess Tourney.

And the Meeting of the Masters.

STEINITZ, LASKER, TSCHEGORIN,

BLACKBURNE, BIRD, or any other,

Whichever champion win,

Will be hailed as friend and brother.

Senlac saw another sight

When the Norman whipped the Saxon.

This serene and bloodless fight

Skill and patience lay sole tax on.

Here no arrow ends the fray,

(Though a narrow victory may do.)

Whereat *Punch* must shout hooray!

Play on, great Chess Masters, pray do!

May the best man meet success!

(Big guns have had pretty bastings!)

And no Battles, save at Chess,

Ever stain our English Hastings!

A Voice from the Table.

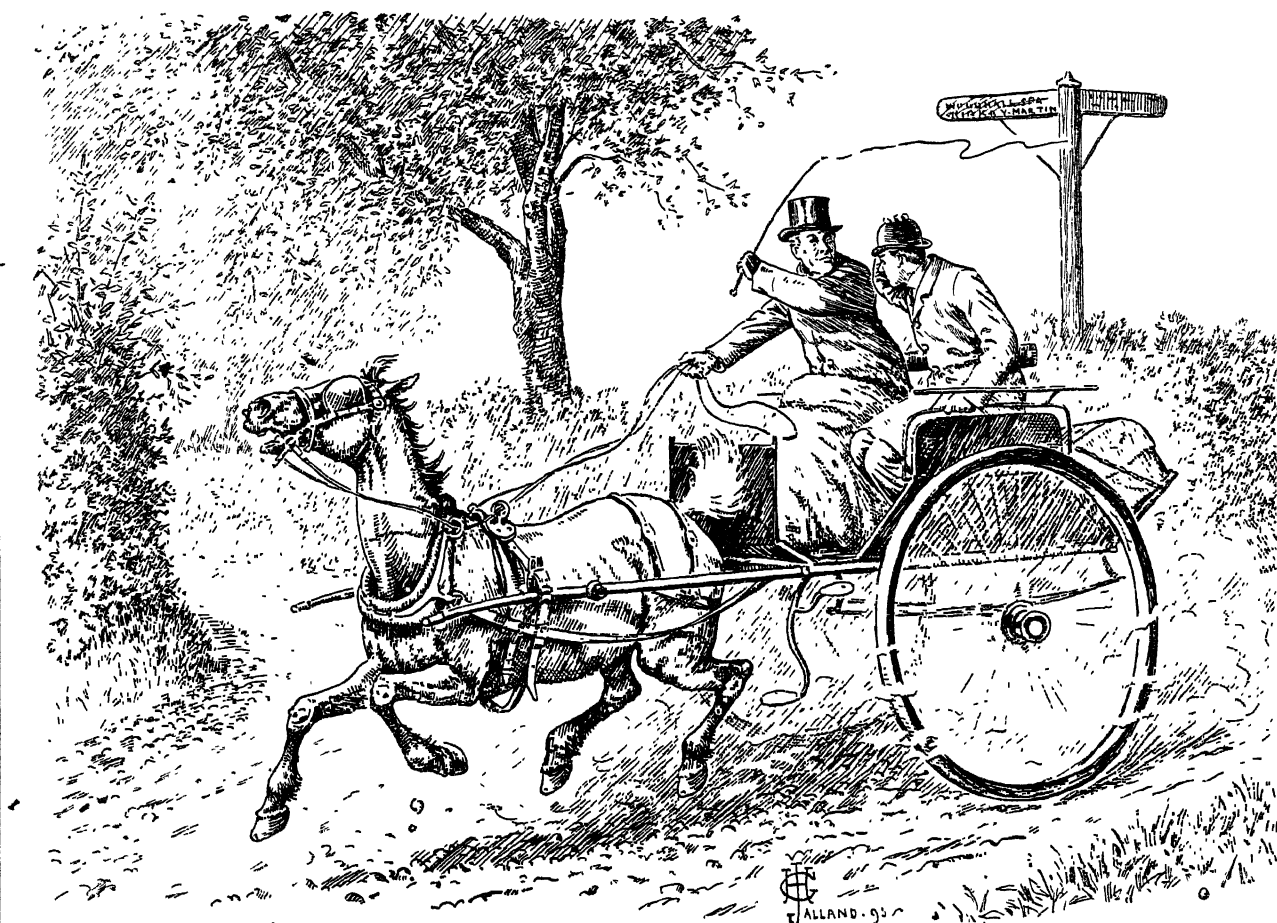
(At Swearing-in Time for the new M.P.'s.)

THE cry is still they come—the new M.P.'s!

The difference 'twixt them and us, no doubt,

Seems but one letter, but how vast it is!—

They are "sworn in," but we are just worn out!



SATISFACTORY!

Nervous Traveller. "HI, MAN, STEADY! DON'T DRIVE SO FAST!"

Hibernian Driver. "SURE, YER HONNER, AN' I'M ONLY THEBYN' TO MAKE THE OULD MARE FORGET HOW OFTEN SHE HAS BEEN ON HER NOSE AT THIS BLISSED HILL!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, August 12.—"Are you ready? Go!" No mistaking the voice. It was the clear, sharp notes of HEMPREY JOE, ringing from behind SPEAKER'S Chair, high above buzz of talk and bustle of movement in crowded House. Wondering what it might portend, when discovered PRINCE ARTHUR and SQUIRE OF MALWOOD entering simultaneously, after the fashion of the Bounding Brothers from the Breathless Baltic. Only, if you remember, those eminent *artistes* appeared in ring from directly opposite approaches, advancing towards each other with startling, though graceful evolutions. PRINCE and SQUIRE, on contrary, started from door at back of SPEAKER'S Chair, advanced fair toe and heel to table; walked step by step together along either front bench, till each reached the seat kept vacant for him.

House so surprised at this performance it almost forgot to shout. What usually happens on like occasions is for one Leader of Party to take his seat amid loud cheers from his friends, taken up with strident voice from other side when their man comes in. Now cheers, if indulged in, would mingle, and might be misunderstood. A welcome meant for PRINCE ARTHUR might seem to be bestowed upon SQUIRE, and *vice versa*, as Mr. ANSTREY once said. Whilst perturbed House looked on, HEMPREY JOE, having watched his men, fairly started, reach their goal, followed with swinging step and the inevitable orchid.

To see him seat himself on Treasury Bench, the right-hand man of a Tory Government, too much for the feelings of TIM HEALY, usually held in stern reserve. During interval of General Election TIM been holding sweet converse with his colleagues in general, BLAKE and TAY PAY in particular. By odd chance he, taking his place in new Parliament to-day, found himself seated between his two friends, to whom presently entered the "dear JUSTIN" of a voluminous missive. Soothed by such companionship TIM in melting mood. But sight of HEMPREY JOE finally crossing the gangway,

formally completing marvellous journey from Birmingham to Hatfield, too much for trained equanimity. TIM groaned aloud. SWIFT MACNEILL roared as if in anguish. Dr. TANNER (figuratively of course) cut himself with knives, emitting sounds that nearly frightened to death two new members seated on either side of him. HEMPREY smiled benignly. Clerk at Table, dexterously interposing, pointed spectral forefinger at JOHN MOWBRAY, who rose to "move that the Right Hon. WILLIAM COURT GULLY do take the Chair as Speaker."

A delicate task, seeing that a few short months back he had run WHITE RIDLEY for the Chair against the man whose price to-day he fixed far above rubies. Admirably performed; made easier by fact that meanwhile GULLY had filled the Chair, acquitting himself in manner that justified choice of friends and extorted admiration on other side.

"All very well," says SARK, "to talk about preserving cherished traditions and best precedents of House. But suppose GULLY had been—I won't say a failure, but—anything short of perfect manner in the Chair, where would he have been to-day?"

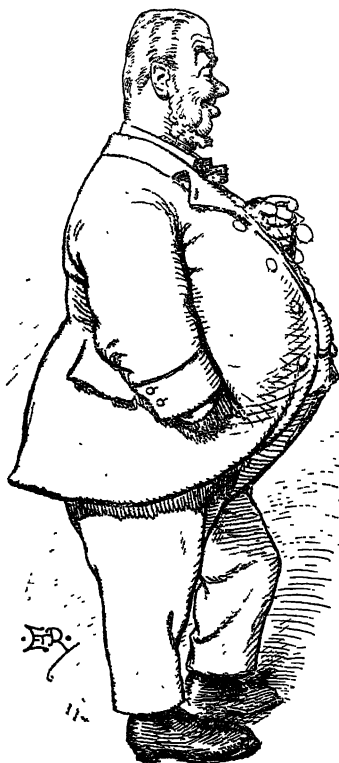
Certainly not in the Chair, whither MOWBRAY led him, escorted by JOHN ELLIS, and where PRINCE ARTHUR welcomed him in terms which indicated that now was the dearest desire of his heart fulfilled. As for SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, he was so affected that he fell into his most funereal manner.

"One would think," said CHAPLIN, himself in the highest spirits, "that he had come to bury GULLY, not to praise him."

Business done.—SPEAKER re-elected.

Tuesday.—"Our army may have sworn terribly in Flanders," said Mr. MILMAN, tossing back the wig from his throbbing brow and rearranging his crumpled gown; "it was nothing to what the House of Commons can do when called upon."

Four o'clock now. House met at noon, and ever since they've been swearing away. PRINCE ARTHUR and SQUIRE OF MALWOOD led off, in company with HICKS-BEACH, GOSCHEN and HENRY FOWLER. He no longer the Great Mogul. Has folded up his turban, put away



The Elect of Whitehaven!

A-g-st-s H-ld-r, Esq., M.P. "Well really, now they come to mention it, the likeness between myself and Sir William Harcourt is very remarkable indeed!"

time of it for an hour. Thereafter down, and just now flickered out.

Business done.—Swearing in Members.

Thursday.—"Accidental relations in directorial capacity with a great railway corporation have," said DAVID PLUNKET, "brought to my knowledge the fact that when signals on the line show a green light, caution is necessary. This afternoon, when I observed TANNER come in with flaming green necktie I feared the worst."

The worst didn't befall till midnight approached. But things in immediate neighbourhood of TANNER been seething for some time. His topographical position a little trying. Faced by triumphant majority of anti-Home-Rulers, distinctly seeing on Treasury Bench two BALFOURS where formerly only one had sat, he was irritated by having on his flank the REDMOND frères, HARRINGTON, CLANCY and other compatriots almost worse than Saxons, not to mention the pain to a man of peace of consciousness that between his friends and colleagues TIM HEALY and JOHN DILLON there was something lacking in the way of perfect loving-kindness. Then there was BOANERGES RUSSELL on the Treasury Bench. Bad enough to have had him sitting on corner of top bench immediately opposite. To see him curling up his legs on Treasury Bench, one of Her Majesty's Ministers, drawing a salary quar-

terly with regulation and despatch, his kaftan, hung up his yataghan, and once more resumed the dress of commonplace Englishman. House loses something of its picturesqueness. But, FOWLER says, change of estate has some compensations. At least now he has not to receive the SHAHZADA in his family circle, handing him round tea and cakes, and attempting to converse with him in the Afghan tongue, imperfectly acquired by study of OLLENDORF. Sense of renewed freedom made Ex-Secretary for India throw added fervour into his bout of swearing.

A little excitement at first in crowded House. No reason why Members should insist on being sworn-in right away. Might look in later in afternoon, when pressure was over; or call to-morrow; or stroll in all by themselves on Thursday or Friday. Human instinct irrepressible even in Members of Parliament. Must be in the first flight, whatever is going on. So swarmed round table, made dashes for stray copies of the New Testament, snatched at slices of cardboard containing form of oath, as the anonymous drowning man clutched at the fortuitous straw. MIRMAN, standing at table, administering oath, had a hot excitement began to tone

was more than a humble but patriotic medical practitioner could stand. "T. W. RUSSELL!" cried TANNER, with fine irony, and bold disregard of Parliamentary usage, which forbids mention of Members by name. The observation was by way of postscript to inquiry as to whether the Government really intend to try and prevent the murder of any more missionaries in China, and bring in an Irish Land Bill?

No satisfaction forthcoming on these points. TANNER sat and brooded by the hour over fresh wrongs of Ireland, complicated by these proceedings in China. It was HARRINGTON who accidentally and unintentionally dropped the spark which, as a Member once observed, let slip the dogs of war. "That's a lie!" remarked TANNER, by way of criticising one of HARRINGTON's statements. Remark made in quite ordinary way; just as if he had been moved to say "How d' you do?" or, "It's a fine day." Friends and countrymen sitting near not in the slightest degree disturbed. Only TANNER's way. HARRINGTON, in fact, had commenced next sentence, when voice of long-suffering SPEAKER heard, inquiring whether he had heard aright, one Member accusing another of being a liar?

TANNER a little flustered at this extraordinary and unexpected puntillio. If objection taken had not been so sudden, the Doctor, most amiable and good-natured of men, who wouldn't hurt a fly much less flout a SPEAKER, would have apologised. But House angrily roared; SPEAKER remained standing; HEMPREY JOE, leading House in temporary absence of PRINCE ARTHUR, appeared on scene with bit of paper he had in his pocket, containing, by rare chance,

A Piece of Crown-Derby Ware! Design for Bemrose-and-Drage Ornament for the Chimney-piece. No publican's parlour should be without this charming memento of a great victory.

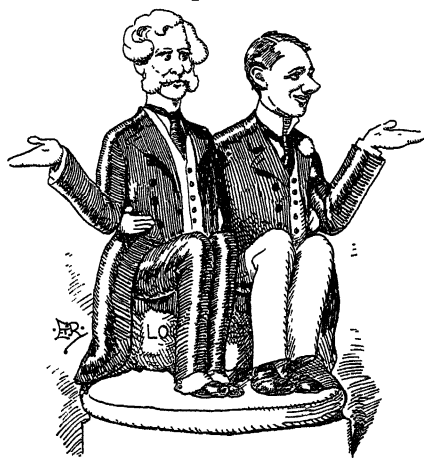
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Business done.—Address moved. So was TANNER—out of House. ROBERTSON, M.P. for South Hackney, delightful in seconding Address. Confided to House that he was first genuine East-End-er ever placed in such position.

Friday.—Unprecedented scene to-night. ATTORNEY-GENERAL FOR IRELAND, rising from Treasury Bench, opposed JOHN DILLON's amendment to Address; SOLICITOR-GENERAL FOR IRELAND, springing up from Front Opposition Bench, warmly supported it. Both maiden speeches; manner distinctly different. ATKINSON prim, severe, official; HEMPHILL friendly, genial, richly eloquent.

"I fancy," said PRINCE ARTHUR, with one of his sweet smiles, "our SOLICITOR-GENERAL has studied his Parliamentary manner by observing the graces of a popular conductor on taking his seat in the orchestra." *Business done.*—Still debating Address.



A Piece of Crown-Derby Ware!



As he was.

The Seconder of the Address.

As he ought to have been.

"Hon. Members would probably be interested in seeing what a dweller in the East End was really like, especially when he was to be in some costume suitable to the occasion."

SCRAPS FROM CHAPS.

TAKING THE WATERS.—Are the Falls of Foyers worth preserving? That depends on another question—What are the Falls of Foyers? They are the finest cascade in Bonny Scotland, and the B. A. C., or British Aluminium Company, intends to take all the water out of them to turn its machinery with. Not, mind you, a mere inappreciable rill, but the whole river! "Ma Foi-ers!" exclaimed Mr. *Punch* in his best French, when he read the correspondence on this subject in the *North British Daily Mail*, the *Glasgow Herald*, and other northern papers; "shall this vandalism be allowed? No! Foyers must be preserved for years to come!" It seems that a Dr. COMMON, a director of the B. A. C., has been explaining to the Inverness Field Club that the Falls won't actually be destroyed—only there will be no water in them! Yet, by his name, this director should defend all common rights. We hope he is rare. The B. A. C. (or Brazen Assurance Company) must learn the A B C of respect for natural beauty, or Mr. BRYCE will have to introduce an "Access to Waterfalls Bill." There is yet time to save the chief Wonder of Loch Ness; and a year hence let us trust that the following Wordsworthian stanza will apply:—

Full many a glorious scene has *Punch*
 Saved by his winsome page;
 And from the B. A. C. this Fall,
 A lovely, powerless, hopeless, thrall,
 Was rescued by the Sage.
 So let it foam! And time will come
 When every tourist raider
 At this Cascade will give three cheers
 For every good Casc-aider!

AN OLD CRUSTED PORT.—The "Battle of the Mails" is again raging in Ireland. Queenstown



LOCAL COLOUR.

PLACE—South Parade, Cheapenham-on-Sea.

Edith. "MABEL DEAR, WOULD YOU GET ME BAEDER'S SWITZERLAND AND THE LAST NUMBER OF THE WORLD."

Mabel. "WHAT DO YOU WANT THEM FOR?"

Edith. "OH, I'M WRITING LETTERS, AND WE'RE IN THE ENGADINE, YOU KNOW, AND I JUST WANT TO DESCRIBE SOME OF OUR FAVOURITE HAUNTS, AND MENTION A FEW OF THE PEOPLE WHO ARE STAYING THERE—HERE, I MEAN."

seemed to have conquered, but, according to the *Cork Daily Herald*, the partisans of Southampton are insidiously working in favour of that port, because it is believed that "a Unionist Government with a powerful majority will be less amenable to Irish pressure than the late Home-Rule Government was." And the very idea of the Post Office breaking through the contract with the Cunard Line, the Dublin Steam Packet Company, and the London and North-Western Railway is denounced as a monstrous offence. That is all right, and it is refreshing to find so much respect for contracts still surviving. In postal and steamer matters Ireland is Conservative to the backbone. She won't doff her "coat of mail" in a hurry. Home-Rulers and Unionists are united on this point: "one touch at Queenstown makes all Erin glad."

THE *South Wales Daily News* tells us that "policemen on bicycles are a very common thing in Cardiganshire."

THE VERNACULAR EVOLUTION OF THE "FORCE."

When great Sir ROBERT first enroll'd the band,
 As "Peelers" they were known throughout the land:
 Then fickle fancy, changing e'er her hobby,
 Metamorphosed the nickname into "Bobby."
 As years went on—'tis known to be no "whopper"—
 Alluded to was Bobby as a "Copper."
 And, nowadays, the people call him "Slop":
 Nor is the matter likely here to stop.
 For now we learn, that our once simple "Peeler"
 Is up-to-date and has become a "Wheeler"!

THE OLLENDORF GUIDE TO KNOWLEDGE.

THE PERSISTENT HAIRDRESSER.

THE middle-aged neighbour is going to the fine shop of the persistent hairdresser. Why is the middle-aged neighbour going to the fine shop of the persistent hairdresser? Because the middle-aged



neighbour's wife (i.e. the wife of the middle-aged neighbour) has ordered him to have his hair cut. What will the persistent hairdresser tell the middle-aged neighbour while he is having his hair cut? That the hair of the middle-aged neighbour (i.e. the middle-aged neighbour's hair) is all coming off. What will the middle-aged neighbour say? The middle-aged neighbour will say nothing, but he will attempt to read the gigantic journal of the prosperous newspaper proprietor. Will the persistent hairdresser make any further remark? Yes, the persistent hairdresser will inform the middle-aged neighbour that his hair is thin on the top of his head, that the remaining hair is very dry, that it would be well if the middle-aged neighbour would give immediate attention to the subject (i.e. the subject attention give immediate). What will the middle-aged neighbour say? The middle-aged neighbour will say nothing, but will continue the attempted reading of the gigantic journal of the prosperous newspaper proprietor. Will the persistent hairdresser persevere in his exertions to attract the attention of the middle-aged neighbour? He will persevere by brushing the hair of the middle-aged neighbour by machinery.

Will the brushing of the hair of the middle-aged neighbour by machinery prevent the further reading of the gigantic journal of the prosperous newspaper proprietor? It will have that effect, and the middle-aged neighbour will remonstrate. Will the persistent hairdresser repeat his observations about the thinness of the hair on the top of the head of the middle-aged neighbour? He will, and the observations will be received in silence. Will the persistent hairdresser then recommend "the Blisterscalpholine" as a remedy? The persistent hairdresser will recommend "the Blisterscalpholine" as a remedy, saying that it may be obtained in bottles at half-a-crown and four-and-six. Will he urge the purchase of "the Blisterscalpholine" in bottles at four-and-six, in preference to bottles at half-a-crown? He will, saying that the former contain four times as much "Blisterscalpholine" than the latter (i.e. four-and-six four times "Blisterscalpholine" half-a-crown bottles contain as much). Will the middle-aged neighbour say that he wishes to be bald? The middle-aged neighbour will say so with superfluous emphasis (i.e., in phrases of superabundance). Will the persistent hairdresser declare that "the Blisterscalpholine" can be advantageously used as a hair-wash by those desirous of becoming bald? The persistent hairdresser will make this declaration. Why will the persistent hairdresser sound the praises of "the Blisterscalpholine" so loudly? Because the persistent hairdresser is the sole manufacturer of "the Blisterscalpholine." Will the middle-aged neighbour purchase a bottle of the persistent hairdresser? Yes; the middle-aged neighbour will purchase a bottle, if the middle-aged neighbour has an account with the persistent hairdresser, and he (i.e. the persistent hairdresser) will put it (i.e. the bottle of "Blisterscalpholine") in his (i.e. the middle-aged neighbour's) bill. If the middle-aged neighbour uses "the Blisterscalpholine," what will he do in six months? The middle-aged neighbour will purchase a wig.



EN ROUTE FOR THE HORSE GUARDS.

["In assisting to carry out the plans of War Office reform sketched by the Hartington Commission, Lord Worsley will have an unequalled opportunity of connecting his name with a monumental achievement, and, at the same time, of establishing upon a firmer foundation the efficiency and the welfare of the British Army, which, we are well assured, are the objects he has most sincerely at heart."—*Daily Paper*.]

ROBERT BURNS TO THE RESCUE.

[The Falls of Foyers, near Loch Ness, are menaced by the projected proceedings of an Aluminium Company.]

"Among the heathy hills and rugged woods
The roaring Fyers pours his mossy floods,
Till full he dashes on the rocky mounds,
Where, thro' a shapeless breach, his stream
resounds.
As high in air the bursting torrents flow,
As deep recoiling surges foam below,
Prone down the rock the whitening stream
descends,
And viewless Echo's ear, astonished, rends.
Dim-seen, thro' rising mists, and ceaseless
show'rs
The hoary cavern, wide-surrounding low'rs.
Still thro' the gap the struggling river toils,
And still, below, the horrid cauldron boils—"

The above never-finished fragment was written by BURNS, with a pencil, standing by the Fall of Fyers (now called Foyers), near Loch Ness.

Shade of ROBERT BURNS, loquitur:—

O "brither Scots," and is it thus,
For all your patriotic fuss
O'er names and sic-like trifles,
Ye can stand by whilst soulless Trade,
With greedy pick, and grubbing spade,
Old Scotia's charms so rifles?
How well the hour my heart recalls,
When, fired by all the Muses,
I strove to honour Foyers Falls!
But now my song refuses
Its singing, swift-springing,
At sight of Scotia's charms,
My song now is wrung now
With patriot alarms.

That I, "for poor auld Scotland's sake,
Some usefu' plan or beuk could make,
Or sing a sang at least,"
Was aye my wish. But, Scotland dear,
What is this shameful news I hear,
That racks your poet's breast?
That ruthless commerce, spreading wide,
Will stain the shores of Ness,
And turn those mossy floods aside
I sang—with some success?
That Beauty and Duty—
It sure *must* be a hum!—
A Scot still can blot still,
For—Aluminium!

I know my country's love of "brass."
'Tis loth to let a bawbee pass,
A saxpence bid go bang.
Yet "Caledonia stern and wild,"
Rather than see these Falls defiled,
Should bid gross gain go hang!
Fancy those "rocky mounds" replaced
By refuse-heaps—alack!—
And all the "heathy hills" defaced
By smoke and chimney-stack!
A tunnel?—Each runnel,
In river and cascade,
Seems shouting, and flouting
The claims of tasteless Trade.

And shall a private company
In interests of mere £ s. d.
Rob Ness of Beauty's dower?
Shall Scotland in new-born stupidity
Pander to sordid Trade's cupidity
To get cheap water-power?
Monopoly tap the torrent-stream,
And "viewless Echo's ear"
Be harried by the hideous scream
Of railway whistles near?
I'm fir'd, inspir'd!
The Muse, though mild and meek,
Now dashing, eye-flashing,
Assures me I *must* speak!
Scotland may list her BURNS's song
And stay, ere all too late, a wrong
To beauty and herself.



ACCOMMODATING.

Old Lady. "Now THEN, WHAT DO YOU WANT?"

Joe the Tramp. "I AIN'T PERTICKLER, LADY. WHAT 'AV' YER GOT?"

She's not so fast midst Mammon's thralls
As sacrifice her noblest Falls
To paltry greed of pelf.
If she'll not heed the patriot's cry,
She'll heed the poet's jingle.
The prospect fires the Ploughman's eye,
And makes his heart strings tingle.
Ye're no men, nor wo-men,
As Scots ye're false and fickle,
Should Trade thus degrade thus
The Falls to a poor trickle.

Where are ye, bardlings, full of fire,
Who tune to-day a Scottish lyre?
Where is your sounding line?
No stirring stanza can ye spare?
Faith, Sirs, this aluminium scare
Should waken all the Nine!
Ah! could I hand my lyre to LANG,
Loch Ness should echo loud
To such a strain as ne'er yet rang
In ears of Mammon's crowd.

Wake "WULLIE"! 'Twon't sully
Your fame, you grand old Scot!
For what land like Scotland
Should raise your ire red-hot?

IN France female enterprise knows no limit and no law. CELESTINE JOLIVET of Belleville—who has a jolly "vay" about her—discovered a son of Mars asleep. "Not hers to reason why, hers but his togs to try," so she promptly relieved the slumbering warrior of his uniform and transferred it to her own person, and—doubtless to "cover" the loan—left her own petticoats by the side of the sleeping soldier. Poor *Piou-piou* had a rude awakening, and was compelled to don the girl's garments, in which unwarlike garb he reached the barracks. CELESTINE was apprehended, and got fifteen days. OFFENBACH would have given her eighteen months.

GEORGIE'S AND JACKY'S HOLIDAYS.

(An Extract from the Note-book of Mr. Barlow the Younger.)

I AM quite sure that, had my revered grandsire survived—as a matter of fact, he passed away some time ago, leaving a valuable connection—he would have moved with the times. In his day he certainly did his best to amuse his pupils by telling them agreeable and instructive stories, but he did not actually join in their sports.



I, his descendant, pursue the even tenor of my way on a different tack. I have two lads staying with me during the vacation. Their parents are residing in the Indian portion of the British empire and the Australian colonies. They are bright, intelligent boys, full of high spirits, and yet gifted with an amount of common sense much in advance of their comparatively tender years. GEORGIE BARNWELL is generous to a fault. He will borrow sixpence of a friend to-day, and give half of it to a beggar to-morrow. His companion, JACKY RUSH, is more economical. He, too, will borrow sixpence to-day and supplement it, if possible, by a further loan on the morrow. Consequently JOHN is richer, as a rule, than GEORGE.

"See, Sir," said RUSH to me a morning or so since, "what I have got. Thanks to the kindness of some acquaintances with longer purses than my own, I have acquired a fishing-rod."

"Which I trust you will not allow him to use," put in BARNWELL, impulsively. "He is considerably my junior, and I fear that, were he to fish, he might be drawn by the strength of the current into the water, and possibly be drowned. Such a calamity would be a terrible thing to his parents. What would make such a blow the more acute would be the expense of the telegram conveying the lamentable news to India. On these grounds, revered Sir, I trust you will forbid him the use of the fishing-rod."

"I believe the apprehensions of my comrade are unnecessary," said sensible JACKY. "I feel convinced, however, that they spring from the best motives, as he refused to have anything to do with the purchase of the rod, on the score that he thought I would be tempted to use it. Now that I have bought it with my own money—"

"Your own money," observed GEORGE, with a smile.

"With money that has passed into my possession," amended the younger lad, "I shall be glad to sell the rod at a considerable discount if such a financial arrangement can be entertained by my well-intentioned companion."

"I am sincerely grieved," replied BARNWELL to this invitation, "to have to say 'No.' A rather extensive purchase of Japanese caramel cannon-balls has entirely exhausted my pecuniary resources. But I am willing to meet JACKY half way. As he has bought the fishing-rod, I shall be glad to hold it for him when we get to the landing-stage, where we propose commencing our search for the denizens of the vasty deep."

It will be noticed by the observant that up to this point the conversation had been conducted in well-chosen words. "Literary elegance in diction" is one of the many extras that appear in the bills delivered quarterly (and payable in advance) to the parents of my cherished charges. To my surprise and annoyance JACKY, instead of retorting with courtesy, merely placed his right hand level with his face, extended the fingers, and allowed the thumb to touch the nose.

"You will see, Sir," said GEORGE, much shocked at this vulgarity, "that my companion at times is lost to all sense of shame. If you are kind enough to turn aside for a moment, I shall be glad to accomplish a feat known amongst the prize fighters of the earlier part of the present century as punching some one's head."

I complied with my pupil's request, and for some little while there were sounds not entirely suggestive of lamentation. Sounds which seemed to cause no little amusement to an observant 'Arry.

Our walk to the place of fishery after this little incident was uneventful. When we reached the spot, a rough-looking mariner was in attendance with what subsequently appeared to be a bag of bait.

"Morning gents, all," said the sailor, respectfully; "I have got what you want. But be careful how you touch them, as they are nasty customers."

This warning was necessary, for GEORGE (who is of an inquiring character) had placed his hands amongst the worms with results. He uttered an exclamation of pain. "Ah, I thought so!" cried the mariner, looking at my charge's travel-stained palm; "you have been bitten by a blue doctor. Well, all you have to do is to climb up to the moat under that there castle and find some mote weed. Put the weed on the spot and the pain will go like magic."



"But its quite a mile up hill," observed the still depressed BARNWELL. "What shall I do while I am going? It hurts me fearfully."

"My dear GEORGE," said JACKY, who had now reassumed his customary demeanour, "pray be guided by the advice of this worthy and experienced person. I feel sure that what he recommends is salutary. And as to what you should do while mounting the undoubtedly lofty heights leading to the castle's moat, I would recommend a policy of cheerful submission. Bear it, my dear boy, with fortitude, and smile while you perform the heroic operation. During your absence, I myself will hold the fishing-rod. This concession should tend to assuage your anguish. And, in conclusion, let me hazard the hope that when you return from the moat with your hand convalescent, after an application of moat weed, you will find that I have had good sport. I trust to be in a position to present you with either a specimen of a salmon, a sole, a flying fish, or a titlbat—of course, any one or all of them for a suitable consideration."

GEORGE waited no longer, but hastened away after kicking in the direction of his cherished companion.

"It's a painful bite when you ain't accustomed to it," observed the mariner. "Not that I mind 'em. Look here, all them's bites and stings."

And the man stretched forth his hand, which was certainly covered with a variegated assortment of scars.

"What did that?" asked JACKY, with a stronger feeling of curiosity than an appreciation of grammar.

"That was done, Sir, by a spiteful cat," replied the mariner.

"It is a nasty worm is the spiteful cat. Cut them up into halves and they will bite you still. But there, the fish is awful fond of them! Why, these here blood-clotters are nothing to them, no more are these lug worms."

With this, the man threw down what appeared to be a small but, for its size, corpulent sea-serpent.

"It's no good," he exclaimed, scornfully. "The fish won't touch any of that lot after they've lost their shape. Look at that one, it's foolish to call it a worm now, ain't it? Now I will take this blue doctor and bait the line for you. See, I run the hook through the head to the hip. That will fetch a mullet. It leaves me half. But you must take a whole one for a codling."

By this time JACKY was standing on the brink of the stage, all impatient to cast his line into the water. The bait, encumbered by some nob of lead, fell with a jerk into the sea.

"You had better take a seat, young master," said the experienced mariner; "sometimes you get bites by the dozen, at others nothing comes near you for hours. It's all a toss up. And the fish, too, they are fanciful. Your dabs and your codlings are demons for rock worms. But the mullet and whiting want something a bit more tasty."

"If that is the case," said JACKY, who had been from time to time watching his bait, "do you not think you could find something more tempting than this attenuated worm, which, so far as I can judge, has already been diminished in the water of half its stature?"

"Well, yes, Sir; I could put on a spiteful cat. If a fish will touch anything, he will touch spiteful cat."

Then with admirable skill the mariner selected a bait, and in a twinkling had the hook refurnished.

"I shall be glad to be successful," said JACKY, "as I notice that my cherished companion, GEORGE, has obtained the healing weed, and is rapidly returning from the Castle's moat. He will be pleased to find that while he has been in pain I have been enjoying a delightful sport, with no little reward attached to it. If I were sufficiently fortunate to capture a salmon, no doubt I would find a ready market for it in London, and thus acquire a sum of money sufficient to meet all my present necessities, and even to pay back a portion of the sums that have, during a period extending over years, been so kindly advanced to me."

Unwilling to waste my time, and finding the occupation of watching JACKY's fruitless efforts to rob the mighty deep of its piscatorial inhabitants somewhat tedious, I had jotted down these few notes. It was at this moment that JACKY, who had been ineffectually attempting to charge his hook, suddenly gave me the bait to hold. I had thus at length an opportunity of making the close acquaintance of "spiteful cat." The immediate result of the introduction was the abrupt and painful termination of my literary labours.

"MINE AGAIN."—The *Liverpool Courier* tells a curious story of a female miner in "one of the chief Welsh gold mines." She is, we are informed, "a girl fair to look upon, a colonial, bright, commonsensible, wayward, musical, a linguist, altogether talented, and something of a new woman, yet not." She is linguist enough to attempt the Welsh language, perhaps that she may thereby mine the more." Admirable descriptive diction this! The lady gold-seeker must be not only a miner, but a Minerva, and if only she succeeds in discovering a few nuggets she will be able (as a wag might suggest) to purchase a *pallas* to live in.

GABBY; OR, REMINISCENCES OF THE RANK AND THE ROAD.

(By "Hansom Jack.")

No. I.—MY MATES AND MY FARES.

"*Me and my Fares!*" There's a takingish title for one o' them books as they call "Rummy-nicences!" Don't you imagine "Romance on the Rank" must mean dry-as-dust yarns about Strikes, Fares and Licences. "TREACLE," "LONG BENJY," and "PINEAPPLE BOB," "OLD CURLY," "THE COUNTRYMAN," "GINGER," and "CHICKING," Not naming myself, if it comes to good stories, could give SHERLOCK 'OLMES arf a length and a licking.



Rum names? Lor! that's no-think! You look down a list, in the *Sporting Snips* say, of the 'orses in running, And any cab-rank could knock 'oles in the lot, for sheer oddity, jumble-up, fancy and funning.

Many a nickname's a yarn in itself, or leastways suggests one to them in the know of it.

Cabby is like Sir GEORGE LEWIS; 'e knows London's seamiest side, though 'e mayn't make no show of it.

Take "COPDY COWSLIP," now! Meaningless muddle, that name, I've no doubt, to a fare trim and toffy.

But git old C. C. on the patter one mornin', say over a Billingsgate pheasant and coffee.

Twig 'is old countryfied dial a-wrinkle with sly, knowing wickedness! Lor! it's a beano!

And yet "COPDY"'s got such a chawbacon chuckle, 'e passes—with them as ain't fly—for a greeno.

What 'e don't know about cockney conniverings, and country colly-fogs, isn't worth knowing.

Why, 'e's been *everthink*, ploughboy and street-preacher, betting-man, jock, "all-a-blowing-a-growing."

Pedlar and poacher, 'orse-dealer, and 'earse-driver! Yes, and 'is name seems to tell the whole story

To us as 'ave 'eard it in "COWSLIP"'s soft snuffle, when over a toddy-tot, all in 'is glory.

What I say is this: If a Cabby can't see, and take stock of, the life of this wonderful City,

Perched 'igh on 'is box, with arf town for 'is fares, and 'is eye on the other arf, well, it's a pity.

I've drove BILLY SHIKSPUR's Seven Ages, I have, and a tidy lot more as the Swan never thought on;

For cabs wasn't up in the days of Queen BESS; though that *Jaques* as a Growler I think might 'ave caught on!

I've known his fair moral in stror bands and capes, 'stead o'cloak and trunk'ose. Ah! If WILLIAM 'ad driven

A 'ansom ten year—and I guess for the chance all them Venice canals and their boats 'e'd ha' given!

What plays 'e'd ha' found ready-made to 'is 'ands! Was it DIZZY as called us the London Gondolers?

Well, 'e knowed a thing or two, BENJAMIN did, 'bout Romance; a lot more than your stick-in-the-'olders.

Romance? I could reel you out yarns by the hour, as I've dropped on, or 'eard of from others, since cabbng;

But it's only when Bobby is fair on our track, or there's perks in the wind, as we're given to blabbing.

Trot 'em out in the Shelter sometimes to our pals; some on 'em, I tell you, are creepy and twittery,

Just the right stuff for them "'Aporths of All Sorts" the scrap-'unting parties as calls themselves littery.

Take railway-stations, theayters, and 'orsepitals, them three alone, and, for comio or tragic,

Imagine the drammers a driver gets glimpses of! Peeps through town-winders, too! Tell you, it's magic,

The way we spot mysteries, caught through a curtain, cock-eyed, from our perch nigh the second-floor level,

In spins through back streets, or the sububs. The world and the flesh, my dear Sir,—with a dash of the d—!l

Me and my fares, and my mates on the Rank, make a pretty big world. To a man as loves 'osses, A Cabby's life isn't arf bad on the whole, spite of bilks and bad weather, hard bosses and losses.

The grip of the reins, and the flick of the whip, 'ave a fair fascination to fellows built *my* way,

And dulness—that cuss of the poor!—doesn't 'unt you in spinnin' through Babbylon's 'ighway or byeway.

Dulness! To drowse on the Rank for two hours, or more, waiting a fare, isn't sparkling or thrilling,

And then, p'r'aps, a stingy old mivvey with luggage, as takes yer two miles, full, and tips a bare shilling!

But lively turn-ups are most times on the *tappy*, or just round the corner. Cab, Sir! Piccadilly?

Now if that chalk-face, with the penny-slot mouth, doesn't 'ide a grim story or two, send me silly!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Now that the World has taken his wife to the sea-side or the Continent, there is not much demand for heavy literature—especially as the cost of the over-weight in luggage is something considerable beyond Calais—and consequently trifles light as air have become the popular brain-food of the multitude. In the absence of his noble and respected chief, an Old Retainer of the Baron has read *Telling Stories*, originally published in the *St. James's Gazette*. The Old Retainer can honestly declare that the stories are not only worth telling, but being re-told—in their present form—they are just the things to amuse the traveller weary of watching the hat-box on the carriage-rack, or the third-rate mountains fading into distance on the Rhine. He will turn to them for recreation when he has tired of sight-seeing. They are, without exception, short, crisp, and interesting. The Old Retainer would not think of leaving town without them. They would be more welcome to him than his armour, and quite as necessary as his weather-worn umbrella. The Veteran Warder, still acting on behalf of his revered, but far-a-field, captain, has peeped into *The Times Atlas*, a magnificent volume, worthy of the best traditions of Printing House Square. The Aged Watchman has sampled the maps, and found them absolutely accurate in the smallest particulars. The *Atlas* has caused the Elderly Sentry to think seriously of quitting his guard, and journeying to the far North. He has not yet decided upon his destination. At the moment of writing, his inclination gaily suggest "Greenland," while his banking-account sternly whispers "Southend or Herne Bay." In the meanwhile, the Years'-stricken Looker-out remains at his post, and, with a hand trembling with age and emotion, proudly appends a signature not his own.

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

TOWN VERSUS COUNTRY.

(An Intercepted Letter.)

MY DEAR BOB,—I have got your note, sympathising with me on my sad fate of being "tied to town" in August. Don't cry while you are in the wood. I can assure you that bricks and mortar are just as pleasant as green leaves. Not that we do not have the latter. Hyde Park is at its best, and Battersea is beautiful beyond compare. And mind you, my lad, it is unnecessary to stroll through either in the height of May Day fashion. The House is sitting, and the Irish Members are quite equal to keeping both sides on the move.

And at night we have plenty of gaiety, not only in the Strand, where *The Shop Girl* is as popular as ever, but at the Lyric too, where *The Artist's Model* is a pattern of prosperity. Then there are the halls of dazzling delight. *Titania*, at the Alhambra, and *Faust*, at the Empire, leave nothing to be desired save a lot more of them. So, my dear young friend do not condole before you have reason. London is going well and strong, and, while this happens, I can dispense with the jocular joys of Shrimington-on-Sea.

Yours, cheerfully,

DOLLY.



M'CARTHY'S MOTTO (*the wish being father to the thought*).—"Sic transit gloria REDMONDI!"



UNLUCKY SPEECHES.

She. "OH, MR. SORNEY, I AM SO GRATEFUL TO YOU FOR YOUR THOUGHTFULNESS IN WRITING SO PROMPTLY TO TELL ME OF POOR HARRY'S ACCIDENT!"

He. "PRAY DON'T MENTION IT—I WAS VERY GLAD INDEED TO HAVE THE OPPORTUNITY OF DOING IT!"

"THE CHILDREN'S COUNTRY HOLIDAYS FUND."

It will be remembered that a fortnight since appeared in *Punch* (Vol. 109, No. 2823) an article entitled "The Country of Cockaigne," written as a reminder that the above excellent fund was not only in existence, but sorely in need of contributions. Since then the appeal has been answered by the charitably disposed, and acknowledged by the proper official at head-quarters. It is gratifying to learn that the paper published in these pages has been of signal service to the young clients for whom author and artist plied pen and pencil with so much goodwill. It is not customary to

publish "serious" contributions from voluntary contributors in these columns, but the following extract from a letter received from the Secretary of the "Children's Country Holidays Fund" is such pleasant reading that an apology for its insertion seems superfluous:—

"The Country of Cockaigne" has caused such a pressure of work here, that I am afraid the ordinary duties of gratitude have been long delayed. May I say that we, and here I speak for the London children, are very grateful indeed.

"It was scarcely eleven o'clock last Wednesday when a man came in with £1 to send JIMMY and FLORRIE away, and there were several more on the same errand at lunch time. Since the article appeared we have received £1,334 11s. 6d.—of this over £500 has been sent with special mention of

Punch, and considerably more than this is undoubtedly due to it. . . . One father, speeding away to Switzerland with his family, read *Punch* in the train, and scribbled a note in pencil that he wanted to help before going on his holiday, and wrote a cheque for £7—at Dover station."

Then the writer says that many of the contributors to the Fund wanted to know whether JIMMY and FLORRIE were real children, and concludes with an expression of "heartiest thanks to all concerned." Of course, JIMMY and FLORRIE are children of the brain, but they are none the less real on that account. They are types of thousands. A correspondent suggests that the article is calculated to do so much good that it should be reprinted. This would be impracticable. However, it is possible to repeat "the Moral"; and this being so, we give it:—

"The offices of the Children's Country Holidays Fund are at 10, Buckingham Street, Strand, and contributions should be made payable to the Hon. Treasurer."

HUMPTY-DUMPTY'S SONG.

(Adapted from "Through the Looking-glass" to the Political Situation.)

Humpty-Dumpty. . . . Diplomacy.
Alice Public Opinion.

"[The SULTAN, it seems, has not yet taken to heart the solemn warning addressed to him by Lord SALISBURY, and approved by the leaders of the Opposition. . . . The SULTAN alone turns a deaf ear to the friendly counsel which it is so greatly to his interest to accept."—*The Times*.]

"THE piece I am going to repeat," said HUMPTY-DUMPTY to ALICE, "was written entirely for your amusement. It goes thus"—

I sent a letter to the Turk,
Bidding him stay his horrid work.

The Turk delayed two months or three,
Then sent an answer back to me.

The Turk's belated answer was,
"I cannot do it, Sir, because—"

I sent to him again to say,
"It is your interest to obey."

He answered, with a sleepy grin,
"Why, what a hurry you are in!"

I urged him twice, I urged him thrice.
He would not listen to advice.

I took a rod, 'twas large and new,
Fit for the work I had to do.

Namely, that lazy Turk to tickle;
And then I put that rod in pickle.

The Turk he wrote to me and said,
"My agents are asleep in bed."

I wrote to him, I wrote it plain,
"Then you must wake them up again!"

I wrote it very large and clear;
I had it shouted in his ear.

But he was very stiff and proud;
He said, "You needn't shout so loud!"

And he was very proud and stiff;
He said, "I'll try and wake them, if—"

I put his "answer" on the shelf;
I said, "I'll wake them up myself!"

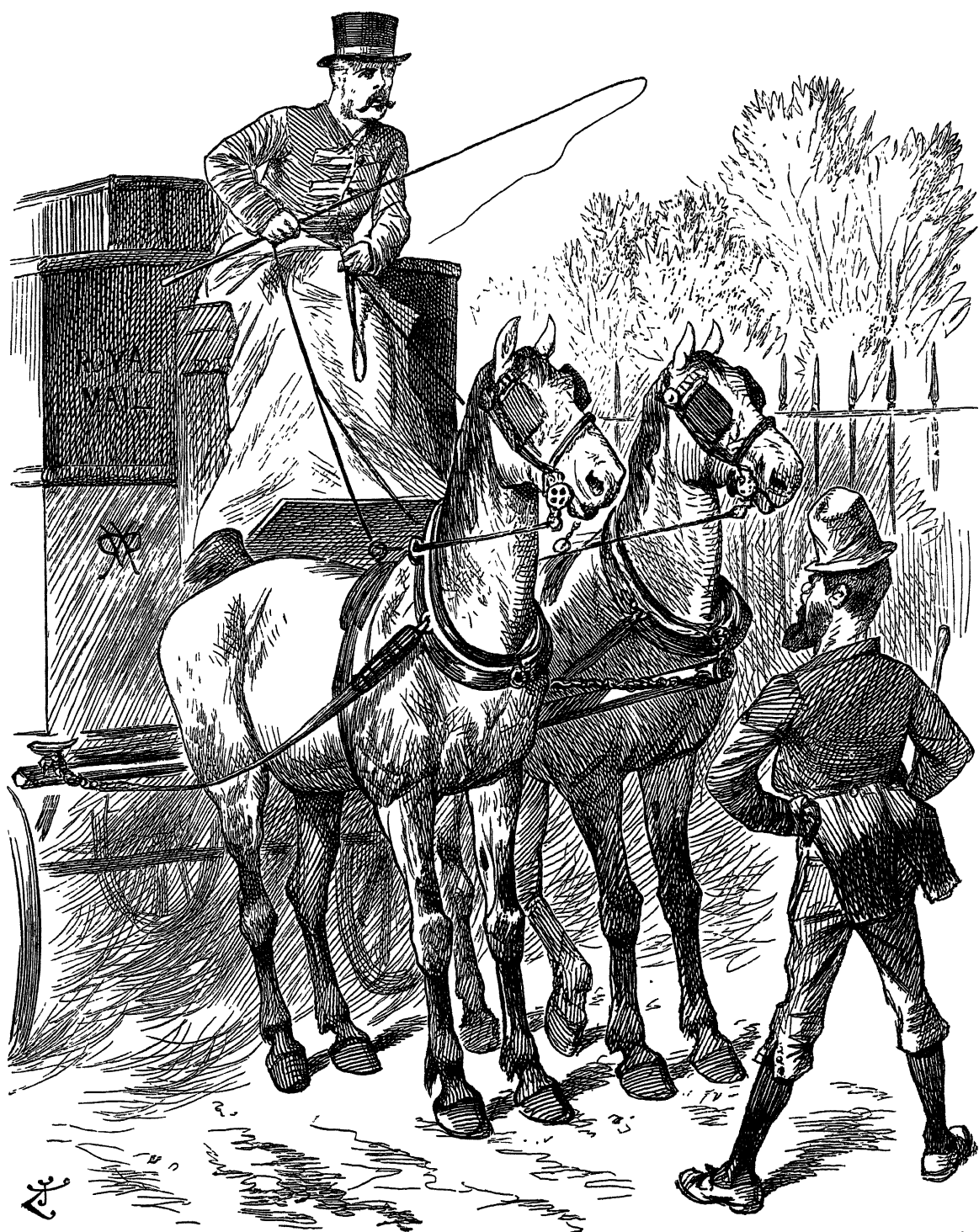
He cried, "No good! The door is locked,
I've pulled, and pushed, and kicked, and knocked.

And when I found the door was shut
I tried to turn the handle, but—"

There was a long pause.

"Is that all?" ALICE timidly asked.

"That's all,—for the present," said HUMPTY-DUMPTY.



SWAIN:6

“A TIMPORARY OBSTHUNCTION.”

TRUCULENT TIM, THE AMBIGUOUS PATRIOT. “GIT OUT O’ THE ROAD, IS IT? BE AISY NOW—WILL ME CONSCIENCE LET ME?”

[“There was a suggestion on the part of the Government that everyone was anxious to get away from the House. Some people certainly were not. . . . He had no anxiety to get away, but was most anxious to turn the House to account in the interest of his constituents and the country generally, though they all meant different things when they used that expression.”—*Mr. T. M. Healy (Louth, N.) in the House of Commons.*]

A TRIP "PER SEA."

Appetite—Steward—Wandering—The Cigar—Umbrella—Suspicious—Judicial—Interrogation—Evidence—Stowaway—Verdict—Off—Surmise—Lunch—Afloat—Night—Morning—Away—Landing.

SUDDENLY aware of commencement of what promises to be uncommonly fine and large appetite when it reaches maturity. *Happy Thought.*—Find steward. *Still Happier Thought.*—Finding steward,



not for the purpose usually associated with calling for that official on a rough day between Dover and Calais. On present occasion only to ask him, when found, the hour of lunch. Somehow he eludes my search. After wandering about vaguely into several other persons' cabins, I find myself suddenly on a narrow lower deck. Don't know its technical name. And now "a strange thing happens." Before me, leaning against a rail, is the portly, or rather sea-portly, jovial-looking individual, whose acquaintance I have already made in captain's cabin, thoughtfully finishing a cigar. By the way, at any period of our too-brief acquaintance

I never see him without cigar, which he is always just finishing, but never commencing. At this moment his cheery countenance wears as hard an expression, quite unnatural to it, as it could by any possibility assume for more than three minutes at a stretch. He is addressing a flabby, cadaverous-looking individual in seedy black trousers and coat, one button of which conceals the upper part of a waistcoat made of some "washing material," and apparently as greatly in need of the cleansing process as is its wearer. In one ill-shaped, dirty hand he holds a very superior class of umbrella, with a gold tip to it. I at once jump to the conclusion that its present possessor, having come by it dishonestly, has been taken dirty-red handed, and that my stout acquaintance is a sort of nautical magistrate, authorised to try such cases by a sort of informal court-martial on board, and empowered to order the culprit, if found guilty, to be put in irons, or to be mast-headed, or otherwise dealt with according to maritime law.

Standing in the gangway I become an interested spectator of the trial. The evidently guilty party, pale as a suet dumpling, and trembling like a jelly (remarkable culinary combination), is awaiting his sentence. "Why didn't you go on board the tender with every one else?" asks my Judicial and Nautical Assessor (I fancy this is the term in the Admiralty Court, where, if on shore, he would probably sit attired in full naval uniform, with a judge's wig on, and a cocked hat a-top of that). The man mutters something about "didn't hear." "Not hear!" ejaculates the Assessor, taking a short pull at his cigar and smiling incredulously, "not hear! when everyone was shouting and rushing all over the ship!" Personally I can bear witness to these facts; but, not being called as evidence for the Crown and Anchor, I remain silent. Why even down in the engine-rooms the stokers must have heard the shouts for "TUBBS!" It occurs to me suddenly that this wretched man must have stolen TUBBS' umbrella. But I am at once enlightened as to the real state of the case. "Look here, my man," says the Judicial and Nautical Assessor, as he critically eyes the ash of his cigar before flicking it off while speaking to the prisoner, "you said you came on board to see your friends off; you gave their name as TOMPKINS. Well, there isn't such a name on the books." This statement seems to come as a "facer" to the cadaverous man, who, becoming more cadaverous than ever, eyes the deck-rails askance, as if contemplating a sudden rush and a jump into the water.

"Now, my man," continues the Assessor, with pleasant severity, "you say you've got friends at Plymouth,"—the man is understood to assent to this proposition in a despairing sort of way—"and you say they'll pay for you there." The slightest indication of a cunning smile momentarily illumines the Job Trotter-like countenance of the prisoner. "Well, we don't do business on those terms. You give the steward three guineas, and we'll take you to Plymouth. But if you can't pay—off you go. Here, steward, you're wanted." And that officer coming up, the miserable individual with the valuable umbrella (about which no questions have been asked) is given into his charge by my stout acquaintance, who, as we enter the smoking-room, says to me in an undertone, "He's a regular 'do.' We've hailed a boat, and he'll be put off in two two's. He wanted to get his passage free. He's a 'stowaway,' that's what he is."

A stowaway! Up to this moment of cruel disenchantment, my sympathies have always been with the "stowaway." I imagined him as a poor, ill-used kind of *Smike* or *Oliver Twist*, hiding him-

self away among the casks in the lowest hold of the vessel, only issuing forth in the dead of night with the rats and cockroaches, who, suddenly coming to the upper deck in a terrific storm, steers the ship into a peaceful haven, saves the captain from a watery grave, and who, finally, either marries the low high admiral's daughter, or (which is more affecting) the poor stowaway mutters something about "Home," and, gratefully smiling, as he looks up at the now utterly overcome captain, dies, in the lime-light, to slow music, with his head reposing on that deeply affected officer's best epaulette. In fact, a sort of nautical "Poor Jo." But this idea is utterly knocked over by the appearance of the real genuine stowaway, who has such a sneaky, crawly, strangling-you-asleep appearance, that I own to a feeling of intense gratification on seeing two men rowing a small boat up alongside (for which we slack off a bit), while at the same moment the discomfited sneak with the expensive, and still mysterious, umbrella, who has descended the lowered gangway, stands on the shaly ledge below as if he were about to take a plunge—which, indeed, he does; not, fortunately for him, into the tidal river, but head foremost into the dingy, where for a second or two he lies sprawling. Regaining his legs, he steadies himself, and actually has the impudence to wave his hat to us by way of bidding us farewell, and hoping we'll have a good passage! "And," I ask of a sharp-looking little officer, who is superintending the hauling up of the ladder, "what will become of him? Can he pay those boatmen?" "Heaven knows!" is the answer, and we drop the subject as we have already dropped the miserable object. At the last he will have to give up that umbrella, worth quite a guinea, in payment for being taken ashore. And then—... alas! poor *Job Trotter* the Stowaway! I'm afraid a good seven years is in store for him on some count or other; and, may be, that's about the best that can happen to him.

The bugle-call. Bugle sounded by mysterious person in plain clothes, who, like myself, "comes out for a blow." After this he is "heard no more," until, at six P.M., he sends out his notes "*de faire part*," i.e., to inform the company that it is time to dress for dinner. At 6.30 he gives a good hearty blow out, cheerily announcing the last meal of the day. Then he vanishes till next morning at breakfast-time.

One o'clock.—Such a prodigal luncheon as is provided only on board ship. Most appropriate name, "Liners." At meal times we are all "liners," and very plentifully do we dine. Only on board one hour, and my appetite is *Dominie Sampsonish*, i.e., "prodigious!"

After lunch—with the essential Oriental curry—the necessary cigar and coffee-cum-liqueur; we talk as we pace the deck up and down and round and round, occasionally stopping to remark on the coast scenery, and to puzzle out the exact localities of the best known places from Whitstable to Dover.

So passes a fine and most enjoyable afternoon; then more bugle, capital dinner, band playing, lively conversation, cigars and coffee, more pacing deck, storytelling, game of cards, music, piping (no dancing), grogging, and so to bed at an earlyish hour, to sleep soundly, undisturbed even by solos on the fog-horn which, I am subsequently informed, were of frequent occurrence, until the polite Commander of the Bath knocks at cabin door to inform me that it is seven A.M., and that the warm sea bath awaits me.

L'appétit vient en baignant, and while walking the deck we gratefully welcome the bugler who bugles us to breakfast. We rush down. False alarm! It is only the politeness of the bugler, who beforehand, so that no one shall be taken by surprise, gives us the note of warning, letting us know thereby that, in half-an-hour, breakfast will be, so to speak, "under weigh!" Fair start for all.

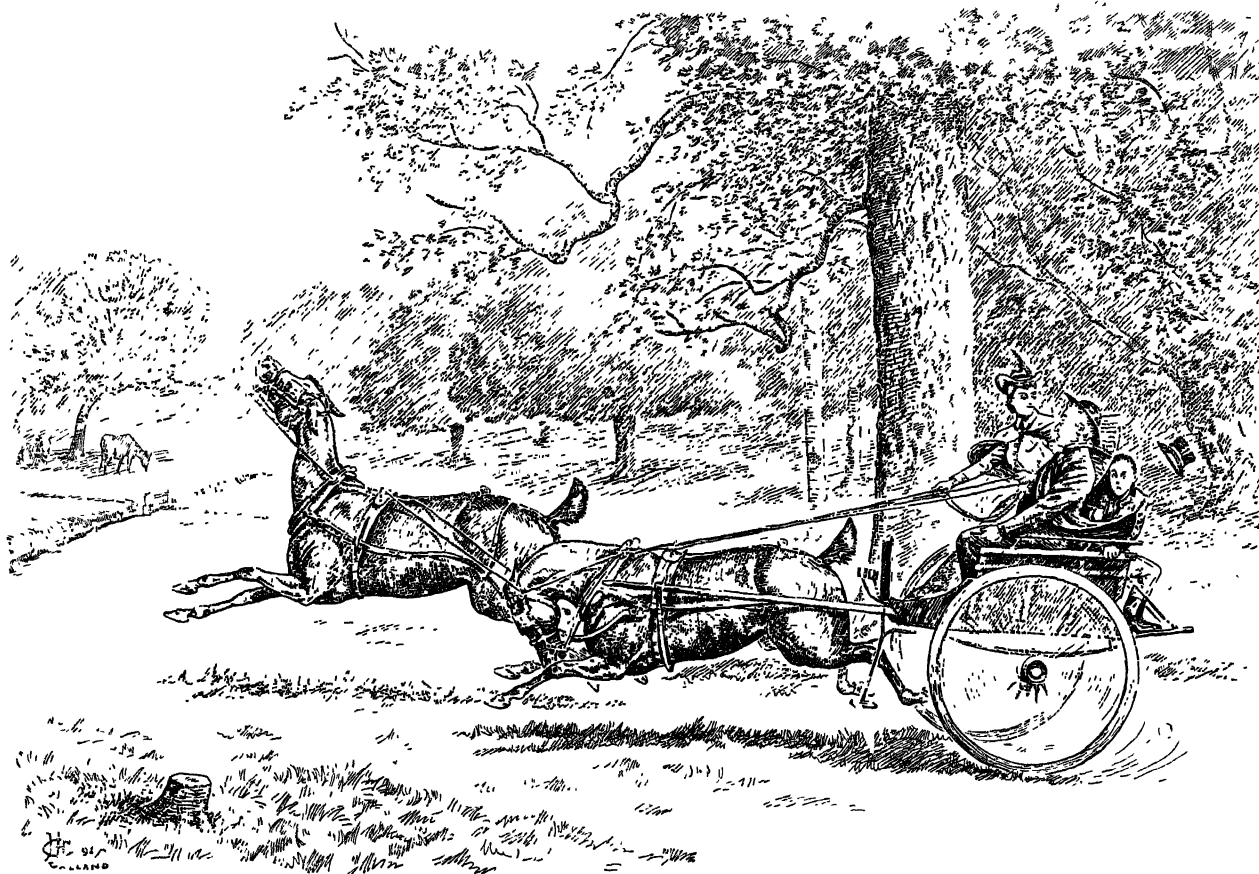
Nine A.M.—Lions feeding not in it with us sea-dogs. What a breakfast! as if we were not going to be within reach of food for the next fortnight. We are all taking in stores hand over hand.

Alas! when next the bugle sounds for lunch we shall not be there! For, as the clock strikes one, a tender from Plymouth arrives to fetch us, and in a pelting shower we leave the good ship *Orotava*, taking with us our chief cheery companion; and after bidding adieu to the other cheery companions on board, we (a small party of three) take train from Plymouth, S. Devon, to Ilfracombe, N. Devon, traversing as pretty a line of country as is to be found in England. And so we begin our holiday, and advise everyone to do likewise and enjoy the trip as much as we did, and a holiday as much as we intend to do.



Rhyme by a Rad.

CHAMBERLAIN thinks the old, old Tory mind,
Has changed in love of privilege, power, pelf;
Say what JOE will, our eyes he cannot blind;
We know that his Tory repeats itself!



COMING TO A FULL STOP.

Driver of bolting tandem (to Rector, who has accepted a lift across the park). "ALL RIGHT, MR. PORTLEY—DON'T BE FRIGHTENED! THE SUNK FENCE IS SURE TO STOP 'EM!"

THE INDEPENDENT FEATHER PARTY.

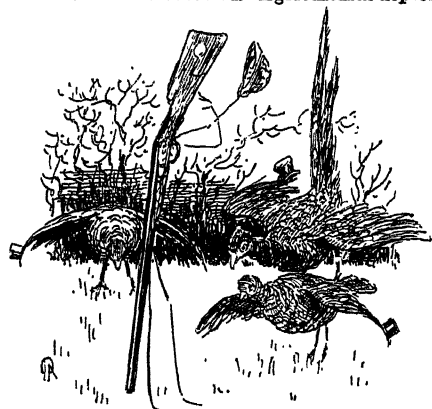
First Partridge. Hallo! Goin' strong on the wing?

Second Partridge. So, so, dear bird. What prospects for the openin'?

F. P. Nothin' cheerful. Agricultural depression and Death Duties and Parish Councils and all that. Hear they're goin' to make allotments in our beanfield.

S. P. Yes, and the Anti-Shootin' League and the claptrap against the Lords. It's very depressin'. However, with a sportin' Government in, things will be lookin' up.

F. P. Takes time, my feathered one, takes time. Why, they're still sittin' with the season just comin' on. Hear it's doocid dull in town,



too, with the pavin' up in the Mall and all that.

S. P. Where do you get the club talk from, old rooster?

F. P. Bird I know keepin' over in the roots. Pal of a poacher that's thick with one of these West End game-mongers. Get the latest from him. Hear HEALY and TANNER and that lot are on the war-path, and heaven only knows when the House will be up.

S. P. Wouldn't have mattered much in the good old days before the guv'nor let the shootin' to the brewin' Member. Lords never did a stroke of work after the Twelfth; but these Commoners ain't born and bred among the turnips. Only take the shootin' for the sake of appearances.

F. P. Yes; and I hear that the brewin' fellow's given the first week's sport to three of these New Women.

S. P. Means a bad time for us—blazin' into the brown, and all that. Give me the right kind of sport, I say, and a fly for my money. With these 'prentice hands you never know where you are, don't you know? Bound to fly into the pips some day or other.

F. P. And probably no dogs to give you a wrinkle how things lie. Keepers won't bring 'em out at any price. Say it's chancy enough for themselves and the beaters, without riskin' a decent-bred setter. Lost three and a half brace of clippin' Gordons with two New Women guns last season over the other side of the county.

S. P. Goin' in for co-operation this year? What do you think of the covey system?

F. P. Played out, dear bird. Social fads a bit off colour, don't you know, in these Tory days. Individualism, I say, and let every fowl sit tight for himself, especially with this wild shootin' goin' on. Family ties a little loose, too, this end of the century. Look at the Divorce Courts.

S. P. No chance of Protection, I suppose?

F. P. Afraid not. You see they're keepin' JIMMY LOWTHER quiet with a heavy job on Committees. By the way, I see BRODRICK's gettin' in a lot more ammunition for small-arms. Glad it's smokeless powder. Old stuff used to knock the landscape about badly. Then, again, apart from the view, must say I like to see where I'm flyin'.

S. P. Pity CHAPLIN didn't get laid on to our department. Hear he had a notion for a bi-metallic gun; dead safe to settle agricultural depression.

F. P. Well, anyhow, ROSEBERRY did us the compliment to make our last man a Lord; though perhaps it was a covert insult, seein' he was boommin' against the Upper Chamber. Take it all round, I'm for a Tory Government. One of their openin' moves, you see, is to put the First on a Sunday. That's a bit sportsmanlike.

S. P. Yes, but they're a mixed lot—this coalition. Tell me that J. C. don't know a muzzle from a butt-end! However, here's luck and rude health to all good sportsmen. *Vive le Sport!* I'm off with the missus for a mornin' fly. Ta-ta!

[Exeunt.]



RATIOCINATION.

Rector. "DUGGAN, ATTENTION! AS YOU'RE AN OLD BALACLAVA SOLDIER, I AM INCLINED TO MAKE ALLOWANCES; BUT THIS IS THE THIRD TIME I HAVE SEEN YOU UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF DRINK! HOW IS THIS?"

Sexton. "WELL, YOU SEE, SIR, WHEN I GO DOWN TOWN, ONE FELLOW SAYS, 'DUGGAN, WILL YOU HAVE A DRINK?' AND ANOTHER SAYS THE SAME, AND I GET DRUNK WITHOUT KNOWING IT!"

Rector. "BUT, DUGGAN, WHEN I GO DOWN TOWN, NO ONE ASKS ME TO TAKE A DRINK!"

Sexton. "YES; BUT YOU'RE NOT NEARLY SUCH A POPULAR MAN, YOU SEE!"

A LESSON FROM THE NEW LIZARD.

(By a Worried One.)

[The Frilled Lizard—*Chlamydosaurus Kingi*—from Roebuck Bay, Western Australia, a recent addition to the Zoo, is believed to "elevate its frill when angry or excited"; but as no power on earth seems to make it excited or angry, its frill never shows to advantage.]

OH *Chlamydosaurus*! You spread out before us,
If not your fine frill, an example!
With lizards to live what a deal would one give,
At least, if they're all up to sample!
Oh, thing enigmatic, lethargic, lymphatic,
True type of the *eadem semper*;
Your finery gay you can't rightly display,
For lack of that trifle—a temper!
If creatures more human—especially woman—
Were like you in dress and in diet,
And perfectly willing to sacrifice frilling,
And other mere show-things, to quiet,
'Twould bring us all balm, for our world would be calm
As though stilled by the wand of a wizard.
But ladies are few who will learn at the Zoo
The true secret of life—from a lizard.

New Name for the "New Woman."

UNSEXED, factitious, foolish, coarse, inhuman!
She's not the New, she's but the "Novel" Woman.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Tuesday, August 20. 2.18 A.M.—New Members, and some who sat in last Parliament, have had opportunity to-night of tasting old times at Westminster. As R. G. WEBSIER pointedly observes, "TIM HEALY has drawn his shillelagh, and thrown away the scabbard." Here is House of 670 Members, in Session in obedience to constitutional conditions. Must needs meet on 12th of August; but every man, or nearly everyone, chiefly anxious to get necessary business over as soon as possible, and so off to moor or sea, or quiet home in long-severed country across the Irish Sea or beyond the Tweed. TIM HEALY has introduced Bill to amend Municipal Franchise in Ireland; wants to carry it through all its stages, and send it on to Lords before Prorogation. "Only a little one," he pleads. PRINCE ARTHUR points out if exception made in one case will be claimed in others. Can't oblige TIM.

"Very well," says the Implacable One; "then see what it will cost you. No Bill no holiday, at least not as long as I can stand on floor and raise my voice."

All through the long sitting TIM been to the fore. No matter what subject, it served for him to take objection, and in most cases division. ATTORNEY-GENERAL wanted to take first reading Expiring Laws Continuance Bill; a purely formal procedure; a matter of course at end of each Session. TIM objected. After vain protest, ATTORNEY-GENERAL retired. PRINCE ARTHUR moved debate on Limerick election should have particular place in Agenda. TIM objected. Such a course, he argued, implied that debate on the

dutiful address to most gracious speech from the throne might be interrupted in favour of any ordinary business. In voice faltering with emotion TIM resented this slight upon his Sovereign. Next in enormity was evidence discerned by his keen vision of demoralising influence of HEMPERER JOE on Conservative principles. Before the fusion, Conservatives held sacred all constitutional precedents. Now, with a light heart, they proposed to flout an ordinance that had prevailed for seven hundred years.

Why seven hundred nobody knew. TIM might have put it at eight hundred or a thousand; but he is, above all things, a moderate man.

SPEAKER ruled PRINCE ARTHUR's procedure strictly in order. SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, coming to rescue of Ministers, admitted it was a course invariably taken under former Ministry. TIM took his stand on the British Constitution; put his protesting arms round his affronted Sovereign; declined to budge, and the master of many legions surrendered.

The same through long sitting, which closes at this moment with dawn surprising the blushing East. On successive questions—the suspension of twelve o'clock rule, the SPEAKER leaving Chair without question put, Chitral, and a long series of formal motions in Supply—TIM delivered innumerable speeches; took in all ten divisions. Once, House being cleared for division, he, in conformity with quaint requirements of the moment, remained seated with hat on, contesting points of order with SPEAKER. Alone he did it. Although from fifty to a hundred Members went out to vote with him, none felt capable of joining in his masterly controversy with the masterful SPEAKER.

Hard lines for new SPEAKER; in Chair for nearly twelve hours, incessantly on the watch. But, as SARK says, the game has for him



Tim takes the leading part in the performance of *Much Ado about Nothing*, by the John Daly Company.

"We shall stay here at least a month; and he (Benedick) heartily prays some occasion may detain us longer."

Much Ado, &c., Act I., Sc. 1.

been well worth burning the candle at both ends. To-night's sitting has finally established his position in the Chair.

Business done.—Address agreed to.

Tuesday.—SARK, whose knowledge of SHAKSPEARE is extensive and peculiar, goes about humming:—

Ban, ban Caliban.
Got new House Commons
Get new Chairman.

This accomplished to-night in simplest fashion. Two hours discussion of Limerick's flash of humour in having elected to represent it in Parliament a gentleman languishing in one of Her Majesty's prisons. This disposed of, House went into Committee of Supply. But as yet we have no Chairman. MELLOR's unrequited labours closed with life of last Parliament. SARK always says justice never done to MELLOR.

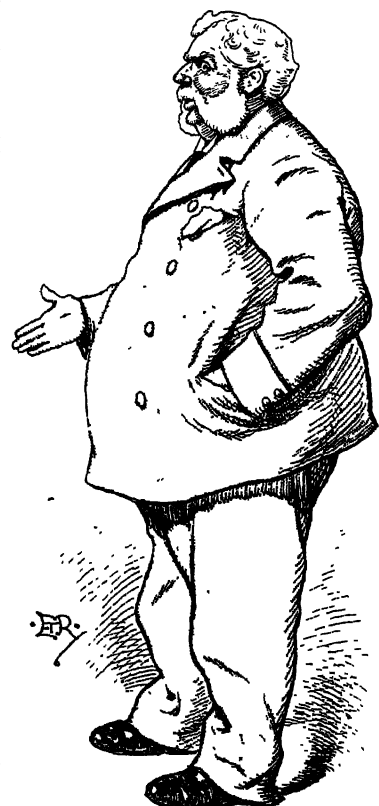
"A painstaking, upright, courteous gentleman," he testifies. "Much too good for obstruction's daily food in Chair of Committees. If he had a fault tending to incapacitate him for Chair, it was the extreme geniality of a nature that made him shrink from giving pain. He came into office at an epoch of exceptional difficulty. LYON PLAYFAIR had bad time when he was hampered by well-organised, ruthless obstruction led by PARNELL. Obstruction to the Home-Rule Bill throughout first session of MELLOR's chairmanship not less ably led, for JOE, not yet come to Imperial estate, was much to the fore. It was certainly not less ruthless; numerically was in treble force. To obfuscate the Chairman was easiest, most effective way of delaying progress of Bill through Committee; MELLOR suffered accordingly. The order of things should have

been reversed. MELLOR should come to Chair to-day. LOWTHER should have had his job in Session of 1893. JAMES W. is endowed in marked degree with the quality of phlegm invaluable to Chairman in troublous times. What worried sensitive nature of MELLOR would have hurried him no more than bucket of water cast over a duck's back."

"I was made a corporal just in time," said Private HANBURY, musing over recent turns in wheel of fortune. "With JAMES W. in the Chair, I would rather have charge of the Estimates than be engaged in obstructing their passage."

HERMON HODGE, after enjoying the fresh air of the country for three years, comes back to House and loftily complains of the atmosphere. "Is the first Commissioner of Works aware," he inquired, "that in the early part of the afternoon there was a most horrible smell of drains at the bar of the House?"

"Hoighty toighty!" said JOHN WILLIAM. "What does the man mean? What is he doing at the bar if he objects to the smell of what he calls drains, meaning nips? What is the particular flavour that offends



"John William" (M-cl-re) in unwonted state of agitation.

his sensibilities? Is it whiskey or rum? Who is he that he should interfere with the private tastes of hon. Members? To complain of the smell of drains at the bar at a time when the British electorate have, by overwhelming majorities, declared against any tampering with The Trade Interests, is too much from a man who has shared in the benefit derived on our side by the wholesome current of public opinion."

Never saw JOHN WILLIAM so put about. Usually brimming over with good living and fine feeling.

Business done.—Some votes in Committee of Supply.

Wednesday.—STANLEY delivered maiden speech. Did it very well, too. A double contribution to success. First, subject (slave trade in Africa) one of which he knows something. Second, he made

no effort to orate. Hooked his arm, so to speak, with that of Chairman of Committees; walked him up and down, talking in colloquial fashion. Has good voice, which doesn't need uplifting; in the higher notes one catches the faint echo of a foreign tongue.

Sharing pleasure of Committee at his speech, he volunteered a second. Dangerous experiment this. But particular incentive gave it a turn of fresh attraction. PARKER SMITH, criticising first speech, and differing from its conclusions, accused STANLEY of trading on his reputation. Ever seen a boy in the playing-ground go up to another, clench his fists, hoist his right shoulder, and ask him to "say that again"? Thus STANLEY to PARKER SMITH, sitting on same bench near him. Of course he put thing in Parliamentary fashion.

"I don't recollect," he drawled, "saying anything to inspire my hon. friend to make such a charge, and"—here he bent over P. S., fixing him with glittering eye—"I beg he won't make any such remarks in the future."

Before fevered fancy of Member for Partick there flashed a vision of two new books from pen of the great explorer. The first volume was entitled *How I Found Parker Smith*. The second bore the legend *How I Left Him*. Only one thing to do. Apologise. This P. S. did with alacrity.

Business done.—Two votes in Committee of Supply.

Saturday, 1.40 A.M.—Another late sitting, chiefly owing to Trouulent TIM. That depressing; but Members wend their way homeward hurt by crueller blow. Will be remembered that in last Session of old Parliament HOWARD VINCENT made great hit. Came down to the House clothed, not only with chastity, but with mats, strips of carpet, brushes, frying-pans, fish-kettles, and other household goods, all, as he said, made in foreign prisons. Those present during sitting will never forget curious illusion of caudal appendage occasioned by accident of handle of one of the frying-pans, thrust in hon. Member's coat-tail pocket, sticking out at angle of forty-five degrees.

General effect was that House, in flush of generous indignation, passed resolution calling upon Government forthwith to prohibit importation of prison-made brushes and the rest. Committee appointed, and first discovery made was that the brush HOWARD VINCENT negligently dandled in hand whilst he temporarily painted out Ministerial majority, was not, as represented, of prison manufacture, but (SARK adds) was secretly bought by the gallant colonel at Army and Navy Stores!

BRYCE, who on eve of foreign voyage, solemnly made first part of this declaration. Said nothing more. But confidence once broken, House begins to suspect the *bona fides* of the frying-pans, the early history of the fish-kettles.

Business done.—More votes in Supply.

LEGAL LUNCHING.—The energetic enterprise of journalism stops at nothing in catering for the curiosity of the public. The *Birmingham Mail* tells how the different judges "refresh themselves in the half hour adjournment during assizes." It is exceedingly interesting to know that Justice HAWKINS "takes nothing," and that Baron POLLOCK "contents himself with a large cup of chocolate and a biscuit." Moreover, how gratifying it is to be assured that "no judge takes a substantial luncheon while engaged in Court." All such matters are of the greatest moment.

THE TRUE "GENERAL ELECTION."—The election of Lord WOLSELEY to be Commander-in-Chief.

NEW PARLIAMENTARY PROVERB.—Manners make the man, but TANNERS the Irishmen



Stanley Falls—on his feet!
Clothes presumably by Stanley (Pool).

THAT POOR PENNY DREADFUL!

["Is the 'Penny Dreadful' and its influence so very dreadful, I wonder?"—JAMES PAYN.]

ALAS! for the poor "Penny Dreadful"!

They say if a boy gets his head-full

Of terrors and crimes,
He turns pirate—some-times;

Or of horrors, at least, goes to bed full.

Now is this according to Cocker?

Of Beaks one would not be a mocker,

But do many lads

Turn thieves or foot-pads,
Through reading the cheap weekly Shocker?

Such literature is *not* healthy;
But *does* it make urchins turn stealthy

Depleters of tills,

Destroyers of wills,

Or robbers of relatives wealthy?

I have gloated o'er many a duel,

I've heard of DON PEDRO the Cruel:

Heart pulsing at high rate,

I've read how my Pirate

Gave innocent parties their gruel.

Yet I have ne'er felt a yearning

For stabbing, or robbing, or

No highwayman clever

And handsome, has ever

Induced me to take the wrong turning!



EVIDENT.

George. "EH—HE'S A BIG 'UN; AN'T HE, JACK?"

Minister (overhearing). "YES, MY LAD; BUT IT'S NOT WITH EATING AND DRINKING!"

Jack. "I'LL LAY IT'S NOT ALL WIT' FASTIN' AN' PRAYIN'!"

A lad who's a natural "villing,"

When reading of robbing and killing

May feel wish to do so;

But SHEPPARD—like

CRUSOE—

To your average boy's only "thrilling."

Ah! thousands on Shockers have fed full,

And yet *not* of crimes got a head-full.

Let us put down the vile,

Yet endeavour the while,

To be *just* to the poor "Penny Dreadful"!

FOR WHEEL OR WOE.

THE Rural District Council at Chester resolved recently to station men on the main roads leading into the city to count the number of cyclists, with a view to estimating what revenue would accrue from a cycle tax. Extremely high and public-spirited of the Chester authorities to take the matter up. These dwellers by the Dee ought to adopt as their motto, "The wheel has come full cycle."

"WHO IS SYLVIA?"—An opera, from the pen of Dr. JOSEPH PARRY, the famous Welsh composer, entitled *Sylvia*, has been successfully produced at the Cardiff Theatre Royal. The libretto is by Mr. FLETCHER and Mr. MENDELSSOHN PARRY, the maestro's son, so that the entire production is quite *parry-mutuel*.

THE RAILWAY RACE.

A NEW British sport has arisen, or rather has, after a seven years' interval, been revived within the last week or so, and the British sporting reporter, so well-known for his ready supply of vivid and picturesque metaphor, has, as usual,

risen to the occasion. That large and growing class of sedentary "sportsmen," whose athletic proclivities are confined to the perusal of betting news, have now a fresh item of interest to discuss in the performances of favourite and rival locomotives. More power has been added to the elbows of the charming and vociferous youths, who push their way through the London streets with the too familiar cry of "Win-nerr!" (which, by the way, has quite superseded that of "Evening Piper!"). And the laborious persons who assiduously compile "records" have enough work to do to keep pace with their daily growing collection. Even the mere "Man in the Street" knows the amount of rise in the Shap Fell and Potter's Bar gradients, though possibly, if you cross-question him, he could not tell you where they are. However, the great daily and evening papers are fully alive to the occasion, and the various sporting "Majors" and "Prophets" are well to the fore with such "pars" as the following:—

Flying Buster, that smart and rakish yearling from the Crewe stud, was out at exercise last evening with a light load of eighty tons, and did some very satisfactory trials.

Invicta, the remarkably speedy East Coast seven-year-old, made a very good show in her run from Grantham to York yesterday. She covered the 80½ miles in 78 minutes with Driver TOMKINS up, and a weight of some 120 tons, without turning a hair. She looked extremely well-trained, and I compliment her owners on her appearance.

Really something ought to be done with certain of the Southern starters. I will name no names, but I noticed one the other day whose pace was more like thirty hours a mile than thirty miles an hour. I have heard of donkey-engines, and this one would certainly win a donkey race.

These long-distance races are, no doubt, excellent tests for the strength and stamina of our leading cross-country "flyers," but I must enter a protest against the abnormally early hours at which the chief events are now being pulled off. A sporting reporter undergoes many hardships for the good of the public, but not the least is the disagreeable duty of being in at the finish at Aberdeen, say at 4.55 A.M. The famous midnight steeple-chase was nothing to it.

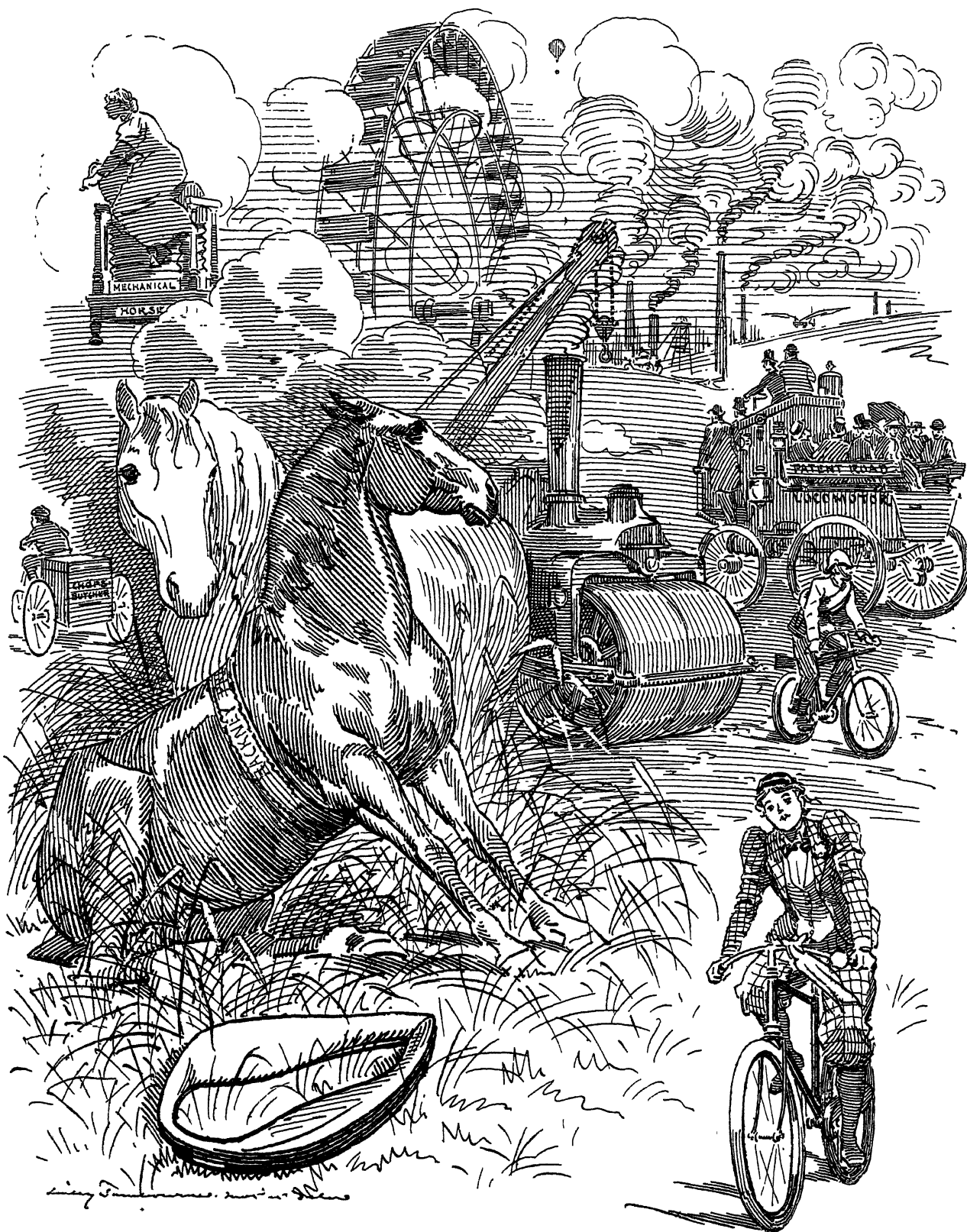
There was some very heavy booking last night at Euston, and Puffing Billy the Second was greatly fancied. He has much finer action and bigger barrel than his famous sire, not to mention being several hands higher. It is to be hoped that he will not turn out a roarer, like the latter.

There are dark rumours abroad that the King's Cross favourite has been got at. She was in the pink of condition two days ago; but when I saw her pass at Peterborough to-day, she was decidedly touched in the wind. The way she laboured along was positively distressing. Besides, she was sweating and steaming all over.

I will wire my prophecies for to-day as soon as I know the results.

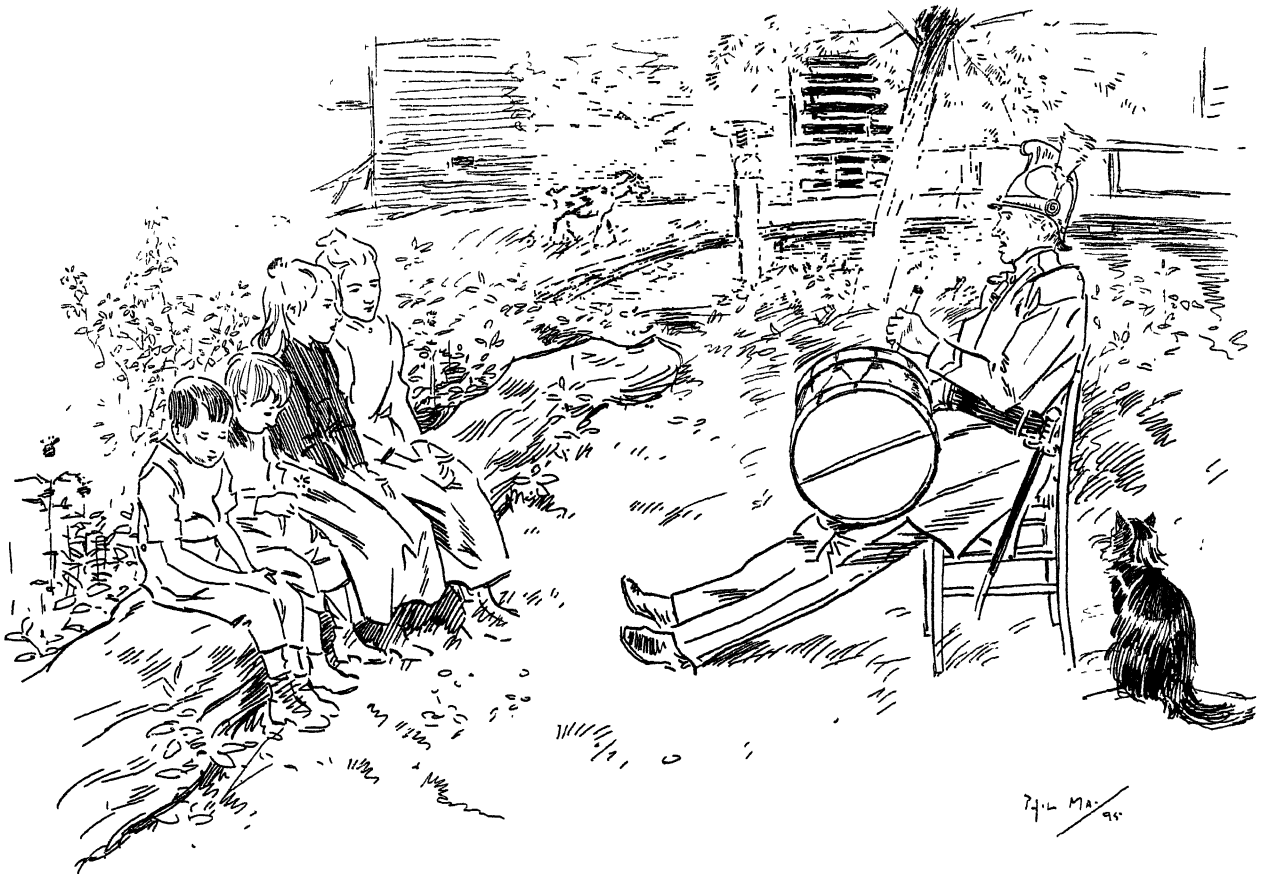
THE SHUNTER.





"THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST."

Hackney (to Shire Horse). 'LOOK HERE, FRIEND DOBBIN, I'LL BE SHOD IF THEY WON'T DO AWAY WITH US ALTOGETHER SOME OF THESE DAYS!'



PICKINGS FROM PICARDY.

AFTER THE PROCESSION. A SOLO BY GRAND-PÈRE.

CHARACTER OF THE HAPPY "COPPER."

(After Wordsworth's "Character of the Happy Warrior.")

[Sir JOHN BRIDGE, at Bow Street, bidding farewell to Detective-Sergeant PARTRIDGE, retiring after thirty years' service, described the virtues of the perfect policeman. He must be "absolutely without fear," "gentle and mild in manner," and utterly free from "swagger," &c., &c.]

Who is the happy "Copper"? Who is he
Whom every Man in Blue should wish to be?

—It is the placid spirit, who, when brought
Near drunken men, and females who have
fought,

Surveys them with a glance of sober thought;
Whose calm endeavours check the nascent
fight,

And "clears the road" from watchers fierce
and tight.

Who, doomed to tramp the slums in cold or
rain,

Or put tremendous traffic in right train,
Does it, with plucky heart and a cool brain;

In face of danger shows a placid power,
Which is our human nature's highest dower;

Controls crowds, roughs subdues, outwitteth
thieves,

Comforts lost kids, yet ne'er a tip receives
For objects which he would not care to state.

Cool-headed, cheery, and compassionate;
Though skilful with his fists, of patience sure,

And menaced much, still able to endure.
—'Tis he who is Law's vassal; who depends

Upon that Law as freedom's best of friends;

Whence, in the streets where men are tempted
still

By fine superfluous pubs to swig and swill
Drink that in quality is not the best,
The Perfect Bobby brings cool reason's test
To shocks and shindies, and street-blocking
shows;

Men argue, women wrangle,—Bobby knows!
—Who, conscious of his power of command
Stays with a nod, and checks with lifted
hand,

And bids this van advance, that cab retire,
According to his judgment and desire;
Who comprehends his trust, and to the same
Keeps true with stolid singleness of aim;
And therefore does not stoop nor lie in wait
For beery guerdon, or for bribery's bait;
Thieves he must follow; should a cab-horse
fall,

A lost child bellow, a mad woman squall,
His powers shed peace upon the sudden strife,
And crossed concerns of common civic life,
A constant influence, a peculiar grace;
But who, if he be called upon to face
Some awful moment of more dangerous kind,
Shot that may slay, explosion that may blind,
Is cool as a cucumber; and attired
In the plain blue earth's cook-maids have
admired,

Calm, through the heat of conflict, keeps the
law,

Fearless, unswaggering, and devoid of "jaw."
Or if some unexpected call succeed

To fire, flood, fight, he's equal to the need;
—He who, though thus endowed with strength

and sense,
To still the storm and quiet turbulence,

Is yet a soul whose master bias leans
To home-like pleasures and to jovial scenes;
And though in rows his valour prompt to
prove,

Cooks and cold mutton share his manly love:—
'Tis, finally, the man, who, lifted high
On a big horse at some festivity,
Conspicuous object in the people's eye,
Or tramping sole some slum's obscurity,
Who, with a beat that's quiet, or "awful
hot,"

Prosperous on want-pinched, to his taste or
not,

Plays, in the many games of life, that one
In which the Beak's approval may be won;
And which may earn him, when he quits
command,

Good, genial, Sir JOHN BRIDGE's friendly
shake o' the hand.

Whom neither knife nor pistol can dismay,
Nor thought of bribe or blackmail can betray;
Who, not content that former worth stand
fast,

Looks forward, persevering, to the last,
To be with PARTRIDGE, ex-detective, class'd:
Who, whether praised by bigwigs of the earth,
Or object of the Stage's vulgar mirth.

Plods on his blucher'd beat, cool, gentle,
game,

And leaves somewhere a creditable name;
Finds honour in his cloth and in his cause,

And, when he slips into retirement, draws
His country's gratitude, the Bow Street
Beak's applause:

This is the happy "Copper"; this is he
Whom every Man in Blue should wish to be.

"TWENTY MINUTES ON THE CONTINENT."

(By Our Own Intrepid Explorer.)

"I TELL you what you want," said my friend SAXONHURST. "You find your morning dumb-bells too much for you, and complain of weakness—you ought to get a blow over to France."

The gentleman who made the suggestion is a kind guardian of my health. He is not a doctor, although I believe he did "walk the hospitals" in his early youth, but knows exactly what to advise.



As a rule, when I meet him he proposes some far-a-field journey.

"What!" he exclaims, in a tone of commiseration; "got a bad cold! Why not trot over to Cairo? The trip would do you worlds of good." I return: "No doubt it would, but I haven't the time." At the mere suggestion of "everyone's enemy," SAXONHURST roars with laughter. He is no slave to be bound by time. He has mapped out any number of pleasant little excursions that can be carried out satisfactorily during that period known to railway companies (chiefly August and September) as "the week's end." He has discovered that within four-and-twenty hours you can thoroughly "do" France, and within twice that time make yourself absolutely conversant with the greater

part of Spain. So when he tells me that I want "a blow over" to the other side of the Channel, I know that he is proposing no lengthy proceedings.

"About twenty minutes or so on the continent will soon set you to rights," continues SAXONHURST, in a tone of conviction. "Just you trust to the London, Chatham and Dover Railway and they will pull you through. Keep your eye on the 9 A.M. Express from Victoria and you will never regret it."

Further conversation proved to me that it was well within the resources of modern civilization to breakfast comfortably in Belgravia, lunch sumptuously at Calais, and be back in time for a cup of (literally) five o'clock tea at South Kensington. Within eight hours one could travel to the coast, cross the silver streak twice, call upon the Gallic *douane*, test the *cuisine* of the *buffet* attached to the *Hôtel Terminus*, and attend officially Mrs. ANYBODY'S "last Anyday." It seemed to be a wonderful feat, and yet when I came to perform it, it was as easy as possible.

There is no deception at 9 A.M. every morning at the Victoria Station. A sign-post points out the Dover Boat Express, and tells you at the same time whether you are to have the French-flagged services of the *Invieta* and the *Victoria*, or sail under the red ensign of the *Calais-Douvres*. Personally, I prefer the latter, as I fancy it is the fastest of the speedy trio. Near to the board of information is a document heavy with fate. In it you can learn whether the sea is to be "smooth," "light," "moderate," or "rather rough." If you find that your destiny is one of the two last mentioned, make up your mind for breezy weather, with its probable consequences. Of course, if you can face the steward with cheerful unconcern in a hurricane, you will have nothing to fear. But if you find it necessary to take chloral before embarking (say) on the *Serpentine* in a dead calm, then beware of the trail of the tempest, and the course of the coming storm. If a man who is obliged to go on insists that "it will be all right," take care, and beware. "Trust him not," as the late LONGFELLOW poetically suggested, as it is quite within the bounds of possibility that he may be "fooling thee." But if the meteorological report points to "set fair," then away with all idle apprehensions, and hie for the first-class smoking compartment, that stops not until it gets to Dover pier, for the pause at Herne Hill scarcely counts for anything.

As you travel gaily along through the suburbs of Surrey and the hops of Kent, you have just time to glance from your comfortable cushioned seat at "beautiful Battersea," "salubrious Shortlands," "cherished Chatham," "smiling Sittingbourne," "favoured (junction for Dover and Ramsgate) Faversham," and last, but not least, "cathedral-cherishing Canterbury." You hurry through the quaint old streets of "the Key to Brompton" (I believe that is the poetical *plus* strategical designation of the most warlike of our cinque ports), and in two twos you are on board the *Calais-Douvres*, bound for the *buffet* of *buffets*, the pride of the caterer's craft, or rather (to avoid possible misapprehension) his honourable calling. The Channel is charming. This marvellous twenty miles of water is as wayward as a woman. At one time it will compel the crews of the steamers to appear in complete suits of oil-skin; at another it is as smooth as a billiard-table, and twice as smiling. The report at Victoria

has not been misleading. We are to have a pleasant, and consequently prosperous passage.

On board I find a goodly company of lunchers. Mr. Recorder BUNNY, Q.C., sedate and silent—once the terror of thieves of all classes, and ruffians of every degree, now partly in retreat. Then there is the MACSTORM, C.B., warrior and novelist. Foreign affairs are represented by MM. BONHOMME and DE CZARVILLE, excellent fellows both, and capable correspondents in London. Then there are a host of celebrities. DICKY HOGARTH, the caricaturist; SAMUEL STEELE SHERIDAN, the dramatist; and SHAKESPEARE JOHN-SON COCKAIGNE, the man of literary all-work.

"It is very fine this to me when therefore I come out why," observes an Italian explorer, who has the reputation of speaking five-and-twenty languages fluently, and is particularly proud of his English.

"Certainly," I answer promptly, because my friend is a little irritable, and still believes in the possibilities of the *duello*.

"Therefore maybe you find myself when I am not placed which was consequently forwards." And with this the amiable explorer from the sunny south, no doubt believing that he has been imparting information of the most valuable character, relapses into a smiling silence.

In the course of the voyage I find that, if I pleased, I could wait until a quarter to four, and then return to my native shores. This would give me more than three hours in Calais. But what should I do with them?

"You might go to the Old Church," says Mr. Recorder BUNNY, Q.C., "which was an English place of worship in the time of Queen MARY. Some of the chapels are still dedicated to English Saints, and there are various other memorials of the British occupation."

"Or you can go to the *plage*," puts in the MACSTORM. "Great fun in fine weather. Whole families pic-nic on the sands. They feed under tents or in chalets. In the water all day long, except at meal-times. At night they retire, I think, to a little collection of timber-built villas, planted in a neatly-kept square. The whole thing rather suggestive of ALEXANDER SELKIRK *plus* an unlimited supply of a quarter-inch deal flooring, canvas, and cardboard."

In spite, however, of the unrivalled attractions of Calais, I determine to go no further than the *buffet*. Acting under the instructions of Mr. Recorder BUNNY, Q.C., who seems to know the ropes thoroughly well,

I allow the "goers on" (passengers bound for Paris and the Continent generally) to satisfy their cravings for food, and then give my orders. A waiter, who has all the activity of his class, representing, let us say, the best traditions of the Champs Elysée, takes me in hand. We make out a *menu* on the spot—*Melon, tête de veau à la vinaigrette, caneton aux petits pois*, and a cheese omelette. Then half a bottle of red wine, a demi-syphon, and a *café* and *chasse*. All good. Then the *garçon* skips away, placing knives and forks at this table, a dish of fruit at that, and a basket of bread at the one yonder. These athletic exercises (that are sufficiently encouraging to promise the performer—if he wishes it—a prosperous career on the lofty *trapèze*), are undertaken in the interests of the expected voyagers Albion bound. Before the arrival of the Paris train I have eaten my lunch, settled my bill (moderate), and taken my deck chair on the good steamer that is to carry me back to my native land.

Ah! never shall I forget the dear old shores of England as I watch them after *déjeuner à la fourchette* through the perfumed haze of an unusually good cigar. "Low capped and turf crowned, they are not a patch upon the wild magnificence of the fierce Australian coast line, but in my eyes they are beautiful beyond compare." I remember that at one time or another I have heard "the finest music in the world, but at that moment there comes stealing into my ears a melody worth all that music put together, the chime of English village bells." I recollect that I have heard these beautiful expressions used in the Garrick Theatre on the occasion of the revival of a certain little one-act piece. Mr. ARTHUR BOUCHIER was then eloquent (on behalf of the author) in praise of Dover, and I now agree with him. What can be more beautiful than the white cliffs of Albion and the sound of English village bells—after a capital lunch at Calais, and during the enjoyment of an unusually good cigar?

The trusty ship gets to England at 2.30, the equally trusty train arrives at Victoria a couple of hours later. I am in capital time for Mrs. ANYBODY'S "last Anyday."

"How well you are looking," observes my kind hostess, pouring out a cup of tea.

"And I am feeling well," I return; "and all this good health I owe to twenty minutes on the continent."

And these last words sound so like the tag to a piece that they shall serve (by the kind permission of the British public) as the title and the end to an article.



SCRAPS FROM CHAPS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—My pater reads the Bristol newspapers, but I don't, because there's never any pirates or red indians in them, but happening to look in one the other day I noticed an awfully good thing. It said that at a place called Stapleton all the parents were very indignant at the way in which the schoolmistress had been treated by the manigers, and to show their symperthy they decided to keep their children from school. The school was nearly empty in consequents. Now I don't think my schoolmaster has half enough sympathy shown him. He does know how to cane, certainly, but he isn't really such a beast as fellows make out—at least not just the day or so before the holidays begin—and would you mind telling parents that they ought to keep their boys at home for a week or a fortnight after next term begins, to show how much they symperthise with him? Poor chap, he has lots of trouble—I know he has, because I give him some. Yours respectfully, BLOGES JUNIOR.

BAWBEES THANKFULLY RECEIVED.—A National Scottish Memorial to BURNS is in the Ayr. "Surely," writes a perfervid one, "BURNS did as much for our country and the world as SCOTT, yet how very different the monuments of the two in Edinburgh and Glasgow! I am sure no Scotchman would grudge his mite, however poor, for such a purpose." Quite so. But it would take a good many "Cotter's Saturday mites" to build anything like the Scott Memorial in Princes Street. And what is this that the Rev. Dr. BURRELL, of New York, said in presenting a new panel for the Ayr statue of BURNS from American lovers of the poet? "The stream of pilgrims," he observed, "from America to the banks of the Doon was twice as large as that which found its way to the banks of the Avon." Then why should not the stream of dollars follow, and erect a colossal "Burns Enlightening the Nations" somewhere down the Clyde—say, at the Heads of Ayr? *Hamlet* beaten by *Tam O'Shanter*, and Avon taking a back seat to Doon! Flodden is, indeed, avenged.

THE WEARING O' THE GREEN.—There was a discussion at the Cork Corporation's meeting on a recommendation of the Works Committee, that "a new uniform, of Irish manufacture, be ordered for the hall-porter." What should be the colour, was the difficulty? "Some members," we regret to read, "were in favour of blue"; and then the debate went on thus—

MR. BIBLE he thought they should stick to the green

MR. FARINGTON said that green uniforms rot;

MR. LUCY denounced such a statement as mean,

And—"never change colour!"—advised Sir JOHN SCOTT.

So the hall-porter will have a uniform of "green and gold"—the green to be "durable," and the gold to make it endurable!

CABBY OR, REMINISCENCES OF THE RANK AND THE ROAD.

(By "Hansom Jack.")

No. II.—IN THE SHELTER. ME AND BILLY BOGER.

[The first Cabman's Shelter or "Rest" in the Metropolis was set up at the Stand in Acacia Road, St. John's Wood, on February 6, 1875.]

THERE! After a two'ours slow crawl through a fog, with a cough, and a fare as is sour and tight-fisted, Why, even a larkie one drops a bit low, and the tail of 'is temper gits terrible twisted. And that's where the Shelter comes 'andily in. With a cup of 'ot corfee, a slice and a "sojer," And 'bacca to follow, life don't look so bad! What do you think? I says to my pal BILLY BOGER.

Brown-crustied one, BILLY; 'ard baked from 'is birth. Drives a "Growler" yer see, and behaves quite according. Rum picter 'e makes with 'is 'at on 'is nose, and 'is back rounded up like, against a damp boarding. Kinder kicks it at comfort, contrairy-wise, BILL do; won't take it on nohow, the orkurd old Tartar. The sort as won't 'ave parrydisse as a gift if so be it pervents 'em from playing the martyr!

"That's 'Jackdaw' the Snapshottier all up and down!" says BILL with a grunt. That's a nickname 'e's guv me Along of my liking for looking at life. Well, the world is a floorer all round; but Lord love me Mere grumble's no good; doesn't mend things a mite; world rolls on and larfs at us; don't seem a doubt of it; Cuss it and cross it, and over you go! Better far to stand by and look on, till you're out of it.

"Heye like a bloomin' old robin, you 'ave," says BILL (meaning me), "allus cocked at creation

As though you was recknin' it up for a bid like. And what is the end of your fine 'observation'? You squint, and you heft, and you size people up, sorter 'grading 'em out' as Yank JONATHAN puts it. And when you are through, what's the hods? All my heye! You boss till you're blind, and then death hups and shuts it!"

Carn't 'it it, we earn't. But we're pals all the same, becos BILL is more 'onest than some who're more 'arty. We kid, and we kibosh each other like fun, but when H. J. wants backing old BILLY's the party. And when BILLY busts JACK is all there, you bet, although I tool a Forder and 'e a old Growler. But pickles ain't in it for sourness with BILLY, nor yet fresh-laid widders for dein' the 'owler.

"Hansom up!"—"Ah!" says old BILLY. "Percisely! It's jest 'Hansom up, Growler down!' I ain't in it With sech a smart, dashing young Jehu as you, as can put on your quarter o' mile to the minute! Hivory fitments, and bevel-edged mirrors! A lady's boodwore in blue cloth! Ain't it 'trotty'? Vanity Fair upon wheels, JACK, I call it. Wot price now I wonder for me and OLD SPOTTY?"



"Women, too, getting that bloomin' *hadvanced* they all paternise you—and a cigaratte. Drat 'em!

Few years agone they'd a fynted at thought on it. Women fair knock-outs. Could never get at 'em!

Foller their leaders like sheep to a slorter-'ouse. Drive theirselves next, I persoom, on a Forder.

Party you took up outside 'ere larst night, 'er in feathers and paint, was a pooty tall horder."

"Known 'er six year, BILL," I says with a sigh like. "A sweeter young snowdrop than when I first druv 'er

You couldn't 'a' button-holed. Ah! and she's pooty as paint—bar the paint—at this moment, Lord luv 'er!

Frolicsome, freehanded,—fast? Well, I s'pose so.

She used to drive up with a toffy young masher.

Turtle-doves? Well, 'twas a pleasure to see 'em, BILL; 'er such a dainty 'un, 'im such a dasher.

"Innereent, hay? Yes, as rain-sprinkled laylock boughs. 'E broke 'is neck in a steeplechase, BILLY, She took to sewing, and dropped smiles and 'ansoms. Wilted away like a gas-shrivelled lily.

Then I lost sight on 'er, couple o' year or so. Next she turned up as —well, BILLY you've seen 'er,

Pro. at the "Pompodour," generous, gassy, and—well, p'raps as good as a lot that look greener."

"Bah!" snaps BILL BOGER, dissecting 'is bloater as though 'twos 'umanity, and 'im a surgeon;

"Life as it's seen from the cab-driver's 'pulpit' would give some new texts to a PARKER or SPURGEON.

Culler-der-rose, indeed! Yaller-der-janders! It's most on it dubersome, dirty or dingy.

The free 'anded fares is best part on 'em quisby, and them as 'is righteous runs sour-like and stingy."

I says, "BILL, you're bilious!" 'E snorts supercilious, and bolts the 'ard-roe. "Hah, young Daffydowndilly."

'E growls as 'e munches, "of all the green bunches o' Spring inguns you are the greenest. It's silly,

Your slop-over sentiment is, for a Cabby!!"—Fare? "Finsbury Park, and look slippery!" "All right, Sir!"—

"We'll argue it out, BILLY BOGER, some other time " Right away coachman! Kim up mare! Good night, Sir!

THE words of that arch-humourist, the late ARTEMUS WARD, on the subject of the New Woman, whom he designated "a he-lookin' female," are worth repeating:—"O, woman, woman," I cried, my feelins worked up to a hi poetick pitch, 'you air a angle when you behave yourself; but when you take off your proper appair and (mettyforically spoken) get into pantyloons—when you desert your firesides, and with your heds full of wimin's rites noshuns go round like roarin lions, seekin whom you may devour somebody—in short, when you undertake to play the man, you play the devil and air an emfatic noosence. My female friends, I continered, as they were indignantly departin, 'wa well what A. WARD has sed!"



UNLUCKY SPEECHES.

"WOULDN'T YOU LIKE SOME MUSIC, PROFESSOR?"

"NO, THANKS. I'M QUITE HAPPY AS I AM. TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, I PREFER THE WORST POSSIBLE CONVERSATION TO THE BEST MUSIC THERE IS!"

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI.

A BALLAD OF BIRD SLAUGHTER.

(With Apologies to the Shade of Keats.)

"The new style of women's head-gear—called mixed plumes—threatens to add the extermination of Birds of Paradise to that of several species of herons. . . . It is for this 'use' that whole heronries in Florida and elsewhere have been utterly destroyed; it is for this that Birds of Paradise are being persecuted even to extinction."—*Mrs. E. Phillips, Vice-President of the Society for the Preservation of Birds.*

I.

Oh, what can ail thee, poet-man,
Alone and palely loitering?

"The wings are banished from the woods,
And no birds sing."

II.

Oh, what can ail thee, bird-lover,
So haggard and so woe-begone?

"The heronry no more is full,
And the cranes are flown."

III.

I see there's sorrow on thy brow,
At dawn's rose-flush, at eve's cool dew.
"Bird-song is gone from the garden rose,
And the field flowers too."

IV.

"I met a lady on the way,
Fell, beautiful, cold Fashion's child;
Her hair was golden, her plume was high,
And her eyes were wild."

V.

"She made a mixed plume for her head,
Of heron crest and aureole.
She looked at me as void of love,
And cold of soul."

VI.

"She slaughtered Birds of Paradise,
And little cared for all day long
Save silencing the whirr of wings,
And the trill of song."

VII.

"She found the task of relish sweet;
The warbling wildwood choir she slew.
Till the larks were mute, and the linnet
Dead,
And the robins few."

VIII.

"She took me to her milliner's
And showed with glee a sight full sore,
Her new mixed plume, with aureoles six,
And egrets four."

IX.

"'Twas there she lulled all love asleep,
And her heart grew hard—ah, woe betide!—
As the granite-boulder that gleameth white
On the cold hill-side."

X.

"I saw dead songsters heaped to view.
From field, wood, mere, came one sad call:
They cried, '*La Belle Dame sans Merci*
Will slay us all!'"

XI.

"Beauty no more will flash a-wing,
Music no more full-throated flush.
Fashion will curse the fields of Spring
With the Winter's hush."

XII.

"I saw poor bird-beaks in that room
With fruitless warning gaping wide;
And the lady wore their stolen plumes
With a cruel pride."

XIII.

"The Feathered Woman" was she high;
But all reproof, compassion-born,
The modish *Belle Dame sans Merci*
Doth laugh to scorn."

XIV.

"What plea for beauty or for song,
Or simple prudence, may she reek,
While Fashion rules she with mixed plumes
Her head must deck?"

XV.

"The birds in myriads may die,
Till earth is all a songless hush;
But she upon her crest must sport
A feathered-brush!"

XVI.

"'Tis not sore need bids songsters bleed,
Not lack of vesture or of food;
'Tis only Fashion's foolish freak
Strips wold and wood."

XVII.

"And that is why I wander here,
Alone and sadly loitering, [plume,
Whilst the sedge shakes not with glancing
And no birds sing!"

BOURNEMOUTH'S chief magistrate, by decision and order of the corporation of that town, has been deprived of a strip of land, alleged to be public property, which he had enclosed within his own private grounds. The sight of sixty workmen ruthlessly "removing his summer-house and shrubs, and throwing tons of mould over the cliffs," could not have been a very exhilarating one for the erstwhile owner, who must have felt like Mayor-ius 'mid the ruins of Cart-hage.



THE EMPTY CUPBOARD.

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD SHE WENT TO THE CUPBOARD
TO GET HER POOR DOG A BONE,

WHEN SHE GOT THERE THE CUPBOARD WAS BARE,
AND SO THE POOR DOG HAD NONE.

[“Mr. CHAPLIN, speaking in the House of Commons on the 19th August, said that it was not possible to prepare and produce measures for the relief of Agriculture this Session.”—*Daily Paper*.]

ROUNABOUT READINGS.

"ROUNABOUT Ridings" would be the more correct title, for he who writes these lines has yielded to the joint influences of the prevalent craze and the glorious weather, and has been touring in North Devon on (and off) a bicycle. I say "off" advisedly, for the hills in that delightful country are so numerous, so long, and so steep, that out of every hundred miles you accomplish you will find that you have walked at least fifty while you painfully shoved your wheel before you. And when you reach the laborious summit and pause panting, you are as likely as not to gather your breath and strength under a notice informing you that the descent beyond, down which you had hoped to spin with extended legs, is dangerous to cyclists.

AND thereupon, if the sun is shining in full strength, and you are spent and parched, you may possibly decide that in order to make a bicycle tour in North Devon a complete and splendid success, it is essential that you should do it without a bicycle. But later on, when you have reached the end of your journey, have had your bath, your rub down and your brush up, and are waiting placidly for your dinner with an appetite well set and a thirst calculated to drain a vat of cider, then you will realise that even in the precipitous Devonshire country bicycling is a real delight.



PUTTING aside for the moment the question whether or not you ought to take a bicycle, I hold that the following ingredients go to make a successful bicycle tour. (1) A tall youngster from Oxford possessing incalculable yards of totally irresponsible arms and legs, a happy knack of conversational prattle, a shock of fair hair, and imperturbable good humour. These details, though important, are not essential. It is, however, absolutely essential that he should make all plans for the day's ride, settle on the stopping places and hotels, and carry maps and guide-books. You can then enjoy the satisfaction of abusing him heartily whenever things go wrong. You will also find that whenever you want the map he will either have left it in the pocket of a coat which has been sent on by train, or stowed it away in the darkest recess of the bottom of his kit-case.

THE second ingredient is a private clown of quaint humour and original ideas. This is the sort of man who finds interest and amusement in everything, and provokes you to laughter by the most unexpected sallies. Before you have had time to turn round he will be on terms of easy familiarity with drivers of coaches, porters at hotels, ladies who serve behind bars, and rustics whom he may meet on the road. In five minutes he knows the details of all their personal history, their length of service, the manner of their work, the size of their families, their adventures, and their chief desires in life. They all treat him with the highest consideration and go out of their way to make things easy for him. At Lynton our own particular clown sent the hotel band into convulsions by dancing a step dance while they were solemnly playing a German march. The incongruity of the situation so tickled the trombone that for at least two minutes he was utterly unable to carry on the pumping operations entailed by his instrument. His ruin was completed when he was asked to join our party with the special object of inflating the back-tyres of our bicycles. Even the conductor relaxed into a smile.



THE third ingredient is a paymaster. If you can find a handsome, well-built, agreeable and intellectual man for the position (as we did) so much the better. You will thus add an air of character and distinction to your tour. In that respect, I admit, we were fortunate beyond the average. I need only add, as a slight reminder to my companions, that they have not yet repaid to me the money I disbursed for them.

THE fourth ingredient is one rainy day. It helps you to enjoy the fine weather all the more, and it gives you an opportunity of investing yourself in the pretty little gray waterproof cape which bicycle outfitters provide for wet weather. From a ticket attached to the collar of mine, I discovered that it was called an "electric poncho." I can only say that it fully deserved the title. Wet weather, moreover, adds a pleasing element of uncertainty to bicycling by making your back wheel skid, so that you never know, from one moment to the other, what you may be doing. If three of you are riding in a

line, it is more than probable that, in the twinkling of an eye, you will be piled three deep on the side of the road.

You ought also to insure at least one hotel dance in the course of your journey. All hotel dances are the same, and therefore one is quite sufficient as a sample. Hotel dances are attended by eight ladies and six men. One of the men is a boy. He has two sisters, who are also present at the dance. He dances three times with one sister, and three times with the other. His seventh dance he devotes to a lady no longer in her first youth, who has captured his young affections, and after the mad excitement of this episode he goes to bed. Another of the men is always elderly, bald and stout. He displays the courtly gallantry which is understood to be an attribute of the old school. He is a rigorous stickler for the etiquette of the ball-room. He dances the Lancers with a solemn precision and the waltz with a precise solemnity, and that is the only distinction he makes between them. He is a great hand at well-turned compliments of a ponderous nature, and it is a liberal education to see him conducting his partner back to her seat. A third man is an amusing rattle. He makes his partners giggle by his total ignorance of the Lancers, and incurs the frowns of the bald man by his dashing exploits in the waltz. The ladies all wear high dresses, they have interchangeable *chaperons*, and make a noble pretence of enjoying themselves. In the fifth dance the bald man falls down, and long before twelve o'clock everything is over and peace reigns again in the hotel.



CLOVELLY is the proud possessor, not merely of the steepest High Street in the world, but also of a "poet-artist" (so he describes himself), who is also (I again quote his own description) a "professional qualified photographer." Here is an extract from his enthusiastic poem entitled "A Peep from the Hobby Drive, Clovelly."

How charming is the old High Street,
Pitched with pebbles, rough—how steep;
There donkeys stand with coal and sack,
And women with their brush in hand.

Out boldly stands the grand old pier,
To check the waves that may come near;
And fishermen upon it stand,
Yarning with their pipes in hand.

Among such grandeur, artist, rest—
To imitate it at thy best:
For should some beauty fall to ground,
Thy picture has it, safe and sound.

FROM the *Fishing Gazette* I take the following story:—

Last spring, while a party of tourists were fishing up North, a well-known lawyer lost his gold watch from the boat in which he was sitting. Last week he made another visit to the lakes, and during the first day's sport caught an 8lb. trout. His astonishment can be imagined when he found the watch lodged in the throat of the trout. The watch was running, and the time correct. It being a "stem winder" the supposition is that, in masticating its food, the fish wound up the watch daily.

I happen to know that this story is incomplete, and I venture to add some missing details. The fish—a particularly thoughtful animal—finding that there was no chain to the watch, resolved to supply this defect, and, by a well-known process in metallurgy, converted some of its scales into a complete Albert, which it connected with the watch. The watch used to lose two minutes a week. With admirable patience the fish regulated it, and restored it to its owner in perfectly accurate trim. When it was originally lost the watch was a simple one. It has now become a repeater, with a special dial indicating the days of the week, the month, and the year A.D. By a trick, learnt from a fried whiting in early life this trout contrived every day to insert its tail into its mouth, and, by using it as a brush, to keep the watch clean, and free from rust. When the fish had been boiled and eaten, the watch stopped, out of sympathy, and has not gone since.





A SOLILOQUY.

Generous Dealer (examining ring). "HE ASKS TWENTY. HE THINKS HE'LL GET EIGHTEEN. IT'S WORTH SIXTEEN. I'LL GIVE FOURTEEN. HE PAID TWELVE. I'LL OFFER TEN!"

A CRY FROM CHICAGO.

BETTER fifty years of Europe
Than a cycle of Porkopolis!
Freedom's shackled with a new rope
In Mock-Modesty's metropolis.
Ladies—aye and men—in tights
To Chicago prudes proves shockers;
So they limit wheelman rights
By forbidding—knickerbockers!
Nav, the manly human calf
To these Aldermen's so shocking,
They prohibit—do not laugh!—
All display of—the male—stocking!!

We must don a costume baggy
From the throat unto the ankles;
Something stuffy, chokey, draggy!
Yah! In freemen's hearts it rankles
This restriction. Don't let's heed 'em!
If they bother thus our biking.
Ho! for Battersea and freedom!
Cyclists of Chicago, striking,
Like their sires for Independence,
'Gainst the prigs our wheel-rights blocking,
Claim, in all their old residence,
Knicker free and liberal stocking!

MUSIC MINUS CHARMS.

(The Latest Developments of the Educational Department.)

"WHERE are we going next?" asked the Taught of the Teacher. They had just left the portals of the School Board.

"To a place that should be inscribed with the words 'All hope abandon who enter here,' and which is known as the Slums," was the sad reply.

The Teacher and the Taught travelled on until they were lost in a maze of workmen's buildings.

"Not so very bad," commented the Taught. "Surely a man and his family might live peaceably enough in these seemingly comfortable flats."

"You do not know all," said the Teacher. "Much has been done for the artisan, but the School Board have driven him to despair. Listen!"

Then the two investigators heard sounds of shrieking and wailing. There was a hubbub of dreadful groans and sighs.

"These are not human," cried the Taught. "They are not," was the answer. "Have you ever heard the like?"

"Never. And yet I should say that the tones came from violins—played, no doubt, by imps."

"No, it is not that." And then came the full explanation.

"The dreadful discord to which we are listening is caused by the practice of the scholars of the School Board. The energetic youngsters are being taught at the expense of the ratepayers how to play the 'fiddle.'"

THE BRITISH BATHER.

(By a Dipper in Brittany.)

[See the correspondence in the Daily Graphic.]

MRS. GRUNDY rules the waves,
With Britons for her slaves—
They're fearful to disport themselves,
Unless the sexes sort themselves
And take their bathing sadly, for French
gaiety depraves (')

'Tis time no more were seen
The out-of-date "machine";
Away with that monstrosity
Of prudish ponderosity—
Why can't we have the bathing tent or else
the trim *cabine*?

I think we should advance
If we took a hint from France,
And mingled (quite decorously)
On beaches that before us lie
All round our coasts—we do abroad whene'er
we get the chance!

O'er here in St. Malé
The thing's quite *comme il faut*;
Why not in higher latitude?
I can't make out the attitude
Of those who make the British dip so "shock-
ing," dull and slow!

LANCASHIRE riflemen who "pay their shot" at the average rate of £5 per annum for "marking," are certainly entitled to every modern improvement on their range at Althar, and it is no wonder that there has been some grumbling at the non-introduction of canvas-targets since their invention years ago. However, this defeat, we read in the *Liverpool Daily Post's* "Volunteer Notes," will shortly be removed, and the desired innovation substituted, so that Bisley marksmen who, hitherto, indulged in sneers at the deficiencies of Althar, must now cease making a butt of the northern range.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, August 26.—Doorkeepers and police puzzled by notable gathering of strangers. Came in one by one. No one seemed to know another; yet there was about them, according to Mr. HORSLEY's testimony, certain signs of brotherhood. None wore top hats; every man's hair was longer than it is ordinarily worn; several carried cloaks, mostly brown about the seams, cut, as far as Mr. HORSLEY can remember, something after pattern of cloak worn by Lord TENNYSON when he came to be sworn in as a peer of the realm, and was, on first presenting himself, turned away by the policeman in the outer hall under the impression that he was collecting empty bottles.

Most of the strangers had orders for special gallery. Some had seats under the gallery. Others (these, it turned out when the secret was fully disclosed, were the sonneteers) found seats on the higher, but, in the House of Commons, less distinguished, slopes of Parnassus, allotted to undistinguished strangers who ballot for places.

They were the candidates for the Poet Laureateship, or rather some of them. Walking out after questions were over, SARK found a double row of poets sitting on the stone benches right and left of the corridor, waiting for a possible turn at the ballot—waiting with same dogged patience, same unquenchable hope, with which they tarry for public recognition.

All due to JOHNSTON of Ballykilbeg. Turning aside for moment from the vexed Bermothes of theology, and the suspicious conduct of Irish Members of the Catholic faith, BALLYKILBEG permitted his gaze to fall on the vacant chair of the Poet Laureate. Gave notice of intention to ask PRINCE ARTHUR at to-day's sitting what he meant to do about it. Hence this commotion in the drear woods and the hungry thickets that clothe the foot of Parnassus.

"Sorry for 'em," said BALLYKILBEG, looking up towards crowded galleries. "They're a poor-looking lot. Don't believe there's a Master of an Orange Lodge among 'em. Anyhow they're all out of it. My man is WILFRID LAWSON. Don't mean to say he put me up to ask the question with any ulterior personal views. But he knew what I was at, and he knows my opinion of him. We don't agree in politics, and he's not sound on the Pope of Rome. But for verse that fetches you, the poetry you can understand without first tying wet cloth round your head, give me WILFRID LAWSON. PRINCE ARTHUR refers me to THE MARKISS. I'll call and see him, taking with me a choice selection of WILFRID's verse, which I'll read to him."

Business done.—Votes in Supply.

Tuesday.—Scotch votes on; the WEIRISOME WEIR stands where he did, at corner seat of front bench below Gangway. This convenient situation for fixing Corporal HANBURY with gleaming eye. Also the metal grating which serves as flooring of House is useful as adding reverberating sound to WEIRISOME's voice when occasion makes it desirable it should issue from his boots. If it were not for the matting laid over the grating, effect would be much more tremendous. WEIRISOME makes the best of it. Blood curdling to hear him just now denouncing some Procurator Fiscal whose office is in Edinburgh, and his house in Ross-shire. Or is it the other way about? The worst of WEIRISOME making our flesh creep by his ventriloquial talents is, that we get a little mixed about his points. However it was, the Procurator Fiscal had committed a heinous crime. Only by exercise of supernatural forbearance that WEIRISOME refrained from moving to reduce salary of Secretary for Scotland by £2000.

Effect of supernatural rumblings of his voice increased by ghastly pauses in flow of conversation. HANBURY, as yet new to post of Financial Secretary, will by-and-by get accustomed to its trials. Meanwhile it is painful for Cap'en TOMMY BOWLES, moored immediately behind his old colleague, to observe his hair gradually standing up whilst House is hushed in awesome silence what time WEIRISOME is solemnly reafixing his *pince-nez* with intent to continue his remarks.

Chairman more than once attempted to fill up pauses by reminding WEIRISOME what was the precise bearing of vote before Committee. Once sternly threatened to enforce rule which permits Chairman to order a rambling speaker to shut up, and sit down. WEIRISOME apparently paid no attention. A few minutes later, fancying he saw

sign of movement in the Chair, he stopped; with wide sweep of arm put on his *pince-nez*; held manuscript up with apparent intention of consulting it; covertly regarded JAMES W. over the top. Concluding he meant business, WEIRISOME, without another word, solemnly, slowly—to the agonised looker on the process seemed to occupy sixty seconds—dropped into his seat.

Business done.—A good deal in Committee of Supply.

Friday, 2 A.M.—It is the unexpected that ever happens in House of Commons. Wednesday is ordinarily humdrum day; SPEAKER takes Chair at noon; all over before six. Accordingly, having met at noon on Wednesday, House sat till two o'clock next morning, proceedings culminating with scene in which DICK WEBSTER, of all men, was convicted of disorderly conduct.

"Really," said J. G. TALBOT, nervously rubbing his hands, "I don't know what we shall see next. Probably the Chaplain, in full canonicals, conducted to Clock Tower by Serjeant-at-Arms for having spoken disrespectfully of the Archbishop of CANTERBURY. The sooner this Session is over, the better it will be for Church and State."

By way of balancing eccentricity of uproarious Wednesday, the sitting just drawing to close has been unrelievedly dull. Yet it was the sitting solemnly set aside for Irish votes. Battle-royal expected, with nothing left at its close but few fragments that had once been GERALD BALFOUR, and here and there the limb of an Irish Member. Nothing happened, not even a division. Only long succession of dreary diatribes, with GERALD BALFOUR occasionally interposing with new promise of benignant sway.

"Very odd," said Truculent TIM, annoyed to find himself mollified. "The voice of the new Chief Secretary is uncommonly like the voice of ARTHUR BALFOUR. But the hands promise to rule after the fashion of the hands of JOHN MORLEY."

Business done.—All the Irish votes passed.

Friday.—House sat to-day, pegging away again at Supply, so as to prorogue next week. Navy Votes on; Cap'en TOMMY BOWLES attempts to boss the show, making light of Lord High Admiral JOKIM, openly alluding to Corporal HANBURY as a horse-marine, this too much for an ancient friendship strained by altered circumstances.

"TOMMY," said the Financial Secretary to the Treasury, turning round upon his former ally, after he had been up for twentieth time dictating marine tactics to the Sea Lords and policy to the First Lord; "did you ever hear a story LUBBOCK tells about the Maori convert? As he had not been seen for some weeks inquiry was made as to his welfare. 'Oh,' explained the chief of his tribe, 'he gave us so much good advice that at last we put him to death.' Think it over TOMMY. It's a nice story, and there's a moral in it."

Business done.—Nearly all.



FISHING MADE DIFFICULT.

A. J. B. "What on earth is the use of getting a brand new rod, when you're caught up on these bothering things every five minutes?"



GENTLE EXERCISE.

Mrs. Jones. "COME ON, OLD SLOWCOACH! LET'S RACE UP THIS NEXT HILL, OR WE'LL BE LATE FOR TEA!"

[Jones is beginning to doubt the wisdom of having sold his Pony and Trap, and taken to Bicycles. He lives seven miles from a Town where Mrs. J. takes him shopping four times a week with the greatest regularity.]

A PIECE FULL OF POINT.

MESSRS. CLEMENT SCOTT and BRANDON THOMAS are to be congratulated on the success of their adaptation of the *Maître d'Armes*, produced at the Adelphi Theatre on Saturday last. The play, which appeared, like the longest remembered dramas of the late DRON BOUCICAULT, in August—traditionally "the dead season of the stage"—seems destined to be as popular as the best-liked of its predecessors. For once—but, it is to be hoped, not "and away"—MR. WILLIAM TERRISS has a chance of showing his quality in a character worthier of his powers than the customary hero of "walking gentleman" romance. Like MR. HENRY NEVILLE when he appeared as *Henry Dunbar*, after a long course of *Ticket of Leave Man*, MR. TERRISS makes the most of his opportunity. MISS MILLWARD is excellent as the child of the fencer—a criticism which applies equally "to every one concerned." Well written, well mounted, and well played, there is no reason why *The Swordsman's Daughter* should not prove the truth of heredity and "run through"—the season.

"FULL of wise saws" is "Amateur Angler," in the *Fishing Gazette*, concerning the river Wye. He complains that "he tried for trout, but caught chub," which, however, we are told "is a comely fish"—quite chub-stantial, doubtless—and "gives as much sport, at times, as a gentlemanly trout." "Lordly salmon" are also to be found. Evidently the Wye is peopled by the upper crust of the piscatorial world, and this, perhaps, explains the reason for "the river being netted and poached in every conceivable way," or wye, as Cockneys say.

WITH sorrow we read, in the *South Wales Daily News*, the announcement of the demise of "Billy," the celebrated goat, that for ten years had been an honoured and favourite member of the First Battalion, Welsh Regiment. This excellent animal, who died from the ravages of rheumatism contracted on the march, seems to have belonged to the "giddy" species of goat, for we learn that "he could hold his own with the best in drinking stout, beer, wine, or spirits." With these Anti-Local Veto propensities, it would not have been astonishing had the bibulous "Billy," like a certain historical personage, met with his end by drowning in a butt.

A DIALOGUE OF THE NIGHT.

"The art of setting forth a scene, an incident, in the shape of conversation natural, fluent, easy, and witty, is not so common an accomplishment as the large supply produced on MR. CRAFTURD's demand may seem to suggest."—*The "Daily News"* on "Dialogues of the Day," edited by Mr. Oswald Crafturd.]

SCENE—*The Elysian Fields, at nightfall.*

PRESENT—*The shades of Lord and Lady SPARKISH, Lord and Lady SMART, Colonel ALWIT, Mr. NEVEROUT, Miss NOTABLE, and some other characters in Dean SWIFT's "Polite Conversation."*

Lady Smart (laying down her book with a yawn). Egad! Our posterity cannot talk, they can only prattle.

Lord Sparkish. Or rather patter.

Miss Notable. Pray, my lord, what is "patter"?

Lord Sparkish. All sauciness and slang, like the soliloquy of a Cheap Jack.

Mr. Neverout. Modish conversation, to-day, seems to borrow its diction from the music-hall, and its repartee from the 'bus conductor.

Miss Notable. Oh fie! Now our "Polite and Ingenious Conversation," as the dear Dean of ST. PATRICK reported it, was vastly different. Did not MR. SWIFT declare that he defied all the clubs and coffee-houses in the town to equal it in wit, humour, smartness or politeness?

Lady Sparkish. Yes; yes, indeed! And he had scruples about prostituting "this noble art to mean and vulgar people."

Mr. Neverout. Egad, the penny daily paper and the six-penny illustrated weekly have altered all that. "Mean and vulgar people" now write books and journals, as well as read 'em.

Miss Notable. For my part I don't like dialogues, except upon the stage. They are so mortally dull.

Lady Sparkish. Nay, but my dear girl, the Dean says, you must remember, "Dialogue is held the best method of inculcating any part of knowledge; and I am confident that public schools will soon be founded for teaching wit and politeness, after my scheme, to young people of quality and fortune."

Mr. Neverout. Perhaps the present rage for dialogues is the first step in that direction.

Lady Answerall. Pah! there are no "young persons of quality" now!

Lord Sparkish. Though plenty of young persons of fortune!

Mr. Neverout. Quite a different thing, my Lord! In our days School Boards, Labour Members, and American Millionaires had not been invented. CREECH had indeed translated HORACE into the vernacular, but JOWETT had not Englished the Platonic Dialogues for the benefit of Extension Lectures and hack journalists.

Colonel Alwit. Faith, I could never stomach that inquisitive bore SOCRATES and his dreary dialoguists. That gay, wicked, but debonaire dog, LUCIAN, was more to my mind.

Mr. Neverout. Ah! who of our latter-day dialogue-mongers could equal the smart and really quite *fin-de-siècle* cynic of Samosata?

Miss Notable. Well, as TIBBALDS, said:—

"I am no schollard, but I am polite,
Therefore be sure I'm no Jacobite."

So I've not read your LUCIAN and PLATO and things. But I like Gyp, and Anthony Hope. I vow he hath a true touch of "the quality," and he vastly delights me.

Mr. Neverout. Does he not go nigh to make you blush, now and anon?

Miss Notable. Blush? Ay, blush like a blue dog.

Lady Smart. Still I maintain the Town to-day cannot talk.

Mr. Neverout. Any more than it can write letters.

Lady Sparkish. There is nought genteel in their gabble, nor truly smart in their repartee.

Lord Sparkish. And they cannot *badiner* a bit.

Lady Smart. Like that dear Bellamour!

Miss Notable. Or that delightful Lovelace!

Lady Smart. Modern dialogues are dull!

Mr. Neverout. If our dear Dean, now, could furnish them with a fresh supply of those entertaining and improving "polite questions, answers, repartees, replies, and rejoinders," such as he took thirty years in collecting, there might be a chance for them.

Lord Sparkish. Or if we could send them some really modish dialogues from the shades!

Lady Sparkish. Faith, suppose we send 'em this!

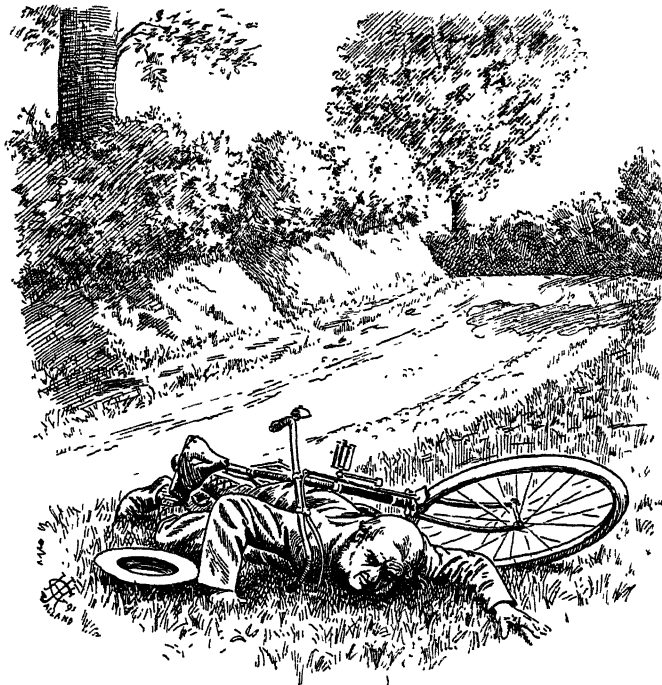
Miss Notable. Ah, do let's!!



SCRAPS FROM CHAPS.

"A-HOY!"—A chance for any person desirous of escaping from the *oi πολλοι*, and making his home upon an island "all to himself." Hoy, one of the celebrated Orkney group of islands, is for sale. This is a healthy spot, in fact it may now be said to be most sale-ubrious. Information gleaned from the *Liverpool Courier* shows that "the island comprises 40,000 acres, rises abruptly"—like the angry hero of a novelette—"from the sea, consists of a mountain having different eminences or peaks"—this piques one's curiosity—"is very steep, and has a noble and picturesque effect from all points of view." We trust it may also have a beautifying and ennobling effect upon the purchaser. Besides all these advantages, it possesses a large pillar of rock, 300 feet high, known as "The Old Man of Hoy." The legend attached to this promontory is as follows:—

There was an old party of Hoy,
Who in life couldn't find any
joy,
So he sold all his stock,
Got transformed into rock,
Did this marvellous "broth of
a hoy."



WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Old Gent (lately bitten with the Craze). "AND THAT CONFOUNDED MAN SOLD ME THE THING FOR A SAFETY!"

BEST congratulations to the First Lord of the Treasury on his happy idea of promoting a scheme for the presentation of a testimonial to old TOM MORRIS, doyen of golf professionals, and keeper of the Green of the Royal and Ancient Club, at St. Andrews. An undeviating devotion of sixty years to the interests of the Scotch sport has won for TOM the thankful admiration of all lovers of the game, and it is sincerely to be hoped that Mr. BALFOUR's appeal will result in a bunker—we mean a bumper—testimonial to the Grand Old Golfie Gladiator. For the edification of a future generation of golf devotees there should also be constructed a statuette of the veteran,

To stand in the Club smoking-room

Plain for all folk to see;
TOM MORRIS just about to "putt"
A ball across the Dee;
And underneath be written,
In letters all of gold,
How gloriously he kept the green
In the brave days of old.

FOOD FOR REFLECTION.—Readers of the *Daily Telegraph* have become vegetarians. They are subsisting on a diet of lov(e)age.

THE INTERESTING CASE OF MR. BRIEFLESS.

I HAVE been requested by a large number of the profession to which I have the honour to belong, to bring a matter of some personal importance before the public in an appropriate manner. It seems to me that I cannot carry out this instruction more judiciously than by communicating with the Editor of a paper representing by universal consent the Bench, the Bar, and the Populace. I am assisted in this task—one of considerable delicacy—by a document that came into my hands at a time when the scheme, now full grown, was in its infancy. It is a note from "Mr. Senior," who presided at my mess in Hall some weeks before the commencement of the present Long Vacation. It speaks for itself:—

"MY DEAR BRIEFLESS,—In reply to your letter, 'No, I certainly was not joking.' It is true that we four had got to the third bottle of our after-dinner port; but in that admission I see no reason for assuming that our intellectual faculties had failed us. No; I shall be only too pleased if the proposed Testimonial should become an accomplished fact. To put it tersely, if Athletics are to be rewarded, why should Learning wait? Yours sincerely, —."

I purposely omit the signature—an influential one—as I have no desire to bring undue pressure to bear in a cause so purely personal to myself. I need scarcely say that a Testimonial, even when it takes the shape preferred by *Mr. Micawber*, is highly gratifying. But when the matter was first broached, I had serious doubts whether I would maintain the dignity of the Bar if I became a party to the proceedings that would bring it to a successful issue. This being so, I have little hesitation in laying before you this case and opinion. The first—at request—was prepared by myself; the latter was appended by a Counsel whose name, if revealed, would carry great weight, not only with lawyers but the community at large.

CASE.

It is proposed to give Mr. A. BRIEFLESS, Jun., a Testimonial, which it is intended shall take the shape of a bag of money, in consideration of his services to the Bar. It is in contemplation that this money shall be collected from the human race in general, and the British public in particular. It may be suggested—not that the contention has as yet arisen—that there is something derogatory in a Barrister-at-Law receiving pecuniary assistance from persons other than those of his kith and kin. Mr. A. BRIEFLESS, Jun., although enjoying a very considerable practice as things go—he has held no less than three consent briefs during the last five years—is not very wealthy, and it must be admitted that a grant would not be an unwelcome incident in his career. For all that he would shrink from

doing anything that might be considered derogatory to his title of "esquire"—a distinction that he not only holds as his father's heir, but by the usage of his office.

You are requested therefore kindly to say—

1. Can Mr. A. BRIEFLESS, Jun., receive a Testimonial of a bag of money without laying himself open to the charge of being an accessory before and after the fact of an act of maintenance?

2. Assuming that there is nothing in the first suggestion, will Mr. A. BRIEFLESS, Jun., in accepting the sum of money it is proposed to hand to him, be guilty of an act of contributory negligence, bringing about a loss of dignity to the Bar?

3. Should there be nothing in the latter suggestion, is it desirable that, instead of a bag of money, the Testimonial should take the shape of a golden snuff-box, a service of plate, or some equally costly article? It is strongly urged that, if practicable, this course should not be advised, as such articles are invariably embarrassing.

And to consult and advise generally.

OPINION.

I do not think that the reception of a bag of money by Mr. A. BRIEFLESS, Jun., would amount to maintenance. But it would be advisable that the learned gentleman should undertake not to use any of the sum in defraying costs.

As the ancient manner of paying counsel was to drop an honorarium into the bags worn at the back of their robes, I can see nothing derogatory to the profession in Mr. A. BRIEFLESS, Jun., accepting the proposed Testimonial.

I do not see that a distinction can be drawn between coins of the realm and their equivalent. Both are equally acceptable. If Mr. A. BRIEFLESS, Jun., prefers cash to snuff-boxes, there is no reason why he should not receive the former in preference to the latter.

I would advise that the Testimonial be collected at once, and presented as quickly as possible.

(Signed)

I have nothing further to say beyond hinting that the project has already been taken up with a fair amount of enthusiasm. Many firms of manufacturers have expressed a desire to send subscriptions (which they wish to see published in the daily papers) on the score "that they have been happy enough never to have had cause to avail themselves of my valuable professional services."

And now I must apologise for so lengthy a contribution. I have nothing to add, save that should a Testimonial be organised, I shall be glad were the subscriptions fixed at £1 3s. 6d. Out of that sum I should, of course, deduct half-a-crown as an appropriate recognition of the services of my admirable and excellent clerk, Mr. PORTINGTON.

(Signed)

A. BRIEFLESS, JUN.

Pump-handle Court, September 9, 1895.



THE TURTLE-DOVE OF PEACE; OR, THE LORD MAYOR IN FRANCE.

["Sir JOSEPH RENALS said he hoped his visit would serve to dissipate the idea that there was a spirit of hostility towards France in England. If he succeeded in removing that misunderstanding, he considered he would have rendered a great service to his country."—*Westminster Gazette*.]



A CONTINENTAL TRIP.

First Man (tasting beer). "HULLO! I ORDERED LAGER. THIS ISN'T LAGER!"

Second Man (tasting). "NO; BUT IT'S JOLLY GOOD, ALL THE SAME!"

Third Man (tasting). "C'EST MAGNIFIQUE! MAIS CE N'EST PAS LAGER-R-R!"

HAPPY HARROGATE.

(*A Traveller's Thank-Offering.*)

FAITH! I feared I was bound for that general bourn, which we all must approach through one narrow gate, But, oh! once again I have felt heart and brain hurried up by the waters of Harrogate.

(Here's jolly good luck to them!) Doctor BLACK (if that place of my bothersome case did *not* make a muddle or mull, for, I owe strength of limb, heart and stomach, to him, and those terrible doses of sulphur! (And stoutly I *stuck* to them.)

And true gratitude rules at present my mood (though gratitude's rather a rarity), And that's why I'd say just a good word to-day for an excellent Harrogate charity, (A regular A-Wonner!)

That fine Yorkshire Home for Incurables! Come, ye who've got from the sulphur springs benefit, And put in your "mite" in the slot, which will quite hold a pound, yet a shilling or penny fit.

(You just ask the "Stunner!") The Duchess of DEVONSHIRE opened the *fête* and bazaar, driving over from Bolton, The Abbey, you know, a most picturesque show, which the tourist has got a firm "holt" on,

(I use the vernacular!) Her Grace by her kirtle had good Dr. MYRTLE, who unto the Tykes introduced her,

And when that she pleaded for funds sorely needed I hoped there were few who refused her.

(That's neat and oracular!)

The good *Yorkshire Post* says the Home may well boast of much honoured names as subscribers,

And Alderman FORTUNE (appropriate name!) and SAVERY (two blameless bribers Of folks to do duty)

Spake up for the Home. Shall poor invalids roam, in pain, and alone and untended,

When at brave Harrogate it may be their kind fate to be doctored, and fed, and befriended?

(By Wisdom and Beauty!)

Doctors MYRTLE and SOLLY, it makes me feel jolly—by sulphur wells made sulphur weller—

To say a good word! Mr. JOSHUA WHITWORTH—Hon. Sec.—is "a jolly good feller"

(And so's Miss M. SMITH).

The Leeds Engineers' Band was all there, gay and grand, and Sir—what was it?—ha! —MATTHEW DODSWORTH,

Not lengthily clatters about such Home matters, he knows what a wink or a nod's worth

(In point there is pith).

Oh, MYRTLE! Oh, BLACK! Should I ever come back to that doctor-ruled, sulphur-drenched region,

May potions and baths, and those brisk plateau-paths cure my pains as before, though they're legion

(And spare me that narrow gate).

But—here's to that Home for Incurables! Rome was not built in a day, so they tell us.

But Charity always beginneth at home, and I'd say, if Bath will not be jealous— That Home is—at Harrogate!

Q. E. D.

[Mr. CHAMBERLAIN said that Sir E. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT "appeared to be intellectually incapable of distinguishing between charges and proof."]

WHAT, only just found out *that* fact?

As soon expect sense from Dame *Partlet*

As reason, in speech or in act,

From rash, indiscriminate *BARTLETT*.

In foreign affairs he's a ferret,

But sense from his "charge" holds aloof;

For all know that *SILOMIO's* spirit,

Is many degrees above "proof"!]

WE hear that the salmon-fishing season on the Dee has been a satisfactory one. Some especially good sport was obtained in a pool "near Overton Bridge where the fish collected, when unable, owing to the lowness of the water, to get over the weir." Notwithstanding an equal inability of Members "to get over the Weir," there was not much sport during the recent Session "near Westminster Bridge."

TORR-RESTIAL NOTES.

Happy Thought.—Ilfracombe, just now. If it be a question of "Ways and Means," then Ilfracombe offers you "the ways" in the



matter of drives, walks, rides, excursions by rail, by sea, likewise by river and road almost *ad infinitum*, and sometimes by sea *ad nauseam*. Sea-bathing naturally excellent, but still open, considerably open, to improvement. Still, as the man of no politics replied, when asked why he belonged to the Reform Club, "There is in this world nothing so good but what it is capable of improvement," and Ilfracombe cannot claim exemption from this rule of universal application. Should an Ilfracombe-ination require suggestions, mine are at the service of the I. I. C. (Ilfracombe Improvement Committee).

On a bench at the summit of the Torrs sat three Elders. Gray-bearded and full of confidence in their own wisdom. On another bench facing them sat a cherry-cheeked maiden of some nineteen summers, evidently an elder sister in charge of a little brother, with whom in a shy sort of way, as if old enough to know better, and yet unable to resist the temptation, she was sharing, with very evident relish, some succulent toffy recently extracted from one of the many "penny-in-the-slot" machines, which, as "bits of colour," are such brilliant ornaments to the Torrs Walks, and such universal favourites with youth of all ages. The three Elders were discoursing on the mysteries of creation, with such a "cock-sureness" of tone as seemed to imply that they themselves had been on some committee of management when the first idea of making this particular planet, called the world, had occurred to its Creator. "These rocks," said one grandly, "were in existence long before the date assigned to the creation." Whereat the toffy-sucking girl sniggered foolishly as if somehow personally implicated, while the boy stared, open mouthed, with toffy, yet untasted, in his dexter hand. "No one," observed the second Elder, blandly, his eyes on the maiden,—not by any means a SUSANNA but rather a fairly educated AWDREY,—"no one now accepts the Mosaic account of Creation as given in Genesis." The boy looked up, inquiringly, at his sister. The girl giggled bashfully as if, in presence of so much learning and such reverend seniors, she were suddenly somewhat ashamed of the home-teaching she had received, and in which her trust had never been shaken, at least until this minute. The third Elder, his eye too on the girl and boy,—and perhaps the toffy,—now joined in. "It is absurd," quoth he, supremely, "to believe that this"—here with a wave of his hand he took in air, earth, sky, and all the points of the compass—"was made in six days." Then both boy and girl sniggered at one another. "I suppose they teach you that all this," said the third Elder, straightly addressing the girl, and again explaining his allusion to the universe by waving his right hand about with an all-embracing gesture, "that this was made in six days, eh?" With a demure and silly giggle the damsel admitted that her education on the subject had tended in the direction indicated. The three Elders regarded one another with a sad, despondent air, as though here were another case of crass ignorance which they had a special mission to enlighten. "Why," said the second Elder, "the Chinese"—here the little boy became suddenly interested—"the Chinese possess records which reach back to a date anterior, by some thousands of years, to that popularly assigned by Christians to the creation of the world." The girl opened her eyes, but the boy, having lost his suddenly awakened interest in the Chinese (probably he had expected some stories about the war with Japan, or another tale of *Aladdin*), had resumed his toffy-sucking process. At this point my companion, who had been fidgeting on our bench, suddenly cut in and took a hand. "You remind me, Sir," said he, quite pleasantly, speaking to the second Elder, but addressing all three, "of the ancient and royal Irish family of O'Toole, whose records, as you will of course remember, went back for some millions of years; and in which, at a comparatively late date, occurred the famous entry, 'N.B.—About this time the world was created.'" As this was told with perfect good humour, and with an inimitably comic imitation of a brogue, the damsel and boy were greatly amused, and the Three Wise Men looked as black as the trio of Anabaptists in *Le Prophète* when there is a danger of the truth being told by *Fides*, as to *Jean of Leyden* being no heaven-descended prophet but only her commonplace peasant-born son. So girl and boy departed, laughing, to gather more sweets, and perhaps to recount at home the Irish story, which, thank heaven, is more likely to dwell in their memory than

is the second-hand philosophy "falsely so-called" of the Three Wise Men of the Mountain.

Kodakers everywhere. Bathing,* walking, resting, admiring the scenery, no matter what you are doing, out pops Mr., Mrs., with the Misses and Masters KODAKER, and you are taken in the act. The snap-shooting season is at its height.

Startling to see staring advertisement over a shop in the Arcade, "Dark Room for Amateurs." Sounds like a punishment. Bad amateur actor, or entertainer, sentenced to dark room would, probably, deserve it.

The visitor to the delightful Torrs can have one penn'orth or two penn'orth of Torrs. Twopence is the top price. Well worth it, as a treat, now and then. Ordinarily penn'orth of Torrs will suffice. There should be shelters on the Torrs. Immediate attention of I. I. C. requested.

The hedges in the lanes are redolent of honey-suckle; and the Torrs Walks are sweet with honey-mooners.

Beware of taking too much of the cream of Devon. "Is it possible to take too much?" asks my friend and companion, to whom half a pound of it at breakfast, another half-pound at lunch, and a third at dinner, are but as a dozen natives, at a single sitting, to a champion devourer of bivalves. I cannot resolve my friend's question. But, after emulating, as far as my limited powers would permit me, his excellent example, I had the following curious dream. For particulars, see next paragraph.

The Dream.—I was seated opposite a lady, popular alike in the social and political world, whom I will designate as "Lady JAY." It was at a dinner-party, I think, though it might have been some other sort of entertainment, as there seemed to me to be, between Lady JAY and myself, the narrow width of a very long table, the ends of which were out of sight. This table was covered with a white cloth, not too clean; and there were no knives, forks, plates, or dishes. The room was inconveniently crowded by persons, inextricably mixed up, none of whom, however, incommoded us in the least, or, indeed, seemed to take the slightest notice of our presence. Somehow, this struck me as delicate conduct on their part. Lady JAY was insisting that an Archimandrite could, or could not, do something or other officially. But, having more than once demonstrated to Lady JAY that this act, whatever it was, had no essential bearing on his clerical position, I continued to take very slight interest in the discussion; at least, I thought I did not, until, on Lady JAY suddenly becoming dreadfully in earnest, and most positive as to her being in the right, a Whip of the late Government, whose name I could not recall, but with whose lineaments I was perfectly familiar, interposed some conciliatory remarks. Then Mr. GLADSTONE, in the absence, unaccountably sudden, of both Lady JAY and the Government Whip, strode up and down on the hearth-rug, rubbing the back of his head with his left hand; whereupon I became aware that we were no longer wherever I had been until the appearance of Mr. GLADSTONE on the scene, but that we were in the library of the Prime Minister's official residence in Downing Street. I was seated in an odd sort of spider-legged arm-chair. Mr. GLADSTONE, bringing himself to a halt, turned round, and asked me, pointedly, "Whether I could play the piano." Being rather nettled at the tone of this inquiry, which seemed to imply a doubt of my proficiency as a pianist, I replied, somewhat testily, "Certainly; rather better than BERTHOVEN." Apparently satisfied with my answer, Mr. GLADSTONE said that "if I would oblige him by not continuing my discussion with Lady JAY, in which I had been," he admitted, "absolutely right"—and here he made some facetious allusion as to ladies in general, of which I could not catch one word—"I should," he went on, "have a seat in the Cabinet." Oddly enough, this offer of his did not strike me as anything so very extraordinary; and I at once replied, "No, thank you, I'd rather not." But Mr. GLADSTONE would take no refusal; he said, "I have come to a decision on this subject," and then abruptly disappeared, through the wall. Whether it was a few minutes, or hours, afterwards, I could not for the life of me determine, being only conscious of some time having elapsed, before I found myself in an avenue on the Bayswater side of Hyde Park, walking up and down with Mr. JOHN MORLEY. Our conversation there was, I suppose, on the subject of Bulgaria, as this topic was continued by us in a kind of narrow box-room, with hat-pegs on the walls, on which bathing-towels were suspended; there were also trunks on the floor, and school-desks all about, on one of which Mr. MORLEY rested his elbow, swaying himself backwards and forwards like a pendulum, while always talking to me (I was seated on a box), and uttering platitudes



about Bulgaria. I interrupted him by saying curtly, "It is no use talking to me like that, as *I am in the Cabinet*." Mr. JOHN MORLEY was staggered; but, recovering himself, he turned to HERBERT GARDNER (to whom I apologised for not remembering his title, while he, sitting on a smaller box, smilingly refused to enlighten me), and asked for corroboration of my statement. Whereupon I produced an autograph letter of Mr. GLADSTONE's to me, which entirely satisfied Mr. JOHN MORLEY, who, having handed it to HERBERT GARDNER, now candidly disclosed the schemes of the Government on the subject in question, putting forcibly before me "*how we are going to deal with Bulgaria*." Not a single word of what he said could I understand. Still, as a member of the Cabinet, I felt bound to give his explanations my gravest attention, my difficulty being not to expose my hopeless ignorance by any inappropriate question. It was with some new-born sense of importance that I found we were once again in Lady JAY's company, this time in her drawing-room, and seated in a low chair, while JOHN MORLEY had brought with him the school-desk, on which he was still leaning his elbow, and still swaying and swinging like a pendulum. Lady JAY was all for resuming her discussion about the Archimandrite, refusing to credit the assurances given by Mr. MORLEY (balancing himself on his elbow) and myself as to my being in the Cabinet secrets. At this point rushed in someone, who was alternately HERBERT GARDNER and a PONSONBY, until he settled down into being HERBERT GARDNER for certain, who exclaimed excitedly, "I have just seen Mr. GLADSTONE! He says, '*It is absurd to suppose that his letter ever meant anything of the sort!*'" I quietly demanded the restoration of Mr. GLADSTONE's letter to me; so did Mr. JOHN MORLEY. The protean representative of HERBERT GARDNER or PONSONBY, or anybody else, replied simply, "I haven't got it." This seemed to perfectly satisfy everybody, and no further questions being forthcoming, Lady JAY seized the opportunity to declare triumphantly, addressing me personally—JOHN MORLEY and the protean representative having disappeared—how she had "ascertained from a Cardinal that" . . . But what was the solution of the difficulty, or what was the original difficulty itself, I shall never know in this world, though I may do so in the World of Dreams, as here I awoke, and was so impressed with the reality of the events that had passed, and with the present necessity for recording them, that I at once entered them in my note-book, and here they are.

GABBY; OR, REMINISCENCES OF THE RANK AND THE ROAD.

(By "Hansom Jack.")

No. III.—SPORT—THE OVAL—GOOD OLD W. G.

SPORTSMAN? You bet! Where's the Cabby as isn't? It's born in the bones of us, somehow, I fancy. 'Ighly improper, I s'pose; but life's dull, and it's livened by something a little bit *chancey*. Trying your luck's a temptation to most of us, own it or not. Wy, there's old BILLY BARLOW Got as excited at winning a pig in a raffle as though 'e 'ad broke Monty Carlow.

Wot did 'e want with a pig? But 'twas pickings. Fifty-to-one chance pulled off; that's wot done it. BILL swears 'is crock once run third in some 'Andicap. Wouldn't 'e like to 'ave owned it, and run it? I 'ave drove cast-offs myself before now, broken-down old bits of blood. Ah! it's rummy How "cracks"—of all sorts—come down in this world. It's fur easier, p'r'aps, to be cocktail or dummy.



Still I like "form," and I cannot help backing it, when there's a chance, in a oss most pertikler.

But all kinds o' sport cum excitin' to me, down from racin' to cricketin',—I'm not a stickler.

Few things more nicer, when summer sets in, than a chance fare out Kennington way in the day-time.

Bless yer, I've sit by that old Oval hoarding two hours by St. Mark's—ah! and more, during play-time.

Perched on my box with a heavy leg cock-over, I'm quite at 'ome in my private pavilion, (That's wot I call it), a puffing my briar. Ah! cricket's the sport, after all, for the million.

Slap over from 'Arleyford Road to the Gasworks, I sweep the whole field and pay nothink. Wy, bless yer, Young THORNTON once slogged a hoff-ball through my winder as cost me two bob,—and I stood it with pleasure.

Seen GRACE spank up more than one of 'is centuries, done "while I waited," most kind, like boot-soleing. I know the old "Surrey Ring," and its chaff; and I'm not a bad judge of a bit of good bowling. Lor! when the Mayblossom's out, and GRACE in, with young RICHARDSON pounding away at 'is wicket, JACK isn't eager for no blooming fare as will take 'im away from the pick o' the cricket.

Well I remember that blue-gilled old buffer as wanted "King's Cross, and look sharp!" quite stercato As TENSOR T.M. calls it. 'E weighed sixteen stun, and 'ad got a round face like a blooming tomato.

"Engaged, Sir!" I arnswers, quite heasy and haffable. Lor! 'ow 'e fumed, did that angry old jesser, Talked to me like a Dutch uncle, 'e did, or some Hemperor snubbin' a fourpenny dosser.

"Engaged, Sir, who by?"—"Mister Grace," I sez, artful, a-tipping the wink on the sly to the Peeler.

"Hordered me sharp for six-thirty, hay, constable?" "Right," sez the Slop. "Better try a four-wheeler.

Afternoon's 'ot, and you're not a light weight, Sir!" Oh lor! 'ow old crumpet-face slanged me and cricket.

Swore 'e'd ask W. G. if 'twos true, and 'e wanted to call 'im away from the wicket!

"Oh, shut your face and eat snuffers!" I sez; for the bowling just then was a-bein' fair collared, And I 'ad missed two or three boundary 'its, all along o' this "fare," as 'e floundered and hollered.

"You ain't no sportsman!" That finished 'im proper, for 'e was a deacon, it seemed, out by Stockwell; And didn't know *Ladas* from lucky *Sir Visto*, or SHREWSBURY's "out" from the "drive" of young BROCKWELL.

Well, I do get cricket-cracks for my fares. How the crowd gathers round with their eyes all a-glisten! And 'ow big I feel; and lor! wot a temptation to look through the trap for a squint or a listen.

I've often druv Bishops and Premiers and such; but I doubt if the whole 'Ouse o' Lords took together, Would match—say, TOM SAYERS, or STODDART or GRACE after one of their six hours' slambanging the leather.

Sportsman? Oh yes, in my own 'umble way. But I ain't got the fever like JERRY-GO-NIMBLE!

Poor JERRY! 'E *can't* resist no sort of gamble, from Derby or Oaks to the pea and the thimble.

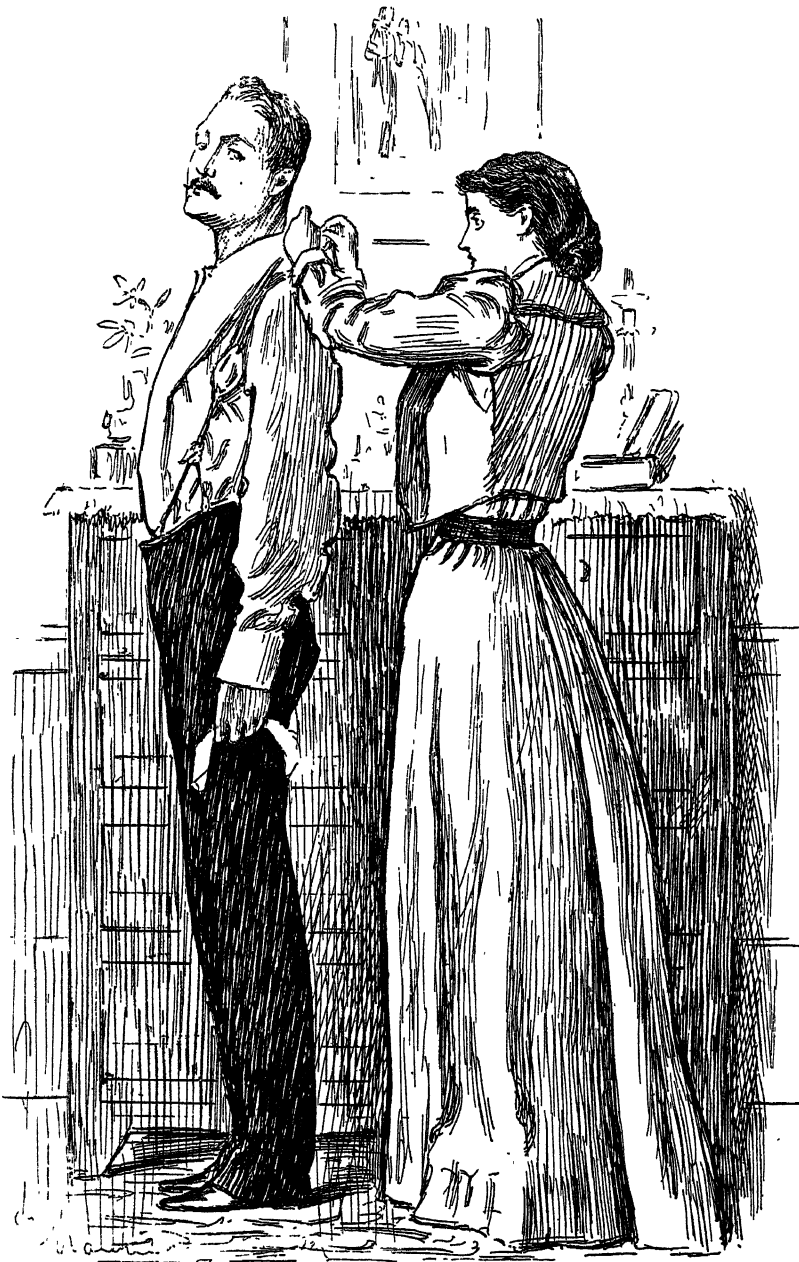
Mad on it, JERRY is. Bad when it's *that* way, the mischief in fack I like sport and a flutter

A bit within bounds; and if t'aint the *best* biz,—well there, life, after all, isn't *all* bread-and-butter!



"HAIL, divinest Melancholy!" Decidedly the town of Penarth must adopt this Miltonian line as its motto. At a meeting of the Public Works Committee of the District Council, a letter was read in which a citizen complained bitterly of the frivolous name given to the street wherein he had his habitation. Gay Street! How too shocking! "The whole neighbourhood objected to it," and not even the assurance that the thoroughfare had merely been thus designated out of compliment to a noble lady of the locality, whose Christian name was "Gay," served to allay the righteous indignation. Away with the demoralizing title and the base insinuation borne with it! It was proposed that the street—being in the vicinity of All Saints—be known for the future as "Amen Corner," a name suitable to the unswerving sobriety and solemnity of the city. The proposal was put to the vote and carried with only a couple of dissentients. Is it possible that there are even two Penarthians in favour of gaiety?

A MATTER OF "GORSE."—Why will picnickers persist in being so careless? The *Liverpool Courier* reports that a party of them succeeded in setting fire to and destroying some 200 acres of gorse on land belonging to Lord CHOLMONDELEY and Sir PHILIP GARY EGERTON, at Broxton Hills, in Cheshire. Not only was the furze completely burnt, but a "valuable fox cover" was also destroyed. Shades of *Jorrocks*, M.F.H., and his huntsman, James Figg, the "canny" Novocastrian! Pity that these reckless *al fresco* diners—ready enough with their indignant resentment if turned off any domain—could not be apprehended, and summarily dealt with. Sportsmen will echo the words—adapted to the case in point—in *Handley Cross*, "Cut 'em down, and hang 'em up to dry!"



THE CONTRARINESS OF THINGS.

He. "THAT LITTLE TRIP OF OURS TO BOULOGNE NEVER CAME OFF, AFTER ALL!"
 She. "NOTHING EVER DOES COME OFF—EXCEPT BUTTONS!"

STRICTLY ACCORDING TO PRECEDENT.

(Fragment of a Romance found between Fleet Street and the Kaatskill Mountains.)

RIP VAN WINKLE had slept (thanks to a hypnotic trance) for a considerable time. On opening his eyes he called for a paper. He eagerly glanced through the columns, and was absolutely baffled by the nature of their contents.

"What is the matter?" asked a bystander, who had watched his movements, not without amusement. "Can I help you?"

"Well, yes," replied the sleeper awakened. "When I commenced my slumbers all the world was talking about the Armenian ques-

tion. Pray tell me, are the Powers going to coerce the Turks?"

"No one knows, and no one cares," was the prompt reply.

"And then there was the excitement about our relation with the French in Africa. Will the matter lead to international complications?"

"My good fellow, the matter does not attract the smallest attention."

"Once more, there was the boom in gold mines. Surely that is a topic of interest to some one?"

"No, I fancy not," came the answer.

"Perhaps a few stockbrokers think about it—but I doubt it."

"And how about the reserve of ammuni-

tion? Have we got enough Cordite powder or have we not?"

"Really I don't know, and don't care," smilingly replied the person RIP had accosted.

"And how about the SHAHZADA?"

"I believe His Highness has left England, but the movements of the Afghan Prince remain nowadays unreported in the daily papers."

"You astonish me!" exclaimed RIP. "Does nothing interest you?"

"Well, not such out-of-date matters as those to which you have referred. My good friend, you are talking of things that happened ages—or to be quite accurate, about three weeks—ago. They belong to the past."

"Then what is now engaging your attention?"

"Why, one subject to the exclusion of all others—how to spend the recess!"

"Oh, indeed!" exclaimed RIP; and being a reasonable sort of person he again sought the good services of the hypnotist and went to sleep, hoping to return to consciousness when his countrymen had finished their holiday.

THE THREE CHOIRS.

A Song of the 172nd musical meeting of the Three Choirs of Gloucester, Worcester and Hereford, which opens at Gloucester on Tuesday, Sept. 10.

ATR—"The Three Ravens."

THERE are Three Choirs—melodious three!—
 Down-a-down-a-down-hey-down!

They are as fine as fine can be,
 With a down!

They're going at Gloucester for to meet,
 By TUBAL CAIN, they're bad to beat.
 With a down, derry, derry down!

Gloucester—Worcester—Hereford! Three!!!
 Down-a-down, &c.

Hear them perform the "Mass in C"!
 With a down!

COWEN, SCHÜTZ, PARRY, LLOYD, MACFARREN!
 You bet your boots they won't be barren!
 With a down, &c.

ALBANI strong, clear EDWARD LLOYD!
 Down-a-down, &c.

BEN DAVIES—won't he be enjoyed?—
 With a down!

And then there's clever W. HANN,
 A brick, as fiddler or as man;
 With a down, &c.

Again, Miss ROSALIND ELLICOTT!
 Down-a-down, &c.

That Bishop's daughter knows what's what,
 With a down!

Then C. LEE WILLIAMS, Gloucester's pride,
 Conducts—himself and all beside.
 With a down, &c.

They'll all go off, each Great Old Gun,
 Down-a-down, &c.,

HANDEL, BEETHOVEN, MENDELSSOHN,—
 With a down!

Nor, 'midst the old Titanic lot,
 Shall HENRY PURCELL be forgot,
 With a down, &c.

Ah! well-a-day! London admires,—
 Down-a-down-a-down-hey-down.

This Festival of the Three Choirs.
 With a down!

So heaven spare, music for to foster,
 Hereford, Worcester, "Good old Gloucester!"
 With-a-down-derry-derry-derry-derry-down!

NEWS FROM THE PROVINCES.—A gentleman

who was trying to cut a joke hurt himself severely. He says he will never again attempt the experiment, and his family express themselves satisfied.



“FORTY WINKS!”



A HASTY INFERENCE.

"AND, ME DEAR, IF YE FOIND MISTRESS A BIT HOT-TEMPERED AT TOIMES, YE MUSTN'T MOIND IT. THE FAMILY HAVE BLACK BLOOD IN THEIR VEINS. JUST LOOK AT THEM PORTRAITS OF THEIR ANCESTORS!"

ANOTHER DIALOGUE OF THE NIGHT.

SCENE—The Shades at Nightfall. Swiftian Interlocutors as before.

Mr. Neverout (reading). "I cannot but with some pride, and much pleasure, congratulate with my dear country, which has out-done all the nations of Europe, in advancing the whole art of conversation to the greatest height it is capable of reaching."

Colonel Alwit. Ha! ha! ha! So wrote the Dean in the Eighteenth Century. I wonder what he would say now!

Mr. Neverout (continuing). "The whole genius, humour, politeness, and eloquence of England are summed up in it."

Miss Notable. Oh la! Let anyone now take a matron down to dinner, or sit out a dance with a pretty girl!

Lord Sparkish. "The whole genius, humour, politeness, and eloquence of England" must have gone out with full-bottomed wigs and hooped petticoats.

Lady Answerall. I protest that a neat repatee, or a "smart turn of wit or humour," is the rarest of things nowadays.

Lord Smart. Save among cabmen and costers.

Sir John Linger. Faith, my Lord, your street Arabs and gutter-snipes have a smack of it. They are the true NEVEROUTS and NOTABLES of the time.

Miss Notable. Sir JOHN, you do me proud!

Mr. Neverout. Out on this pestilent, leveling democracy, which brings even wit to its last refuge, the gutter!

Colonel Alwit. Better lie, like SHERIDAN, with Wit in the gutter, than perch, like H—y, with Dulness on the Woolsack!

Mr. Neverout. Egad! Miss NOTABLE has wit at will.

Miss Notable. And Mr. NEVEROUT would be Echo, were he not Narcissus.



Lady Smart. Humph! We've had the "humour" and the "politeness," now for the eloquence.

Mr. Neverout. "CHLOE, of every coxcomb jealous, Admires how girls can talk with fellows."

Miss Notable. In dinner's blanks, in dancing's whirls, The fellows cannot talk with girls.

Lord Sparkish. Well capped, i' faith!

Sir John Linger. Will the New Woman talk, I wonder?

Lady Answerall. Nay; as she claims all Man's special privileges, from votes to cigarettes, from bicycles to latch-keys, she will hardly forego his most cherished and distinctive one—taciturnity!

Mr. Neverout. There was a travelling fellow awhile ago who hung himself up in a cage in the tropical forests, to study the language of—monkeys. Why did not he turn his attention to the equally scanty, inarticulate, and unintelligible utterance of that Society Simian, the haw-haw "Masher"—is not that the term for an up-to-date dandy, my Lord?—of the banquet and the ball-room?

Lady Smart. Ah! now the eloquence-tap is turned on!

Mr. Neverout. But not like the Mulberry One's, at the main, your Ladyship!

Miss Notable. Ah! if they had but companies to turn on talk at pleasure, as they do gas and water!

Colonel Alwit. As it is, it comes like fountains in the desert or Trafalgar Square—only in intermittent spurts and squirts, not like the water company's never-failing service, on the "constant supply" system.

Sir John Linger. Humph! An East-end fishmonger's comment might throw some light on that subject, Colonel.

Lady Sparkish. Well, Sir JOHN, we must admit that the growth of Science keeps pace with the spread of Stupidity. So doubtless the time will soon come when pocket-phonographs will obviate the necessity of individual vocal efforts, and leave men to give undivided attention to their dinners, matrons to their daughters' marriage-chances, maidens to the marriageable men, and marriageable men to their—moustaches!

Mr. Neverout. Unless, indeed, when we know all we shall be silent about everything.

Lord Sparkish. Quite likely, my dear NEVEROUT. Already talk—except in spurts and spasms—is confined mainly to childhood—first or second. Of the Seven Ages of Man—I say nought about Woman, ladies!—why, the first and last only are loquacious.

Lady Smart. In which of the two garrulous stages would you place Parliament, my Lord?

Lord Sparkish. The Commons in the former; the Lords in the latter.

Colonel Alwit. And the Hibernian Members?

Lord Sparkish. Oh, faith! an "ilgant" blend of both!!

Lady Answerall. Well, I agree with sweet WILLIAM'S *Gratiano*, that— "Silence is only commendable

In a neat's tongue dried, and a maid not vendible."

Mr. Neverout. While your Ladyship speaks, speech will ever be silvern!

Miss Notable. And silence is not yet golden—in the Shades.

A BATTLE IN A SODA-WATER BOTTLE.

It appears that the enterprising commanders of the Royal Artillery stationed at Dover have recently been getting themselves disliked by the members of the National Alliance of Mineral Waters Associations (Limited), by producing gaseous waters at the canteen under their control, and offering them for sale to their comrades in garrison. According to a story laid before the Secretary of State for War, the representatives of the scientific branch of the army in question have had dealings with the gallant West Surrey and the equally gallant West Riding, much to the disgust of the trading producers of non-alcoholic compounds. The 3rd Battalion of the King's Own Rifle Corps (late 60th) are also at Dover, but there is no evidence to show that these warriors have preferred "R. A. aerateds" to brands as yet better known to the consumers of effervescing drinks. According to the *Daily Telegraph*, this labour, savouring more of peace than of war, enabled the controllers of the cannon to contribute some £40 in prizes to the garrison sports held at Dover on Saturday last. Whether the financial game was worth the athletic candle is a matter that must be decided by military experts qualified to weigh the respective advantages of burning "villainous saltpetre" and preparing that exhilarating liquid known amongst civilians as "fizzle." Admittedly, lemonade and its companion "ginger pop" when they scintillate are grateful drinks, but it would scarcely be advisable if through the, no doubt, well intentioned efforts of those concerned, the Royal Artillery gained an equally appropriate but less impressive designation. It would indeed be a sad thing if it ever became necessary for some General to have to sing out, "Here, you Sir, in command of those Royal Ginger Poppungners, limber up your soda-water manufacturing apparatus and retire at the gallop to the canteen in the rear!" Such a direction, if delivered in the piping time of peace would sound incongruous, and might predict disaster if uttered in the hideous hour of war.

THE CRICKET THREE.

GREAT GRACE to young
MACLAREN yields his
place,
And RANJITSINHJI fol-
lows after GRACE.
Mid Harrow's noblest sons
let MAC be reckoned,
Who tops the list with
such a mighty second.
And well I know that RAN-
JIT's fame will stand
Firm and secure on
India's coral strand.
Oft have I seen upon the
level sward
That's owned, or used to
be, by MR. LORD,
While countless thousands,
watching ball and bat.
Rang out loud cheers and
waved th' applaudive
hat,
Oft have I seen that
cricketer or this
Bat, bowl, or field, or
catch (or even miss),
And oft, astounded by some
piece of play,
Have marked with letters
red th' auspicious day;
Yet ne'er before three
heroes have I seen
More apt and splendid on
the well-rolled green;
Men of one skill, though
varying in race,
MACLAREN, RANJIT-
SINHJI, Grand Old
GRACE.

Old Saw Re-set.

MR. GEORGE NATHANIEL
CUBZON [ZON],
May be a "superior pur-
But Mr. TOMMY GIBSON
BOWLES
Is the sturdiest of souls;
And "those who at Bowles
will play
Must expect rubbers,"—so
men say!



MUCH ADO.

"MAMMA-A-A! BOO-HOO! WE'S CRYING! TUM UP 'TAIRS AN' SEE WHAT'S
DE MATTER WIV US!"

THE LAY OF THE
LANCASHIRE LASS.

["What will Lancashire
think to-day when she reads the
declarations of Lord GEORGE
HAMILTON and Mr. A. J. BAL-
FOUR?"—*Leeds Mercury*.]

OH, was it for this that I
rushed to the poll
To register votes for the
Tories?
When they told me repeal
was the Unionist goal,
Were they tales of (Stan)
hope, or mere stories?
The snare of the FOWLER
they'd help me to scape
They vowed—on each Lan-
cashire platform.
But Indian Finance their
excuse? A poor jape!
I thought they would rise
above that form!
Oh, ARTHUR, oh, GEORGIE!
Reeds broken and rotten
I fear you are both, on
reviewing it.
You hinted at taking those
duties off cotton,
You don't seem to cotton
to doing it!
And now, when I'm trying
your pity to move,
Why seem you so deaf to
my prayers?
Perhaps you are bound to
dissemble your love,
But oh!—must you kick
me down stairs?

THAT excellent associa-
tion, the Society of Women
Journalists, has just issued
its first annual report.
From this interesting docu-
ment, the world learns that
the members have derived
many benefits from a body
that could justly adopt the
motto of "Defence, not
Defiance." The institution
very properly claims for
the authoress the right to
receive no wrong.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

I HAVE just finished *Napoléon et les femmes*, by FREDÉRIC MASSON.
On the cover is "*dix-huitième édition*," which shows what a success
the book has obtained. The author is an apologist for NAPOLEON.
The Emperor can do no wrong. What in the private individual is



rank blasphemy, is, to this author, in the
Emperor only a pardonable weakness.
Whatever NAPOLEON may have been as
the "Man of Destiny" and as the greatest
military genius of his time, he was, if
most of these stories be true, as a man, a
satyr, a cad (there is no other English
word for it), and a snob. Satyr he was
apparently always; satyr and cad in cer-
tain instances, especially as regards the
"WALEWSKA affair," in which so many
personages took part; everyone of them
outraging morality, and all disregarding
the sacredness of marriage; though to
Madame WALEWSKA herself must be ap-
portioned the least share of the guilt in
the hilt. Madame WALEWSKA yielded
herself as a victim to a most cruel combination of circumstances; and
of this NAPOLEON availed himself to the utmost. It was in his power
to have behaved as a gentleman for once, but he allowed the opportu-
nity to slip. That he appears, on one occasion, to have permitted
a poor terrified, artless victim to escape is put forward trium-
phantly by his apologist as a proof of his magnanimity; but even a
satiated animal will refuse food, though if the food be in his posses-

sion he will play the dog in the manger. He had a tigerish admi-
ration for the deepest tragedy, and abhorred farce and comedy. He
could play like a child with the one child of whom he hoped great
things. Cad he was always, in his dealings with men and women.
As an imperial cad he was toadied by his grovelling courtiers; but
when there is much to be gained by toadying a cad, and every-
thing to lose by not toadying him, all will be toadies from the
highest to the lowest. The exceptions are rare. A thorough snob
did "the Corsican upstart" show himself in his eager anxiety for
recognition by the royal and aristocratic families of Europe, and by
his servility to the Austrian EMPEROR, in order to obtain the hand
of the high-born MARIE-LOUISE. If ever tyrant deserved defeat and
disgrace NAPOLEON did so. Like Cardinal WOLSEY, what "best be-
came him in his life was the leaving of it." Those interested, and
who is not, in "the NAPOLEON Legend," should not fail to read this
book, says
THE STUDIOUS BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

THE annual "Timmer" Market, or Timber Fair, has been waking
the echoes of sober Aberdeen "with lively din." The Aberdonian
youth, so says the *Daily Free Press*, "shook the nerves of peace-
loving citizens by the hideous and discordant noise of tin trumpets
and cornerakes." This is odd, for one might imagine that the Cale-
donian ear, which attunes itself so easily, willingly, and often to the
screaches of that national instrument of torture the bagpipe, would
hail the comparatively soothing strains of tin trumpet and
cornerake with eager enthusiasm. Not so, however. For the "bra'
laddie" the only music is that which is emitted by the bagpipe. It
appeals to his delicate artistic sense, and, like a much advertised
remedy, "it touches the spot." *Vive la bag(pipe)atelle!*

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, September 2—A sight for Lords and Commons to see Lord High Admiral JOKIM seated between

wealth of naval knowledge. Since Private HANBURY got his stripes, and is now referred to in debate as "The Honourable Corporal," CAP'EN has no party. With MACARTNEY forming the nucleus of one, who knows what might not happen?

House relieved to-night to find Secretary to Admiralty has hauled down sign of revolt, and put on ordinary trousers. If there was anything in the incident, all is well now. That there may have been appears from the CAP'EN's unusually embittered tone when the subject is alluded to.

"Call them ducks!" he cried in scorn. "They were only white drawers. No member of this House should attempt to walk up the floor in ducks unless he is prepared to keep on his domestic staff a man who has made the garment a life-long study; who knows how to wash it, starch it, iron it, and, above all, to fold it up."

Business done.—Appropriation Bill brought in.

Tuesday.—One decided advantage of change of position of sections of parties on formation of new Ministry is to bring SILOMIO within reach of HEMPRER JOE's knobstick. In last Parliament, united against common enemy, SILOMIO was most deferential to "my right hon. friend," while JOSEPH's respect for patriotic instinct of Swazi Chief, whose fathers, having come over with the Conqueror, went out in the *Mayflower*, was sometimes past expression. Now HEMPRER JOE has come into his kingdom; his knobstick is exchanged for a sceptre, whilst SILOMIO begins to realise something of the feelings of the Red Man when harried by his haughty ancestors. Like him, SILOMIO's possessions are taken from him. His Civil Lordship of the Admiralty is given to another, and that other the son of his former



When in doubt, consult the Cap'en.

Cap'en TOMMY BOWLES and ARNOLD-FORSTER, imbibing nava information at the pores, as *Joey Laddle*, in far-off-days, deep in the recesses of his employer's cellar, took his spirituous refreshment.

"How happy could I be with either were t'other instructor away," said JOKIM, rubbing his pleased sides with rapturous content. "Or, happier still," he added, *sotto voce*, "if both would take themselves off."

In his secret heart the CAP'EN looks upon ARNOLD-FORSTER as a landlubber.

"He wouldn't," he says, with fine scorn, "know how to belay a sheet when a ship was stepping fore and aft under a booming north-wester. I'd lay a rope's end to a bumboat-man's back that he couldn't pass a spare spar through the man-hole without first pulling up the trysail."

ARNOLD-FORSTER, on his part, suspects the CAP'EN hasn't seen nearly so much of the wild ocean as casual observations dropped by him may indicate. He makes much of certain variations in the old salt's story of how he came to lose his hand in the service of his country. There is, certainly, some doubt as to whether it was the Prince Consort or ALBERT Prince of Wales who sent him that famous letter accompanying the hook which at this day enables the CAP'EN to overhaul the estimates. But this is due rather to wealth of experience than to poverty of veracity. When a man has seen everything, gone so far, and knows so much as TOMMY, he may be forgiven if occasionally he mixes up a name or two, a date, or an episode.

Some uneasiness in ministerial circles last week upon observation of MACARTNEY going about his country's business in white ducks. These are, so to speak, Cap'en TOMMY's colours. Always ducks them when he goes on the warpath against the Admiralty. For the Secretary of all men, he the only man, to follow TOMMY's example in this respect didn't look well. Was said to be a hint to whom it might concern that if the department didn't treat him with more respect, MACARTNEY would carry over to the enemy his stored

trusted right hon. friend. When, therefore, to-night SILOMIO, from his arid exile below the gangway, sings again his old song with its low lament—

Swaziland, my Swaziland!

and when HEMPRER JOE, to the delight of scoffers opposite, rolls him over and over, pinks his fluffy eloquence with scornful stiletto, no wonder he turns at bay, and reminds L HEMPRER of things he said about HERCULES ROBINSON at a time he sat untrammelled on Opposition benches.

Shaft goes home. L'HEM-PRER very angry. "A statement that ought not to be made," he says, withering SILOMIO with direful look. Ministerialists loyally cheer; Opposition lightly laugh; SILOMIO, buffeted on all sides, comforts himself with thoughts of faithful friends in far-off Swaziland. There is at least one spot on earth where he is appreciated. Soon he may shake off from his mocassins the dust of civilisation, and hie him thither.



"Swaziland, my Swaziland!"

Business done.—Appropriation Bill read second time.

Wednesday.—Lo! the poor Indian Budget at last. 'Tis the poor relation of Parliamentary Bills. At commencement of every Session Members interested in India protest against Budget being postponed till very last hours, when most people are gone away, and those who remain are hopelessly weary. SECRETARY OF STATE promises amendment. Here we are something later than usual. Yesterday's sitting was solemnly set apart for Indian Budget. Other things—Chitral, Cotton Duties—crowded it out. Meekly looks in to-day, hoping it doesn't intrude.

Strange peace fallen over House. GEORGE HAMILTON's voice echoes over spaces desolate as the outlook of the rupee. Not a single Irish Member left to object to anything. For them the scene of conflict is transferred to Ireland. There the inoffensive TIM stands at bay, JUSTIN MCCARTHY having at length dealt him that "good hard knock" the imminence of which E. R. lately forecast in these prophetic pages. There WILLIAM O'BRIEN, with wet handkerchief mopping wetter eyes, tells stories out of school of TIM's unnatural naughtiness when good Mr. G. was bringing in his Home-Rule Bill, and upon other enticing occasions. There patriots bang their brothers in pursuit of peace, and hate each other for the love of Ireland.

"Did you ever," I in weak moment asked the unsympathetic SARK, "read *The Dead of Clonmacnois*, a Gaelic lyric of a time immemorial? There are two verses of the musical English rendering that haunt me when I listen to an Irish debate.

In a quiet watered land, a land
of roses,
Stands Saint Kieran's city
fair;
And the warriors of Erin in
their famous generations
Slumber there.
Many and many a son of CONN
the Hundred Fighter
In the red earth lies at rest;
Many a blue eye of Clan COL-
MAN the turf covers,
Many a swan-white breast."

"Pretty," said SARK, with quite unexpected approval. "First line perfection. But, you will observe, the poet studiously refrains from affirming the final extinction of the family of the estimable CONN. 'Many and many a son,' he says, in the red earth lies at rest. One at least is left. They in their time had CONN the Hundred Fighter. We have TIM the Hundred-and-Fifty Fighter."

Exit Toby.

Business done.—All.

Thursday.—Parliament prorogued. World must go round as best it may till February next.

ROUNABOUT READINGS.

In the London correspondence of a provincial paper it is stated that "Lord HOTHFIELD, who recently gave up the errors and heresies of Liberalism to seek security in Conservatism, has been elected a member of the Carlton. His characteristic exclamation on entering the club the first time after his election was, 'Thank God, I can now have a quiet game of whist,' meaning I suppose, that his mind was now at rest." This explanation of Lord HOTHFIELD's meaning does credit to the ingenuity of the correspondent. It is a sublime spectacle, that of a Radical peer forswearing his errors merely that he may have a quiet game of whist at the Carlton. Such a courtesying specimen of the wit and wisdom of our hereditary peerage should go far to reconcile even Mr. LABOUCHERE to the existence of the House of Lords.

CONFUSION on your programmes, your turbulence, your din:

Your tattered mob of Radicals, how blind they are and lame.
Lord HOTHFIELD proudly leaves your ranks, the Carlton takes him in;
Behold him in the whist-saloon enjoying of his game.

Some men are led by blighted hopes to leave the ancient fold,
And some by mere conviction, and some by thirst for fame;
And some because the Government were far too fond of gold;
Lord HOTHFIELD quits the Radicals because he wants a game.

A quiet game his Lordship loves; ex-Radical and peer,
With what a wealth of irony he puts his foes to shame;
And LABBY's self amazed forbears the customary sneer,
When HOTHFIELD in the Carlton sits enjoying of his game.

I HAVE been reading about the harvest festivals with which the country has been lately teeming. They are all made on one pattern. The interior of the building is very tastefully adorned with fruit and foliage, supplied by friends connected with the church and others. The subject of one reverend gentleman's discourse in the morning is, "Put in the sickle." In the afternoon another reverend gentleman discourses on "A stroll through a corn-field," and in the evening a third clergyman poses his congregation with the question, "What shall be done with the tares?" Thank-offerings in aid of the church funds are then taken, the choir sings special harvest hymns, and somebody invariably "presides" at the organ.



The temptations of the fruit are sometimes, I am sorry to say, irresistible. I have seen an absent-minded landed proprietor steadily pluck and eat his way through a whole bunch of grapes, while the preacher held forth on the symbolic meaning attached to fruit. The attention of the congregation, I need hardly say, was breathlessly concentrated not on the preacher, but on the devourer of the grapes. At a festival I attended last year, the fruits of the earth were represented by dead rabbits on the window-sills of the church.

By the way, why does one always "preside" at the organ? At the first blush there would not seem to be anything peculiarly presidential about the playing of the instrument, but then I may be dull. For instance, I have never yet understood why young tobaccoists are always alluded to as "commencing." Other traders are content to begin or to start, but a tobaccoist must apparently "commence" or be eternally disgraced.

Oh, dealer in the latest brand
Of Claro and Maduro,
One question agitates our land,
From Ballater to Truro.
In Belfast I have heard it put,
Where men the Home Rule
Whim rue;
'Tis asked amid our London
soot,
And in the realms of Cymru.
On gray St. Andrews' windy
links,
So niblicky and clecky;
In far Glenlivet, famed for
drinks;
In Auld Athenian Reekie.

Where Cornwall's rock-bound
coast defies
The surge of the Atlantic,
One puzzle-question takes the
prize,
And drives the public frantic.
One matchless question fairly
burns,
It leads us all a dances, Sir;
Ye men who profit by Returns,
Return me quick an answer;
Explain, tobaccoist to me,
Without unduly fencing,
Why those who end in smoke
should be
Unceasingly commencing.

MR. HENRY BLACKBURN has been visiting Manchester and Liverpool, and has confided his impressions of these great cities to the editor of the *Manchester Guardian*. He admires Manchester for "its admirable tramway, street police, and other traffic arrangements," but there is an *amari aliquid* in the shape of the Manchester street Arab. Mr. BLACKBURN has all an artist's tolerance; but, as might be expected of a black and white artist, he feels bound to draw the line, and he draws it before street Arabs. He thinks it worth while to mention—

"A pedestrian's experience of his, generally, free fight with the street gamin culminating on Saturday afternoon last at 2.15 by being tripped up and thrown down in the middle of the road near the Central Station, and only saved from further contact with the said tramcars by rolling quickly round and round into the gutter. This rapid act was witnessed, doubtless, by several of your readers, two of whom rendered timely assistance. I am aware that it is the rule in any household or community for a guest conform to its ways for the time being, and not to complain of any *contrétemps*; but, having had a second encounter (of less consequence) on the very steps of the entrance to the Walker Art Gallery in Liverpool, on the same afternoon, I venture to think that the juvenile—and in some respects perfectly delightful—street vendors of matches, flowers, and football newspapers have a little too much of a free run in both these cities."

AT LAST.—Mr. LANE, the Magistrate, appealed to by an Indian gentleman as to whether he—the I. G.—might "turn round upon" rude street-boys, who called him "Lulali," and asked whether he—the Magistrate—would like it himself, replied that he had lived too long in the world to care about such matters. This imperturbable "Beak" is evidently then—at last—the often-talked-of "Long Lane that has no turning."



IN THE VESTRY.

Strange Minister (to Elder). "DO YOU COME UP TO THE PULPIT FOR THE COLLECTION?"

Elder. "NA, NA. WE'RE NO PARTICKLER TO A BAWBEE HERE!"

THE END OF GEORGIE'S AND JACKY'S HOLIDAYS.

(A Second Extract from the Note-Book of Mr. Barlow the Younger.)

Now that the summer vacation is drawing rapidly to a close, it may be as well to record the end of the holidays of my two interesting charges, GEORGIE and JACKY. Some little time since I wrote the story of one of their exploits. The two lads do not live a very eventful life even in their hours of recreation. During the mid-annual recess I usually choose some delightful spot for our temporary home, combining the joint charms of change of scene and increased economy. The fashionable watering-place of Drainville-on-Sea has a suburb in which apartments may be obtained at a very reasonable figure. The reason for this lowness of price is no doubt to be traced to the fact that many of the residences are in the habitation of the superfluous live stock of a very prosperous pork merchant, having his house of business in the neighbourhood. However, in spite of our distance from Drainville-on-Sea, my lads have been fairly contented with their lot. They have been able to fish, to climb trees, and to take long walks.

"Revered Sir," said, on one occasion, GEORGIE, who is generally accepted as the spendthrift of my brace of students, "it would give great pleasure to JACKY if you were kindly to give me a shilling with which to purchase Japanese caramel cannon-balls. I have reasons for believing that his medical attendant, Dr. COFFYN BLOCKHEAD, considers that this delicious sweetstuff, or, I should say, pleasing physio, would be of much benefit to him."

"Why is the lad ill?" I asked, with an anxiety tempered with incredulity.

"No, revered Sir," promptly replied GEORGIE; "and I fancy that Dr. COFFYN BLOCKHEAD regards the composition, which may be obtained at a penny the ounce, or two ounces for three halfpence, rather as a preventative than a curative. Were JACKY to have a shilling's-worth, he would not only possess enough to ward off the

shaft of the destroyer himself, but would be able to give me a sufficient quantity to parry the insidious dart of disease; and that you might be satisfied that the money was expended in the life-protecting compound in question, I would willingly undertake to make the purchase."

Here JACKY protested that he was quite old and conscientious enough to be trusted with the cash himself.

"Not that I have any doubt of my respected comrade's probity," he quickly added; "but in matters of business one cannot be too careful."

"My dear pupils," said I, "nothing would give me greater pleasure than to accede to your request, had I the means at hand. I fancy, in spite of the opinion of Dr. COFFYN BLOCKHEAD—a physician whose name I now hear for the first time—that I should have to consider the cost of Japanese caramel cannon-balls as an incident properly chargeable to pocket-money. Unfortunately you both exhausted that fund a fortnight since, by causing me to defray the expenses of a donkey ride, which mounted up in the aggregate to no less an amount than one shilling and eightpence halfpenny."

"But surely, revered Sir," suggested GEORGIE, who has a bent for mathematics; "as our parents allow us half-a-sovereign a week each for the purposes of recreation, the sum you mention, although not inconsiderable, would scarcely have—"

"Stop!" I cried, with some show of severity; "you really must not argue with me. I do not give you all your ten shillings a week, as I am reserving a portion of them to form the nucleus of an old-age pension to which you will become entitled on reaching eighty. The scheme is not without complications, so I reserve its description in detail until you are both old enough to understand it. Enough to say that I must repeat the present advance of a shilling is impossible."

After this rebuff the lads were silent, and I regret to say not altogether contented. However, they soon, with the elasticity of youth, regained their spirits, and were as merry and as happy as ever. They absented themselves from my society more frequently than before, and when I saw them, seemed to be unusually prosperous, or to use an expressive colloquialism, "flush of money." GEORGIE continually appeared in gigantic collars that could have only been acquired at considerable expense, and JACKY as often carried a new walking-stick with a fairly costly handle. On one occasion they came home with a gift for me. It was a mug with a rough sketch of a mule or some less noble animal on the side balancing the handle, and was labelled "A Present from Drainville-on-Sea." I was gratified, but my satisfaction savoured of curiosity.

During the absence of my pupils I frequently visited the neighbouring watering-place. Amongst the many distractions of the sands was one "entertainment" which caused me considerable embarrassment. Two "mysterious minstrels" disguised in wide-awakes, blue spectacles, and comforters occasionally made what is known as a "dead set" at me. These vocalists (who were small, but noisy), did a roaring trade amongst the excursionists. They seemed to have a long *répertoire* of songs. They vocally narrated the adventures of a young person from the country, who seemingly, with a view to enjoying the restorative effects of sea-bathing, appeared with "her hair hanging down her back," and the vagaries of a body of revellers who preferred to parade the streets "nine in a row," instead of in couples or singly, when they were in a condition subsequently recognised by the presiding magistrate with a fine of five shillings. These ditties were not altogether unamusing, and I might have enjoyed them had they not been supplemented by a song dealing personally with myself. This last effort was mere doggerel, but it was so insulting that I was forced to give the vocalists into custody. I explained that the lines were calculated to cause a breach of the peace, and the local policeman removed the singers to the station-house.

This last adventure caused me some annoyance, and I returned to my suburban lodgings in the hope that in the cheerful conversation of my charges I might forget my chagrin. Neither GEORGIE nor JACKY were at home. The hours of dinner, tea, and supper passed, and they still put in no appearance. This caused me considerable surprise, as, although not very regular in their habits, they were accustomed to pay attention to the fixtures of meal time. Late in the evening, a police constable called, and explained to me that two boys had sent for me, as a householder, to bail them out.

The remainder of my narrative is clouded with pain. I would willingly stop at this point. But, with a view to completeness, I continue. On reaching the police-station, I learned to my indignation that the "mysterious minstrels" and my charges had the same identity. This discovery will ever be a cause of deep regret to myself, and, I think I may add, for very practical and sufficient reasons, to GEORGIE and JACKY also.





RECIPROCITY.

Columbia. "SORRY THEY ARE PARTING COMPANY AND GOING HOME—THE CONTEST FOR THE CUP HAD SUCH A LAME CONCLUSION!"
Britannia. "WELL, MY DEAR, WHOSE FAULT WAS IT? CONSIDERING THAT I UNDERTAKE TO RULE THE WAVES, YOU SURELY MIGHT MANAGE TO KEEP THE COURSE!"



A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

Chorus (slow music). "WE'RE A RARE OLD—FAIR OLD—RICKETY, RACKETY CREW!"

A DIALOGUE OF THE NIGHT.

SCENE—*The Shades at Nightfall. The Swiftian Ladies alone.*

Lady Smart. Well, ladies; now let us have a cup of discourse to ourselves.

Lady Answerall. Tea and tattle! That is all the men used to think us fit for.

Lady Sparkish. But how times have changed—above stairs!

Lady Smart. Fie! Say rather *below* stairs, *Lady SPARKISH.* Up and down are arbitrary or relative terms after all, in the universe. And I'm sure there are no fine drawing-room manners in the modern modish world.

Miss Notable. Heigho! Methinks, nevertheless, I would fain take the air of a London Season once again, however fallen off from the dear dead days of Mr. SPECTATOR.

Lady Answerall. Hush, child! What would Charon say if he heard you? Though in truth I am much of your mind myself.

Lady Sparkish. Better their vivid vulgarity than our vapid gentility!

Miss Notable. La, yes! Our vaporous "fine manners" give me the vapours.

Lady Smart. They do not have "vapours" now, above—well t'other side the Styx, let us say.

Lady Answerall. Indeed, no, nothing so simple and womanly, I' faith. They have substituted neurotic pessimism—and ohloral.

Lady Smart. Worse far than our occasional sly sippings of—strong waters!

Lady Answerall. What said the dear satiric Dean?

"Now all alone poor madam sits
In vapours and hysteric fits;
A dreadful interval of spleen
How shall we pass the time between?
Here, BETTY, let me take my drops,
And feel my pulse, I know it stops;
This head of mine, lord, how it swims
And such a pain in all my limbs!"

Miss Notable. Whereas now it would be:—

"Now sad and sole poor madam lies,
Insomnia holding wide her eyes:
'Past ten, and not a single wink,
Though I turned in at four, I think!
If I don't get some hours of sleep,
To-day's appointments can I keep?
And 'tis the Prince's garden-party!
Oh! to be buxom, hale, and hearty
Like some mere milkmaid, who can drowse
After a frolic and a bowse,
Upon a tumbled truss of hay!
I must have sleep. BETTY, I say,
Bring me the cognac and the choral!"
—You may supply the modern moral!"

Lady Sparkish. La, child, you are as much a blue-stocking as the modish she-scribblers of the century-end. We used to leave all that sort of thing to Grub Street.

Miss Notable. Tilly-vally! Grub Street has been made genteel since the ladies took to haunting it. 'Tis now no shabby Alsatia, but a swell sanctuary. Faith, one o' these odd-cum-shortlies—as we used to say—I'll e'en write "The Journal of a Modern Lady" (in imitation of the Dean) up-to-date, for 1895, instead of 1728, to wit.

Lady Smart. Have a care, child! Already you simper like a turnsty kettle, and sloop over like an ill-made junket. Soon you'll be as smug and self-conscious as a new member of "The Souls" if you be not watchful.

Miss Notable. Well, but now the men are away, what really think you, *entre nous*, of the New Woman movement?

Lady Answerall. Why, that 'tis older than MARY WOOLSTONCROFT, and, in fact, originated about the time when EVE took the first bite at the first apple.

Miss Notable. Heigho! 'Tis fine to sit here in the Shades, and say so; but I own I should like well enough to ruffle it in new-fangled clubs and select coteries, to be the talk of the town as APHRA BEHN was, only in the irreproachable company of popular

savants and Bishops' sons; to see my nimity-pimity neuroticisms go into their tenth edition, have my anti-matrimonial mouthings discussed in monthly magazines and religious newspapers, and—have a free slap at the monster, Man, whose best voluntary treatment of us means, at bottom, nothing better than a golden cage and a silken gag.

Lady Sparkish. "Fine words! I wonder where you stole 'em!"—as the Dean said concerning Chief Justice WHITFIELD's coach-motto.

Miss Notable. Humph! Did he not also say, in dealing with *The Furniture of a Woman's Mind*—

"For conversation well ended
She calls it witty to be rude"?

Lady Sparkish. What do you mean, Miss?

Miss Notable. Ha! ha! ha! Not much. But, as *Lady ANSWERALL* used to say, when we had a dish of tea and tittle-tattle together in the sweet, solid, wicked, bewitching old modish days, "You know I'm old Tell-truth, and love to call a spade a spade."

Lady Sparkish. Oh, I see. As the dear old Dean also said—

"Say, foolish females, bold and blind,
Say, by what fatal turn of mind,
Are you on vices most severe
Wherein yourselves have greatest share?"

[Here arises a general criss-cross clatter of contradictions, and the gentlemen come in to join the ladies.

Mr. Neverout (quoting)—

"Now voices over voices rise,
While each to be the loudest vies;
They contradict, affirm, dispute,
No single tongue one moment mufe;
All mad to speak and none to hearken,
They set the very lap-dog barking."

We were disputing, ladies, as to whether these lines were SWIFT's or another's. Can you settle the point?

Miss Notable (snappishly). Oh, ask a policeman—or a New Woman!!!

OUR OWN TORRIST IN NORTH DEVON.

On *Torr's Walks, Ilfracombe*.—"Here they come by twos and twos, in twos on *Torr's* they swarm." Quotation adapted. "Two" form a Company Limited on *Torr's Walks*. The third person present is "out of it." They tell me these couples are all honeymooners. Perhaps; but if they are not, they ought to be. That's all.



Maybe these duologues are only private rehearsals. Practice makes perfect. I have no special information on this mysterious subject.

On the above-mentioned Honeymooners—
"Marriages are made in heav'n,"
When begun in Northern Dev'n.

A descriptive writer says, "In the *Torr's Walks* are to be found the most bracing spots in all *Ilfracombe*." From what I have accidentally observed, I should correct the above sentence thus:—"In the *Torr's Walks* are to be found some of the most em-bracing spots in all *Ilfracombe*."

Rara Avis in Torr-is.—Seldom are birds seen flying about, and still fewer hopping about, the *Torr's*. My jocosse friend WILLY WAGSTAFF says "Birds only go 'hopping' in Kent." Good-bye to W. W. Somehow, as a rule, the birds do not affect the *Torr's*. I fancy the twopence for entry is a prohibition. Once I saw a lonely bird on the penny path; but that was a pigeon.

I have seen a whole flock of rooks cawing querulously—"quurring" would be a better descriptive participle—on and about the lower part of the precipitous, rocky *Torr's*; but never have I seen them perching on the highest point of the *Torr's*, which is as inaccessible to these birds at twopence as would be the aforesaid lower portion to the unwinged pedestrian even at a halfpenny; unless pedestrian should arrive at rookery by accidentally tumbling over from above, in which case it is much to be feared he would probably be "left till called for."

One of the most interesting sights on the *Torr's* is the occasional appearance of a kindly gentleman, carrying a snow-white cockatoo, with a magnificent yellow crest, perfectly tame, and perched on his owner's wrist, just as the parrot used to perch on the wrist of our old friend *Robinson Crusoe*.

The parrot, unchained, is a genuine "Bird of Freedom"; but he never misuses his liberty, nor abuses his privilege of speech, but, from time to time, he erects or lowers his crest, and expresses his approbation of things in general, or his disapprobation of anything in particular. A great companion this POLLY.

Recent Solar Discovery.—I picked it up on *Torr's Walks*. The sun was setting magnificently. Near me there stood, observing the effect, a young lady and a very old one. Quoth the former, "It is a grand sun, isn't it?" And the other replied, "It is a grand-sun, indeed." Being evidently a grandmamma, she ought to know.

Not knowing anything about the political bias of the majority at *Ilfracombe*, I should say the voters must be chiefly *Torr-ies*.

Of the steamers plying between *Ilfracombe*, *Swansea*, *Bristol*, and other neighbouring places, it cannot honestly be said that "they are no great shakes." If the Master of the *Rolls* possesses any nautical authority, it might be advantageously exercised in regard to some of these steamers.

The rule for debarcation and embarkation (on the *Swansea*, *Ilfracombe*, &c., steamers) appears to be, "Insure the least amount of convenience to the greatest number possible." The inconvenience might be modified (to put it gently) were the following suggestions acted upon:—

- 1st. From *Ilfracombe* pier there should be four sets of stairs (or more) instead of two.
- 2nd. Make an upper and a lower deck to pier; the latter for shelter during rain and storm. Your hardy sea-dogs seem to be perfectly unaware of the existence of water descending from the clouds. With them the rain is "in nubibus."
- 3rd. There should be two steamers to any one place, one departing just a quarter of an hour before the other's arrival. Call them "Box" and "Cox"—as they both occupy the same harbour. Thus the pier would never be inconveniently, or dangerously, crowded by an outgoing and an incoming crowd at the same moment.
- 4th. Bigger steamers.
- 5th. Greatly improved catering, on board, absolutely necessary: More hands to wait at table.

6th. Other improvements essential, but not necessary to mention here in detail.

On board an excursion steamer I would retain the musicians, especially the cornet; so many persons "come out for a blow" that the absence of this member of the orchestra would be seriously felt.

On board our steamer "*The Brighton*," to *Tenby* and back.—I think we must have had "the Something-een minstrels," whose performance was so graphically described by DICKENS in *Pickwick* as enlivening Mrs. LEO HUNTER's garden party, when "three of them grunted and the fourth howled"; only that, on this occasion, there were about eight or ten of these minstrel boys from Cardiff, who, having left their Welsh harps behind them, sat in the centre of the upper deck, inflicting their delightful melodies on such of the passengers as were unable to get out of earshot without either going below, where it was "stuffy," or into the fore part of the vessel. When these Cambrian Choristers were not singing they indulged in a little rough and ready play with each others caps, a humorous proceeding that seemed to afford them almost as much pleasure as did the sound of their own voices, for the applause with which they greeted every specimen of their skill in vocalisation was touchingly unanimous. In this demonstration of mutual approbation I did not notice any passengers taking part.

Now suppose a party of amateur and comic musicians, a party of amateur choristers, and a Salvationist chorus all on board at the same time, and suppose that all these different parties had commenced simultaneously, each party giving its special form of entertainment, would life be worth living on board that steamer? Surely the captain, or the company, could put up a notice that only the paid professional musicians would be allowed to play and sing on board, and so stop this Excursionist Babel.

Advice to passengers by steamboat proposing to land at *Lundy Island*.—Don't. *Lundy* is a most interesting island, though it doesn't look it. Further Advice.—Stay on board and read all about *Lundy Island* in your Murray's guide, and, probably, you will then have acquired far more knowledge of the place than is ever obtained by the majority who are permitted and even encouraged to crowd the rowing boats plying between the steamer and the shore. I, *moi qui parle*, saw the men bailing the water out of these boats as they returned from shore; saw the men and women jammed up together trying to keep at least their ankles dry; and if there had only been some playful 'Arries among the lot, just a lurch to one side, or the other, would at least have shipped enough water to have drenched them up to the knees, and then one frightened person might in terror have capsized the boat. I do not know who regulates these matters, I only describe what I saw with my own eyes and what struck me as being decidedly perilous. Is it impossible to build out a pier at *Lundy Island*? If impossible, cannot some regulation as to the number every boat is to carry be enforced? *

The perfumes of *Ilfracombe* (I think I saw the "Perfume d'*Ilfracombe*" advertised as sold in bottles at a local hairdresser's) are various at various times. Always on the *Torr's* is the perfume perfect. But in the lower part of the town they are select and peculiar; as thus:—Early morning, coming from bathing, and passing by hotels and boarding-houses, appetising perfume of eggs and bacon everywhere, with that of fried fish thrown in. The perfume in the road by the tennis courts, where the donkey chairs and cabs stand, is, as may be imagined, most delightful when all the frys and donkeys are there at midday, afternoon, and evening. And in the early morning the faint reminiscence of yesterday's donkey and cab-stand perfume is, it need hardly be said, most exhilarating and delightful to the unbreakfasted passer-by.

* Since writing this Your Own Torrist is glad to find his remarks anticipated by the *Western Daily Press* (*Bristol*, September 6), which hints at improvements about to be made in the landing of passengers both at *Lynmouth* and at the *Mumbles*. Let the condition of things be bettered also at *Lundy* and at *Ilfracombe*.

New Version.

(For the Nursery of the Future.)

THERE was a New Woman, and what do you think?
She lived upon nothing but paper and ink,
Though paper and ink formed her favourite diet,
This noisy New Woman could never keep quiet!

"CURRENT" RECORDS.—The Cunard steamer *Aleppo*, with a cargo of 1500 tons of currants on board, has succeeded in raisin' the record between *Patras* and *Liverpool*, having accomplished the voyage in 9 days 21½ hours. This vessel has the honour of being the first in with the new currant crop, and, as a reward, she will be allowed "enhanced freights." 1500 tons of currants fully entitle her, we should say, to "take the cake."

CABBY; OR, REMINISCENCES OF THE RANK AND THE ROAD.

(By "Hansom Jack.")

No. IV.—OFF DUTY—HARMONY—"HANSOM UP!"

CABBY off dooty's a clubable man. So—perfeck O K—says some pen-driving party.

Why, certainly gentlemen! Wot do you think? There is few things like 'orses to make fellows 'earty.

Your coachees, and carters, and costers, and such, not to name racing coves, are in general most chummy, And if doing London on wheels every day didn't make Cabbies feel in one swim, 'twould be rummy.

A flick o' the lash or a crook o' the elber may be all we've time for when meetin' or passin',

But bless yer, we're all on the same job you see, and earn't be too pertikler in rankin' an' classin'.

Dirty pertaters, of course, do abound, but we don't shove on side if a chap's a bit decent,

And consequent clubs are a bit in our line, likeways free-and-easies. I've joined one quite recent.

Sing? Well, they do say I've a pipe like a blackbird, but that's tommy-rot, in a manner o' speakin',

Wish I could touch my JIM CROW'S

mornin' flute o'er a mealy and turf with my tenorish squeaking. Still, I'm in request when the 'armony's on, and I just do my level, along o' the others.

I tell you there's a talent among us sometimes, though the chippers nickname us the HULLABOO BROTHERS.

One smart "little mash," from out Pimlico way, known as "BARNEY THE BARD," or "B. B.," or "THE BUSTER,"

Can write 'is own songs. You should just 'ear 'im tip us "A Tanner a Mile," or "The Broom and the Duster."

CHEVALIER himself couldn't top 'im in patter. 'E's writ me a song—me an' 'im being pally—

It's called "Hansom Up!" an' the first night I give it—with thanks to B. B.!—'twos a regular rally.

It took 'em all sudden, and knocked 'em, I tell yer. "Now JACK," sez the Chairman (Old BUNGO), hironic,

"That larst wos a gusher as made us feel sniffy; toon up sutthing lively, and give us a tonic!

Young SCRAG o' LAMB's love-songs are like sweetened gin, JACK, they want a kerrective, a Scotch, or a Bitter."

"Right, BUNGO!" sez I, "I will give yer dry fizz 'stead o' pep'ment," as set 'im an' Vice on the titter.

HANSOM UP!

Oh, lirrapi-dumple-day! I was born out Barnsbury way, An' I cut my heyte-teeth early, you can bet,—

You can bet!

I 'ad 'ardly took to socks, when I mounted on the box, And larnt to tyke it smilin', dry or wet,—

Dry or wet!

Me nyme is BOB FITZGIBBONS. I've a light 'and en the ribbons, And mates christened me the Piccadilly Pup,—

Dilly Pup.

With my smart snuff-coloured bowler, and my natty button-oler, I arnser to the cry of Hansom Up!—

Hansom Up!!

Hansom-Up! Ah, that's the word. It's our war-cry wot is 'eard From Putney up to pleasant Pentonville,—

Pentonville.

And then I'm on the chivvy! Lardy toff or mild old mivvey I can drive with demon dash or cautious skill,—

Careful skill.

For the pace that takes yer dandy, when the Four Hexpress is 'andy, Will scare old Mother Merges and 'er pug-pup,—

Puffy pup!

And to take it 'ot or easy, as the hasphalte's dry or greasy, Is the diplymattic dodge of Hansom Up!—

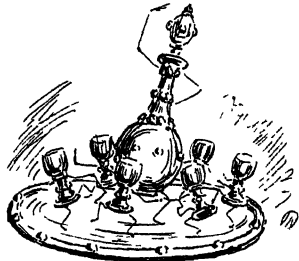
Hansom Up!

For to tool a dashing Forder, rubber-tyred an' all in order, With hivory quizzing-glass an' reading-lamp,—

Glass and lamp,

I can tell yer's none so dusty. Yer old Growler's fare is crusty, With a bloomin' bottle nose, or bulgin' gamp,—

Green old gamp.



But a pair o' smart swell mashes, trim merstache an' long heyte-lashes, A-drivin' to the Hopera, or to sup,—

Spoon and sup, Is a mighty diff'rent matter, an' yer drives up clitter-clatter, When you 'ears the Captin's 'orty Hansom Up!—

Hansom Up!

Ah! to twig 'em tittivating in the mirrors, while you're waiting For the Bobby in a Piccadilly block,—

Dilly block.

Or a-dabbin' lips and noses with soft puffs, as smells o' roses, Or a readin' yaller books as some might shock,—

Scare or shock,

Is particularly funny, and sech fares means—mostly—money.

Wy sometimes yer 'll git a tip for Stakes or Cup,—

Stakes or Cup,

From a covert-coated dandy, or a weed or nip of brandy,

When there's winning in 'is 'ail of Hansom Up!—

Hansom Up!

Oh, Rads may talk of Ransom, but give me a dashing Hansom, A silk topper, and a decent run of luck,—

Cabby's luck;

With a bay 'oss to my liking, and you won't ketch me a striking, Not without good cause, as some old pals 'ave struck,—

Lately struck.

Things may go a trifle 'ard 'twixt bad weather and the yard,

But that won't knock out the Piccadilly Pup,—

Dilly Pup.

On my "SHREWSBURY and TALBOT," I'm as right as rain—or all but,—

And there's music in the 'ail of Hansom Up!—

Hansom Up!

"Hansom Up!" I can tell yer, was chorussed a good 'un, and took most tremenjous. Collection that night—

For a broken-down Growler a-twist with rheumatics—was somethink to brim 'is wife's heytes with delight.

Oh, charity's charity, but when a Princess presides there's a extry strong pull at yer purse,

And ditto with 'armony! That's 'uman nature; we're just built that way—an' it might 'a' bin worse!

"AFTER THE PLAY IS OVER."

SCENE—Smoking-room of recently re-opened Old-Established Club. Members discovered partaking of light refreshments.

First Member (sipping a lemon squash). Yes, the Royalty is decidedly improved in appearance, and the audience, too, is quite up to the standard of the old *Iron plus Black-eyed Susan* days. Quite a pretty house, and quite a distinguished set in the auditorium.

Second Mem. (lighting a cigarette). And the play?

First Mem. Distinctly amusing. Both BOUCHIER and his wife excellent, and KATE PHILLIPS, as a sorrow-stricken cook, capital. Not quite sure whether it would not have been better to have left *M. le Directeur* in France. He was there to the manner born; but in England—well, to put it plainly, the Home Office in Soho is not in the least like the Home Office in Whitehall.

Third Mem. (finishing a glass of "improved" soda water). But is it intended to be?

Second Mem. I don't know, but a good many of the audience (presumably the gentlemen of the pit and gallery) will adopt the assumption. After all, to be a member of the Civil Service is something, even in these degenerate days. The sketch of official life in Soho will not enhance the dignity of the—shall we call it?—profession. But concede that the local colouring is appropriate, and *The Chili Widow* is simply first-rate.

Third Mem. Better than *Bogey* at the St. James's?

Second Mem. So I have been told. And how about the Garrick?

First Mem. *Alabama*, with WILLARD. Not particularly exciting. We know how good a man the popular actor can be, but for stage purposes he is much more pleasing as a villain. And TOOLE is back again in his own theatre?

Second Mem. So I have been told. If, as report has it, the visit is to say farewell, it will be a sad one. Take it all round, there is no better actor in the world than the hero of *Ici on parle Français*, and the embodiment of *Pau Claudian*.

First Mem. I quite agree with you. Has any one been to see *India* at Earl's Court?

Third Mem. I have. About as fine a spectacle as they make them. The Empress Theatre, worthy of its name—the entertainment appropriate to its surroundings. Quite eclipses Olympia in its most prosperous days. And if you want to see how a few scraps of waste land can be converted into a region of gardens, museums, theatres, and palaces, just mount the Great Wheel, and look down upon the scene below you.

[Enter the Waiter, when the chat about things theatrical is interrupted by orders for cooking and other drinks. Curtain.]



STILL IN THE HONEYMOON.

Angelina. "AND YOU WON'T FORGET TO BUY A TIN OF COCOATINA."

[Edwin ties a knot in his pocket-handkerchief.

Angelina. "AND YOU WON'T FORGET TO CALL AND SEE DEAR MAMMA."

[Edwin ties another knot in his pocket-handkerchief.

Angelina. "AND OH, EDWIN DEAR, YOU WON'T, YOU WON'T FORGET TO THINK SOMETIMES OF YOUR POOR LITTLE WIFE, LEFT ALL ALONE FOR THE DAY!"

[Edwin ties a THIRD knot in his pocket-handkerchief.

IN MEMORIAM.

HENRY RICHARD HOWARD.

[Captain H. R. HOWARD, who was reputed to have been JOHN LEECH's "only pupil," and who, in the Fifties and Sixties, contributed many pictorial drolleries (mostly signed with a trident) to *Mr. Punch's* pages, died on Aug. 31 last, in his 81st year.]

FRIEND of old days, when LEECH's pencil charmed [warmed, Each heart that grace allured and humour How fast the years have fled Since that irreparable loss! And how It stirs old memories to learn that now His pupil, too, lies dead!

A lesser light, but linked with the great time, Three decades since, when in his glorious prime LEECH left us, in full fame, [stant care, And *Punch*, who makes old friends his com- Upon his page of honour space must spare For humorous HOWARD's name.

"OH! THE DAYS OF THE (SOUTH) KERRY DANCING."—The latest figure introduced into that diverting *danse excentrique*, the Hibernian Can-Can, is known as "the Irish 'split.'"

"THE PILLER OF THE HOUSE."—The family doctor.

THE BALLAD OF BECHUANA.

The answer Mr. *Punch* would like Mr. Chamberlain to be able to make to Khama.

["KHAMA, the Bechuana chief, will not consent to come under RHODES if the white man is to be free to 'convey' his subjects' land, and to poison them with strong drink."—*Daily Chronicle*.]

AIR—"Oriana."

WE sympathise with your great woe,
Bechuana.
There's little rest for Chiefs below,
Bechuana.
In sultry climes, in climes of snow,
The drink will come, the land will go,
Bechuana.
The ways of Trade were ever so,
Bechuana!

The Chartered Company seems growing,
Bechuana.
The Liquor interest is crowing,
Bechuana.

Bung is blowing, drink is flowing,
RHODES like one o'clock is going,
Bechuana.

Where they will stop there is no knowing,
Bechuana!

In black kingdoms, as in white,
Bechuana,
Men are given to getting "tight,"
Bechuana.

KHAMA, it is a grievous sight.
And you, you seem to have done right,
Bechuana.
Since you your troth to us did plight,
Bechuana!

Sober, industrious, fond of peace,
Bechuana,

You've kept your tribe. May it increase,
Bechuana.

If you would have the traffic cease,
Why should your heart not have that ease,
Bechuana?

Sobriety is the best police,
Bechuana!

It is a vile, corroding curse,
Bechuana.

We do not wish, quite the reverse,
Bechuana,

That, just to fill a huckster-purse,
Your tribe should go from bad to worse,
Bechuana.

Twere a foul shame! That's true and terse,
Bechuana!

Let Gain go hang, let Bung be blowed,
Bechuana,

Rather than drunkenness corrode,
Bechuana,

The realm whereby Molopo flowed.
To KHAMA Britons much have owed,
Bechuana;

The boon you crave should be bestowed,
Bechuana

A RIVERSIDE RONDEL.

AFLOAT the water-lily lies,
Lolling gold head on soft green coat,
The swans drift by in stately wise
Afloat.

Faint music from the warbler's throat,
The moorhen in the sedge that plies,
The plash of oars, a distant boat,
The passing flash of dragon-flies—
Such sights and sounds I dimly note,
The while I watch with straining eyes
A float!

MODERN INSTANCE OF PATIENCE ON A MONUMENT.—The Powers sitting on the Ottoman.



“BUNG” IN AFRICA.

RIGHT HON. J. CH-MB-RL-N (to KING KHAMA). ““LOCAL VETO” FOR BECHUANALAND? H’M!—A RATHER TICKLISH BUSINESS! UPSET A GOVERNMENT *HERE* THE OTHER DAY!”

[“KHAMA, the Bechuana chief, arrived in England and was received by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN at the Colonial Office. . . . He desires to be assured in the power of excluding intoxicants absolutely from his territories.”—*The Times*.]

SCRAPS FROM CHAPS.

COMMERCIAL prosperity continues to attend the cheery coster as he hawks his wares about the Liverpool streets, and the situation is getting hawkward for the local tradesman, who declares that the itinerant vendor's opposition draws away customers from his shop. So momentous, indeed, to the welfare of the Lancastrian port has this Cockney Crusade become, that the magnates of the City Corporation assembled in Committee to discuss means for "making the coster go back to London." Among other weighty reasons for the expulsion of the intruder, it was stated that "a gentleman trod upon a banana peel the other day, and fell." Whether the peel was deposited by an offending coster, or by one of the many barefooted but picturesque and ingenious youths of the town, history does not relate. However, the great gravity of the crisis may be understood when, towards the end of the debate on the question, we are told that the chairman observed that, "if this thing was allowed to go on, perhaps a certain alderman and himself would start a barrow with a picture on it, and go about selling fine arts." Chorus of aldermen:—



REVENGE IS SWEET.

Beach Musician (to constant Non-Subscriber). "SURE WE SHOULD BE MOST 'APPY TO PUT ANY GENTLEMAN THAT REELLY CAN'T AFFORD TO CONTRIBUTE ON THE FREE LIST!"

Round the town! Up and down!
Anything to earn an honest brown:
Civic costers enterprising,
Up-to-date and early-rising,
Why we'll hawk our blooming pictures round the town!

BRAEMAR Castle is to be restored. "The alterations on the building are to be mostly internal," says the *Daily Free Press*, "and the external appearance will remain as at present, so that on rounding Creag Choinnich"—a good coigne of vantage this, by the way—"the traveller will have no difficulty in recognising the castle." Good. Beau BRUMMELL once snubbed a sovereign, but we should hate to run the risk of cutting a castle. The same authority further informs us that the edifice in question "stands on a grassy mound between the Deeside road and the river Dee, and as it is not surrounded by trees it forms a rather conspicuous object in the landscape." Deeside-dly this smacks more of Erin than of Caledonia, and calls to mind PAT O'FREGAN's remark—"Shure, me bhoy, an' I wasn't in the room at all, at all. I was hidin' behind the fire-shreen!"

LITERARY PROVERB.—Too many characters spoil the novel.

THE AGE OF LOVE.

(To the Editor of "Punch.")

SIR,—Is it possible, in the so-called end of this so-called nineteenth century, to dream of such a thing as the Age of Love? The man of to-day, if he be wise, thinks not of the face and form of the woman he may care to marry, but asks himself the question, "Will she make me a good wife? Can she clean chimneys, cook and mend; is she capable of discussing intellectually subjects of interest—such as dentistry, hunting, symbolism, and so forth—with her husband? Can she grind the organ, play the comb, is she active at crossing-sweeping and cradle-rocking, quick at smiling away one's smiles and frowning away one's tears, ready to greet all my friends with the same amiability she shows to me, is she prepared for intelligent begging-letter-writing, can she scour, skirt-dance, recite, carve, mangle, and fence?" Too often he is bound to answer, "No, she cannot; so what good is she to me?" I do not mean to say that all women are like this. Heaven forbid! But good housewives are few and far between. There are many girls of the period who are deficient in one or even more of the accomplishments above-mentioned, so how can she be fitted for the wife of a middle-class man?

It is all very well to love, but a vastly different matter to marry such women as these. Good sound reason and common-sense are better articles to possess. We cannot have too much of that—indeed, we often get a great deal more than is good for us, so that in my humble opinion friendship, common-sense, logic, and grammar are worth more than all the love any man or woman can give; and it is all very well to sneer at pessimists, but in my humble opinion they have only themselves to blame for it, and through all ages it will ever be the same until there is some alteration.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant, A SENSIBLE PESSIMIST.
Alma Villa, Sebastopol Road, Balham.

SIR,—There is an old saying with which we are all acquainted, and which affirms that "there are as pretty kettles of fish in the sea as ever came out of it." If you will permit me, I will quote my own case.

At the age of seventy-two I married the man of my choice. We had been married for seven days, when, alas! the truth forced itself relentlessly upon me that my husband was suffering from depression of spirits. His nature, which had always been a gay and joyous one, became apathetic; he seemed indifferent to my society, and before many weeks were over he bored himself to death.

I think before eighty is only April sort of sunshine, which only brings flowers, &c., into bud; it is June, July, and October sunshine that makes, or the want of it that mars, the harvest. There are many of my own and the other sex still unmarried, pure, gentle, and loving old women, who, I think, would gladly enter matrimony. Alas! Love is laughed about and joked about, but the souls it has ruined are few. Trusting you will find space for my poor scribble, I am, Sir, Your obedient servant, HAPPY BROWN BESS.

Earlswood, September 14, 1895.

[Space forbids further insertions of letters on this subject.—Ed.]

THE CONQUEROR.

[Mr. H. N. PILLSBURY, a young American master of twenty-two years, won the first prize in the Chess Tournament at Hastings.]

Two Battles of Hastings—when young scholars rattle

Their "dates" off—henceforth may be reckoned:

If WILLIAM the Norman did win the first battle,

'Twas PILLSBURY pulled off the second.

A very young player old STENTIZ to tackle,

Or enter the lists against LASKER!

When History's Muse is henceforth on the cackle,

One question a scholar may ask her,—

"Oh, which was the greater, chess-champion or war-man?"

In chess there is no hanky-panky;

Less fair was the win of the tricky old Norman,

Than that of the quiet young Yankee!

THE "alliterative" epidemic, in connection with the names of marine resorts, is spreading to an alarming extent. A Welsh newspaper heads a quotation from the *Western Daily Press* by the taking title of "Improving Ilfracombe." This, however, has nought to do with the excellent mental and physical benefits derived by visitors to the North Devonian pleasure port, but refers to District Council resolutions for the improvement of the place itself—a Quixotic idea, which seems identical with that of "painting a lily." To the scribe of the "Seaside Series," whose penchant is for "apt alliteration's artful aid," we beg to offer—without any extra charge—a few suggestions to go on with:—Soothing Southend, Winsome Whitby, Congressional Cardiff, Sweltering Swansea, Peaceful Penzance, or "piratical" ditto, and so on *ad nau-sea-am*.



THE JUDGE'S DREAM.

BALL VERSUS BALL.

AN AUTUMN ECGLOGUE.

The rivals, Cricket Ball and Football, like Menalcas and Dametas, defend their favourite Sports, and make their friend Punch (like Palemon) judge of their performances.

Football. Ho! Hurry up and put yourself away!

September's here, and Cricket's had its day. You and your Bat have had a wondrous boom,

Now for a manlier sport, and Me, make room! *Cricket Ball.* A manlier sport? Tell that to sordid Tykes!

The "brass," and not the game, is what he likes

Who kicks your swollen and unshapely form Through snow and mud, in fog and frozen storm;

And in pursuit of silver pots and pelf, Makes a dishevelled muddark of himself; Then calls it—Sport! O, there! don't talk to me.

I'm not a slave to sludge and L. S. D.

Football. Pooh! If I'm kicked you're spanked. The foot of GUNN

Hurts less than does his bat. Pray is it fun To bide O'BRIEN's buffet? Have you scored After two hours—at Hastings—with big FORD? GRACE thumps you for nine Centuries in one season,

And after that you crow with little reason!

Cricket Ball. Oh, GRACE and GUNN lay on to me in love,

FORD's "gentle tap," O'BRIEN's "friendly shove"

Hurt not my feelings more than a slight slap From rosy finger, hurts an amorous chan.

But you stand kicks for halfpence. Question it?

Well, just you read about the Football Split And the two rival Unions!

Football. That's all fudge. The North is of true Sport the truest judge! How about GRACE's Testimonial?

Cricket Ball. Not

A sample of the Hunting of the Pot. But a free tribute to a sportsman prime, Who plays the game right through, and laughs at Time.

But rowdism and mere greed of gain

Will spoil the noblest sport. I speak with pain.

Football. You spheric Pharisee! Don't sniff and brag,

Go join the Bat in his green winter bag!

A hum-drum hibernation is your doom, The winter season's mine, for me make room!

Cricket Ball. Alas! 'tis true! Retirement is my lot.

The bright green sward, blue skies, and sun-shine hot,

September sees an end of. I rejoice The Surrey Cricket Club has given its voice

Against the money-mania that would make The Oval turf a frozen swampy lake,

Pounded by heavy-footed Football cracks, Galloping "forwards," elephantine "backs."

It makes me shudder on my shelf to think Of that green sward, smooth-surfaced as a rink

Where sturdy ABEL cut and drove amain, And RICHARDSON sent "rippers" down like rain;

Where the white-flannel'd fielders sometimes flopped,

While saucy Surrey sparrows pecked and hopped,—

To think of it all trampled, pounded, ploughed,

By fierce footballers, whilst a furious crowd Howled in a hideous ring.

Football. Oh, shut up, do! The S. C. C.'s are an old-fashioned crew,



"THE PITY O' IT!"

"WELL, SIMPSON, HOW DO YOU LIKE THE HOT WEATHER?"

"CAN'T STAND IT, SIR! IT'S HAWFUL! AIN'T GOT NO STOMACH FOR MY VICTUALS, SIR!"

Who soon will find they are not up to date, And they'll be sorry—when perhaps too late. Football's a manly sport for Titan lads!

Cricket Ball. But spoiled by huckster cliques and noisy cads. [and then.

Football. Cricket is slow, quite stodgy now

Cricket Ball. But 'tis a sport for friends

and gentlemen.

Palemon Punch.

In either sport such honest pleasure lies That both must win, as each deserves, a prize. The summer sport is each true Briton's care, But Football's death would leave our winters bare

Of numerous joys. Dametas sweetly sang And clear the music of Menalcas rang;

"Rest equal happy both," in friendly strains Palemon said to the Virgilian swains; [you;

"Long live and prosper both," *Punch* says to But O beware the howling harpy crew

Who'd knock the "l" out of our good old Play And make it all a matter of mere Pay!

The rowdies follow where the hucksters lead, Football beware of ruffianly greed!

You're treading far too near that fatal trap; Avoid it, or you'll suffer. *Verbum sap!* You, cricket ball, to bounce be not a slave. Let "championships" and "averages" have Their proper place. Let love of Number One Spoil not good sport, good fellowship, good fun. In short, whether good luck or bad luck comes Just "play the game," like gentlemen and chums!

So having given his verdict somewhat loth, *Punch* ends with wishing the best luck to both!

GOOSE AND GANDER.—A sapient Somebody (or Nobody) modestly proposes that, in taking a poll for a Free Library, everybody who does not take the trouble to register his vote at all shall be counted as if he had voted against the proposal! Well, what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. Suppose that all who don't take the trouble to vote should be counted as voting for the proposal. There's at least as much to be said for that as for the opposite plan.

ROUNDAABOUT READINGS.

OSTEND must be a glorious place. From an advertisement which has appeared in an evening contemporary I gather that "the multitude, anxious to spend an elegant and fashionable sojourn in the country, has rendered itself this year at Ostend. It is a long time since such an opulent clientèle has been united in a seaside resort. At the fall of day the vast terraces of the fashionable restaurants, situated along the sea-bank, present a fairy aspect. There is quite a confusion of dazzling costumes upon which sparkle thousand gems, and all this handsome cosmopolitan society passes through the saloons of the Kursaal Club, in which one hears



spoken all known languages as at Babel and Monte Carlo, and of which the attractions are identical to those of the latter place." This is the first time I have heard of a similarity to Babel being mentioned as an attraction. But no doubt an opulent clientèle has peculiar tastes of its own, especially when its dazzling costumes sparkle with thousand gems.

In a small Belgian town (naturally not Ostend) I once saw the following notice hung over the door of a washerwoman's establishment:—

Anglish linge tooke here from 1 sou
Shert, cols, soaks, sleep-shert, pokets.
I eet my hatt.

The last sentence puzzled me for a long time. Finally I came to the conclusion that it was not intended so much to be a statement of actual fact as an enticement to English people, who would of course take all their washing to a lady commanding so gay and accurate a knowledge of an English catch-phrase.

My third example of English as she is spoke is from a notice issued by an out-of-the-way hotel in Italy, which had changed its management:—

The nobles and noblesses traveller are beg to tell that the direction of this splendid hotel have bettered himself. And the strangers will also find high comforting luxuries, hot cold water coffee bath and all things of perfect establishment and at prices fixed. Table d'hôte best of Italy France everywhere. Oncean linens is quick wash and every journals is buy for readers. Beds hard or soaft at the taste of traveller. Soaps everywhere plenty. Very cheaper than other hotel. No mosquits no parrot no rat.

AND this (though the connection is not, at first sight, very clear) brings me to the Vicar of Sparkbrook. Only the other day he was presiding at a meeting held in aid of the funds of the Christ Church (Sparkbrook) Day Schools. Alluding to the importance of maintaining Church Schools, he said (I quote from a Birmingham paper) that "though he did not want to touch on politics, he must express his thankfulness that they had a Government in power which was favourable to Church Schools, and which was pledged to construct, and not to destruct." The Vicar's feeling for emphasis is admirable. The sentence gains immeasurably in force by the perversion "destruct." And we ought to be specially grateful to him for refraining from the other alternative. If he had said, as it was open for him to say, "which was pledged not to destroy, but to constroy," the effect would have been terrible.

I WAS staying at a London hotel a short time ago and had occasion to write a letter in the public reading-room. Sitting down to one of the writing-tables and opening the portfolio I found that a previous occupant had left in it an unfinished letter which, with all necessary apologies, I here transcribe in full:

MY DARLING HARRY,—I am fading like a flower deprived of its natural nourishment without you, my darling, my own little sniperpop—

Now what, in the name of Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON, can a "sniperpop" be?

How shall I name you? Darling,
dove,
Partridge (or any other bird)
Are not the names I seek, my
love;
I want just one caressing word,

One word which, whether old or
new,
[you,
Shall prove my depth of love for

Without it all my power is gone,
Without my own I feebly fade:



In vain I turn the lexicon,
The word I want is not yet
made.

Must I entreat, to ease my
pain,
Divine Philology in vain?

Ah, little nowadays it boots
To imitate primeval man;
Our Aryan ancestors had roots
With which to formulate their
plan.

They used them all—they had
their fun—
And left us not a single one.

Yet, oh my HARRY, something
tells [succeed—
Your own she may, she must
What's this? Yes, yes, ring out
the bells; [I'm freed.
From grief's dark thunder-cloud
No longer shall I droop or drop—
Eureka, "little Sniperpop."

In the *Newcastle Daily Journal* I read that "for some time a certain amount of feeling has existed at Crawcrook on the question of horse-shoeing." This culminated in a challenge by JOSEPH DELAFIELD to GEORGE LATHAN, both these gentlemen being master blacksmiths. A match for £5 was soon made, "each man to shoe the foot of a draught-horse in the quickest and best style." Here there must be some mistake, since if each man did the job in the quickest and best style, the result obviously must be a dead heat. However "the match commenced on Saturday morning at the shop of LATHAN. After LATHAN finished his work, which occupied forty-three minutes, the horse was driven to the shop of DELAFIELD, who occupied forty-one minutes in the operation. Large crowds were on the spot to witness the match. Mr. JOHN CHAPMAN of Whittington, the judge, gave his decision in favour of LATHAN."

THERE is something very sporting and attractive about all this. One man wins the match, the other can console himself by the reflection that he had two minutes the better of it on time. There seems to have been no grumbling, and (although the fact is not stated) I have no doubt the parties met at an enthusiastic dinner in the evening and toasted the good old English sport of horse-shoeing. The authorities at Oxford and Cambridge might do worse than institute a horse-shoeing competition between teams of undergraduates, who would of course strike blue nails into blue shoes with blue hammers. A "blazer" would be particularly appropriate to such a contest.

OUR FASHION LETTER.

(Extracted from the "Poppleton College Gazette.")

DEAR THOMAS,—As September advances, the wave of fashion is once more filling our best academies, so that a few hints as to the latest *modes* may well be of service to you. Have you seen the new double pocket? It is quite *chic*. It is constructed simply enough by making a large hole in the side-pockets of your coat, thereby you will find there is an useful space beneath the lining, in which such necessary trifles as a lump of toffee or a Jew's-harp can be comfortably disposed of. Buttons will not be much worn, especially as the term advances. It is rumoured that FORKER *major* has gone into tails; and if this be true, probably others will follow his example before long.

My old friend RICHARD—a well-known connoisseur in such matters—strongly recommends the new confectioner's shop near the school. The Turkish Delight sold there is quite admirable, I am told, and a single bar of the stick-jaw, if used carefully, will last for an entire day. Talking of shopping, I have been to the bookseller's lately. What a misfortune it is that the publishers do not issue Messrs. BOHN's Classical Library at a lower price! The present one is almost prohibitive to those of us who wish to avoid a certain amount of drudgery, and to please our excellent pedagogues at the same time.

Have you heard rumours of a boom in marbles? Hitherto one has associated the game with the lower classes, but I understand that two Upper-Fifth gentlemen were seen to play it last week. If so, it will soon be widely popular. By the way, the report that JOHNSON *minor* is seriously ill is absurd. The truth of the matter is, that this dashing sportsman had undertaken to eat thirty cracknels in ten minutes, without drink of any kind. The result—he lost by half a cracknel—was to cause him some temporary inconvenience, but he is now completely restored to health.

Here are two recipes, which, I think, you will like:—

1. *Bacon à la Dormitory.* Procure a piece of bacon, and cut it into strips. Impale these, one at a time, on a penholder, and frizzle them slowly over the dormitory gas. (Care should be taken that the tutor is out, as the fragrance caused by the bacon is considerable.) When sufficiently done, chop up with penknives, and serve hot. Condensed milk should be drunk with this dish.

2. *Marrons à la Poppleton.* Place some chestnuts between the bars of the fireplace. Do not break the skins. Presently the roasted nuts will fly into the room with a loud report, and much amusement will be caused if they happen to hit anybody on the face. They may then be picked up and eaten. Sherbet is an appropriate drink with which to accompany them.

Yours ever,
WILLIAM.

SCRAPS FROM CHAPS.

ASTON-ISHING!—The English Cup, won by the Aston Villa Football Club last year, has been stolen. Between boots and football a strong affinity exists; and it appears that a *cordonnier*, a member of the club, obtained a loan of the trophy, which he proudly placed in his shop window. On a pedestal, in the midst of all sorts and conditions and sizes of shoes, it stood in silvery splendour—a sovereign, as it were, o'er a kingdom of soles—and was the gaping admiration of the "idle progeny" of the neighbourhood, who, as is well known, evince ever an absorbing interest in all things appertaining to "the rolling circle's speed." And the knight of the Soccus and Cothurnus, the adept constructor of JESSAMY'S slipper and GILES'S "hobnailed," the owner of the store, lulled himself to sleep singing "Dear little Boot-erup, Sweet little Footer-cup," and dreamed that the goal of his ambition had been reached, and that he had received the appointment of Soler and Heeler Extraordinary to all the Football Clubs of the United Kingdom. But, alas! he awoke one morn to find that a burglary had been committed, and that the Cup had vanished! "It would appear," says the *Liverpool Courier*, "that the thieves wanted the cup for the value of its silver!" Oh! impossible! Gentlemen who thus acquire valuable articles of gold or silver do so not for the



THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE.

Tam. "SAR YE 'VE GOTTEN BACK, SANDERS?"
 Sanders. "'DEED, AYE. I 'VE JUST GOTTEN BACK."
 Jamie. "AN' HOO DID 'E LIKE LONDON?"
 Sanders. "OD, IT'S AN OOTLANDISH PLACE YON! THEY TELL 'T ME THEY COULDNA UNNERSTAUN MA AWCCENT!"
 John. "AWCCENT! I NEVER HEARD TELL THAT FIFE FOLK HAD ONY AWCCENT!"

coarse gratification of fan' awr sacra fames, but rather for the satisfaction of an artistic craving, a laudable desire to contemplate, in poetic solitude, the beauty of the objects.

"BY PROXY."

MORE lovely than the summer morn
 That floods with light a southern shore
 And smiles upon the yellow corn
 Thy sister is, Osweet LENORE!
 And yet, LENORE, dost thou not guess [to thee,
 What draws me now from her
 What prompts me thus thy hand to press,
 And from thy lips seek Fate's decree?
 Call me not fickle; for I'll love
 With fondness growing e'er more fond;
 More tender bethan gentle dove
 Tow'rs her I prize all else beyond.
 Dost thou not guess—or wilt thou not—
 The thoughts that in my bosom dwell?—
 Then "lend me all the ears you've got,"
 And I'll the mystery dispel:
 More lovely than the summer sky
 Your sister is, whom I adore!
 I would propose—but I'm too shy;
 Pray ask her for me, kind LENORE!

FINAL "VALKYRIE—LONDON" DECISION. — "Quoth DUN-RAVEN, 'Never more!'"

"SERMONS."

SIR,—I have read some correspondence on this subject in the *Daily Telegraph*. Nothing very original. But, Sir, I must ask a question which I fancy will set clerics and laymen a thinking. This is it: *Why should not a successful sermon have a good long run?*

A play that makes a hit runs for weeks, for months, for years. Audiences come from all parts to hear and see it. They come, too, by night, a most inconvenient time, and not by day. Now, why should it not be the same with a sermon?

Let us suppose that the Rev. Mr. SILVERTRUMPET, of St. Simon's Within-and-Without, preaches a first-rate sermon. For years past, popular preachers have been regularly advertised in the newspapers, and church-goers have been accustomed to look out for announcements as to where Mr. SILVERTRUMPET, or any other popular preacher, is to appear and discourse. The actor, on tour, goes round with one play visiting different towns. *Why not the preacher with one sermon?*

Perhaps the actor has a *répertoire* acquired in course of time: so might it be with the preacher. That a good sermon, once delivered, should be lost, is as hard on the preacher as that a good play should be performed for one night only, and then, "be heard no more!"

My remedial suggestions are: *first*, let critic attend "first morning" or "first afternoon" of a new sermon. Let him praise or condemn it.

Secondly. No critics: but simply an advertisement under a column headed "Churches," announcing that Mr. SILVERTRUMPET or Mr. DESKTHUMPER, or whoever it may be, with all his titles, Canon, Archdeacon, Bishop, Vicar, &c., &c., set out in full, will preach at such and such a time, at such and such a church. Also, I think the title of the sermon should be given. There is sometimes

an attraction in a title. Then, that sermon being a success, let it be thus advertised:—



ST. SIMON'S WITHIN-AND-WITHOUT.—The Rev. Mr. SILVERTRUMPET'S Sermon, entitled *Charity; or, How We Live Now*, having achieved an ENORMOUS SUCCESS, will be repeated EVERY SUNDAY at 11.30 (or whatever the hour may be) until further notice.

I maintain that, as there are crowds attracted from all parts during two years to visit a theatre between the hours of seven and eleven nightly, in order to see an amusing or thrilling play, and a popular actor (likewise twice a week for *matinées*), so, in like manner, there would be crowds to come from all parts to hear a good sermon and see a popular preacher once, or even twice on Sunday.

I remain, Sir, yours, A. LAMBKIN.

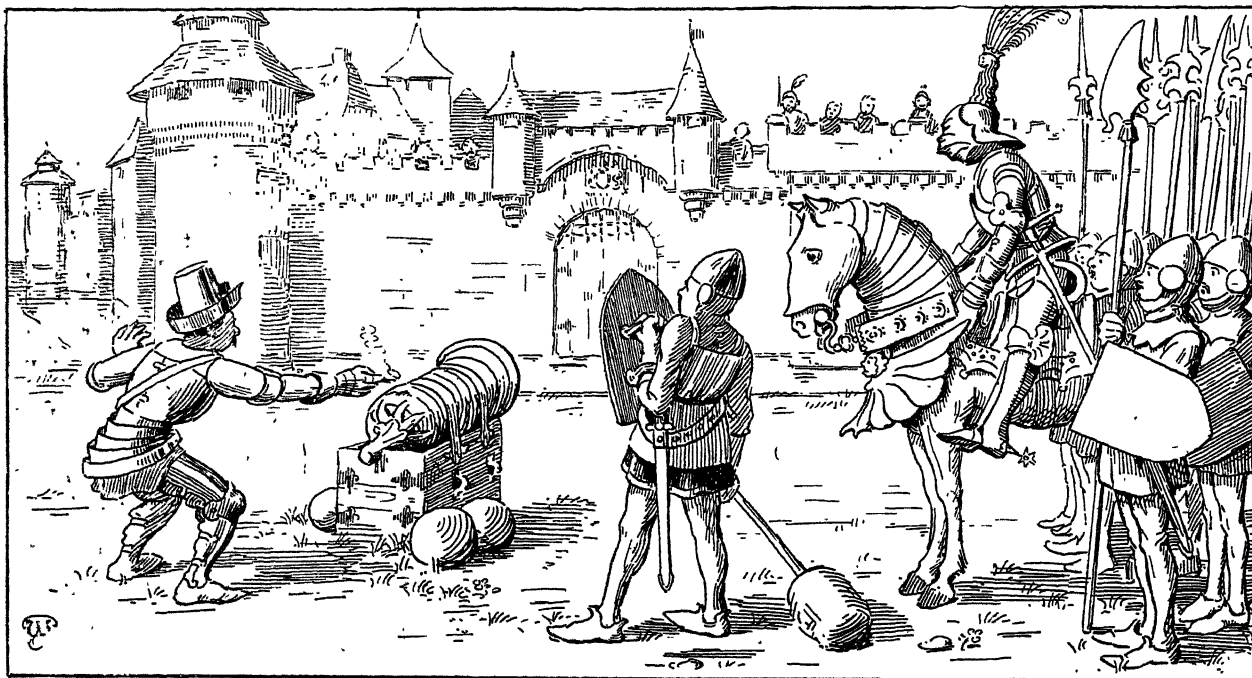
SIR,—About sermons I have this to say, or sing,—
 A sermon for Sundays, oh! preach, preach to me!
 Let those who don't like it complain!
 But should it delight me, the seats being free,
 I'm likely to hear it again.

Yours, KNOTT MOORE.

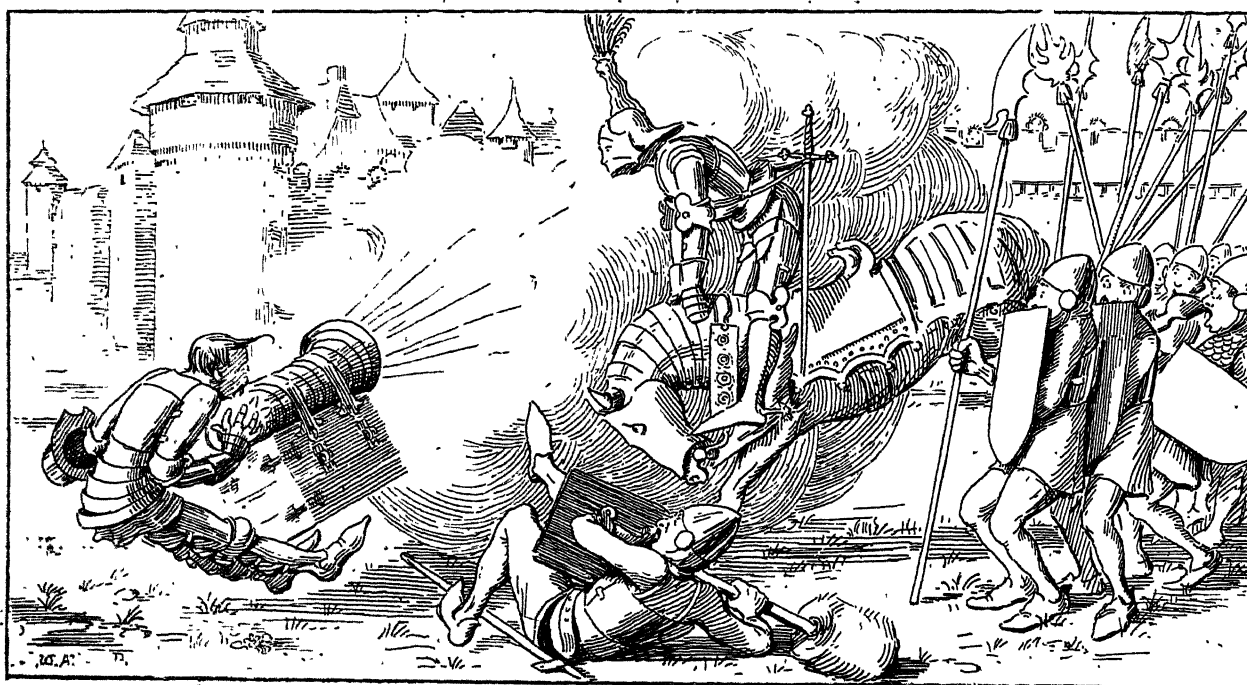
PITCH-ED OUT.—A motion for the introduction of tar-macadam, instead of granite, as pavement for the Aberdeen streets, was rejected by the Town Council after a lengthy and lively discussion upon the subject. What really gave the *coup de grâce* to the cause of the Tar-macadamites was a councillor's statement that "he had often got a wet foot in a tar-macadam street (*'Hear, hear!'*)."

This alarming assertion effectually "queered the pitch"—to use a slang expression—for the would-be innovators, and "granite and dry feet" won the day by fourteen votes to nine.

MEDIÆVAL GUNNERY PRACTICE.



THE FIRST SHOT.



THE RESULT.

POETIC LICENCE.

SIR LEWIS MORRIS describes the United States as:—

Who sits august and free,
A crowned Commonwealth from sea to sea."

But why "crowned"? America will surely resent the monarchical suggestion. Might not *this* be more appropriate, Sir Lewis?:—

Who owns the Big Countree,
Where Niggers are, and Silver may be free,
A dollar'd despotism, under three
Great tyrants—"Boodle," "Lynch," and "Tammany."

How's *that* for high-falutin, mellifluous MORRIS?

Edith Mary Tedingham.

The young stewardess of the "Iona" who met with a terrible death on that ill-fated vessel in the heroic effort to rescue a child.

["She was such a good girl. She was so happy in her new work, and liked the sea."—*Her Mother.*]

ONLY "a Gateshead girl," whose name,
Though loved, was all unknown to fame,
Until that te-ting morn,
That moment fierce of sudden fear;
To-day to English hearts as dear
As English girl hath borne!

That awful instant set it fair
Among the records high and rare
That glorify our State.
A girl's heart, simple, cheerful, fond,
To desperate duty could respond,
In the great moment, great.

What more have History's heroes done?
Or with what readier valour won
The golden meed of Fame?
Only charred ashes left to sight!
But on the immortal scroll we write
Another gentle name.

Such a good girl! And loved the sea!
O white-cliff'd isle, while such as she
Light a poor English home.
The Viking blood, the NELSON strain
No fateful hour shall seek in vain
To serve thee on the foam.

AS THE LAW SHOULD BE.

(From "The Legal Intelligence" of the Future.)

MR. Justice Punch then addressed the prisoner in the following words:—"Prisoner at the Bar, you have been rightly found guilty of committing the heinous crime of writing and causing to be published a pernicious form of composition known as a 'Penny Dreadful.' The jury who have tried you have had no trouble in coming to the conclusion that you are solely responsible for the fearful results that have followed the appearance of your latest contribution to criminal literature. Had not *Red-handed Rob* left the printers there is every reason for believing that the manor-house would have never been burnt down, and that poor Mrs. SMITH would have been still hale and hearty. Nay more, the twenty-seven burglaries and fifty-six other crimes of even a yet more serious character would in all human probabilities have never been committed. For all this terrible work you are primarily responsible. In days gone by you would have escaped the appropriate penalty of your wickedness. But now that the Pernicious Story Punishment Act has become the law of the land, I have the power, as I have long had the will, to treat you with becoming severity." His Lordship then passed sentence in the customary form. Later in the day the publishers and printers of *Red-Handed Rob* were convicted of being accessories both before and after the fact, and shared the fate of their colleague in iniquity.

VIRGINIBUS PUERISQUE.

(A Hint to the Purveyors of Tainted Literary Food for Youth.)

THE varlet who vends unwholesome victual
Is sharply punished, if caught in the act;
Why should the scoundrel expect acquittal
Who sells bad books to our boys? Sad fact!
We know that youth loves not goody boring,
That little pigs have no relish for pearls!
But where's the excuse for foul garbage
pouring
In innocent souls of our boys and girls?



"LOOK HERE, SCHLUMPENHAGEN, YOU MUST HELP US AT OUR SMOKING CONCERT. YOU PLAY THE FLUTE, DON'T YOU?" "NOT VEN DERE ISH ANYPOTTY ABOUT."
"HOW'S THAT?" "DEY VONT LET ME!"

OBERLANDED À LA MODE.

UP in railway; all Switzerland is now "up in railway." Revisiting simple spot opposite Jungfran; heretwenty years ago. "Simple!" Electric light; shops; telescopes; tourists everywhere! They sprawl on hillocks like Bank-holiday-Virginia-Waterers! Just heard one ask waiter, "Ow many feet are we 'ere above the sea?" "One tousing eight 'undred mètres." "What's the good of meters?" "What indeed? Electric light everywhere. Everybody telescoping chamois, and buying photographs; photographs chiefly of other places; all the same when you return home. Men attired like golfers; women in gaiters; exercise, principally shopping. Simple Swissesses outside toy-booths, talk excellent English, but all in national costume. N.B. National costume can be purchased.

There used to be only half an inn here; there are now five hotels, with a beer-garden, and inevitable casino. Dancing every night. Like to watch fair, fat, sentimental German waltzing solemnly. Elderly Darby of Albion, too, capering the newest shuffles and reverses, would surprise his wife Joan at home. "Darby is devoted to climbing, and I was glad to let him return to the primitive little place I remember on our honeymoon." That is what she thinks. *Climbing!* Not a bit of it! Most here, when fagged out with shopping, take guide and porter up the "Shamhorn." There's a "Shamhorn" album now wherein proud mountaineers exhibit flights of fancy in their records that one could never guess from their countenances. At table d'hôte not a few of SVENGLI'S opinion, that "only the dirty want to wash." But the water is superb! so are the Alps. Yet am I Oberlanted, and must go lower to feel higher.



OUR OWN TORRIST IN NORTH DEVON.

Mem. at Ilfracombe.—Capital boating and fishing here. Likewise plenty of steaming. Lovely scenery everywhere about in this neighbourhood for pedestrians, equestrians, "carriage-folk," and donkey-chaise people. *Special mem. for equestrians and drivers*;—"Hire on the spot," which sounds like some direction at billiards, but is meant for advice to riders and drivers. Picturesque caves on coast to visit in rowing-boat, or in canoe which you can paddle yourself. With fair weather, and good waterproof, you can't be dull at Ilfracombe.



Mem.—"For outward application only." Before starting for a long and genuinely country walk, put in your pocket a waterproof sponge wrapper. It occupies no space, and, like an objectionable person in a small party, is *always there to be sat upon*. Strong crook-handled stick with pointed ferule indispensable.

Were Ilfracombe a French watering-place, how delightful it could be made. Imagine the restaurants, the *déjeuners à la fourchette*, under cover in bad weather, out in the open air in fine; the good bands; the casino; the *établissement*, with excellent reading and writing-rooms, billiard tables, library, first-rate concerts and fair dramatic performances; *petits chevaux*, *petits soupers à fresco*, and every possible opportunity afforded for enjoying life *en plein air*.

A propos of restaurants, there is a splendid chance for starting a first-rate French hotel in Ilfracombe, with well-devised gardens, and at such a superb height, that while it would be open to all the most refreshing breezes—for it is impossible to feel the full benefit of these in the valley—yet would it be warm and cosy during the coldest months, of which, in an ordinary year with well-regulated seasons, there cannot be many.

Ilfracombers boast that the snow does not lie in these parts. I hope the Ilfracombers who gave me this information are, so far, like the snow.

Of course there are golf links. The links-eye'd golf man looks out for these at once, and though he has got to go some little distance for them, there they are—at last. Equally of course there is lawn tennis, and plenty of it close at hand. A shilling an hour; "net profits."

Per Steamboat to Tenby.—Tenby is described on some of the excursionist handbills as "The Naples of Wales." If Tenby is the Naples of Wales, then Margate is the Monte Carlo of Kent.

Tenby Pier being in process of construction, there is no landing except in small boats, of which there appears to be a better supply than is usual on such excursions. But as even these boats cannot be run ashore with their cargoes, there are the stalwart arms of boatmen extended to carry ladies, and boatmen's broad shoulders on which gentlemen, unable to wade, can ride pick-a-back. *Anyone over fifteen stone had better remain on board.*



A guide-book, written by Mr. and Mrs. S. C. HALL—names held in grateful remembrance as authorities on Irish legends—describes climate of Tenby as being "for the greater portion of the year warm, dry, and bracing." May be; was not there "for the greater portion of the year." The "Halls by the Sea," further declare, when comparing Tenby with Hastings, Ventnor, and Torquay, that it, though "equally mild, is nevertheless invigorating." Shouldn't have thought it. But—very glad to hear it.

Oysters in plenty at Tenby. This being the first month with an "r" in it after the off-oyster season, we saw an ogre-like gourmand devouring a dozen or so of the natives of Tenby, with the magic aid of vinegar, pepper, and—and—*whisky*!! Of such grand constitutions (should he be none the worse afterwards) are heroes made!

From Ilfracombe to Lynton.—Pass Watermouth Castle. Lucky person the proprietor of this charming place. Lovely position this Watermouth; quite enough to make one's mouth water.

Near Coombe-Martin is Hangman's Hill, where a sheep hanged a man for stealing him.

In the character of Mr. P.'s Own Inn-spector I venture to pronounce the Valley of Rocks Hotel at Lynton delightful. Here everything is unpretentionally English, and even the waiters are not all foreigners. The supply of certain articles of food may on occasion run short (which ought not to happen), and consequently you can only complain of what you *don't* get, very rarely of what you do. The other hostilities may be equally good, but of these Mr. P.'s Own Inn-spector, being un-ubiquitous, cannot speak from experience.

The Valley of Rocks Hotel is so-called because it is *not* in the valley but high up, and thence you can go down by the easiest possible descent, *i.e.* *per* water-worked tram-way to Lymouth, and so remount. Here we go up up up, and here we go down down down O, all day at threepence a head per journey, reduction on taking a quantity of tickets, not persons.

And here comes in my complaint. I do not know what numbers this "ascenseur" will carry with safety, but that it can *not* carry more than twenty, all told, inside and out, with anything like comfort, I, not being "Your Fat Contributor," will honestly affirm. Whether the proprietorship is in the hands of a company, or in those of Sir TIT BIT NEWNES is of no importance. If Sir T. B. N. has the sole management, he may be trusted in future to look after this "*facilis descensus*" well and wisely.

The drivers of the Ilfracombe four-horsed coaches are all good whips; not showy, but careful. Pretty sight to see COPP's mail, the Defiance, brought at a trot between the two gate-posts, and toiled round the small lawn up to the Valley of Rocks Hotel, Lynton. N.B. Put your name down early for box-seat in Coppy-book.

Notice that the Defiance guard is a master of horn blowing. He tootles most of the popular tunes of the day with windy variations, humourously causing deep bellowing bass notes to issue from the instrument whenever the coach is passing by a field of cattle. The guard takes an unfair advantage of these animals, as their peculiarity being to have no horns, *they are unable to return the blow*!

Plenty of bathing; well managed; might be much better. *Advice gratis for "bain de lux"*:—Take a boat, towels, spirit lamp, can of fresh water, &c., &c., discover natural bathing place on coast, snugly fixed up among the rocks, and *there you are*. Don't forget to have with you refreshments for after bath.



A Bathing Cove.

It grieves me to be compelled to quit Ilfracombe just as the real sport is beginning. I do not allude to the North Devon Stag Hounds, but to the arrival of September wasps, and very fine autumn gnats. This morning had a glorious run over tables and chairs, killing the wily wasp in the open, that is, on the window pane, with a slipper. Luckily "*pane forte et dure*," or there would have been smashery. Cut off his sting, if possible, with purpose of presenting it to youngest lady of party. Killed a second, but less wily wasp. Ran him to earth in jam pot. A third, which entered by the door, after a rapid burst through the hall, showed some fine sport, and on getting away in the open (window), went to ground somewhere in the rose bushes, when the pursuers, armed with napkins, slippers, and paper-knives, gave up the pursuit, and returned to breakfast.

Later in the day killed a splendid gnat with very big head and large wings. Quite a pantomime gnat. Send him as specimen to Sir AUGUSTUS DRIBBOLANUS. Useful as model for "property gnat" at Christmas. Or, nail him to wall, as warning to other gnats.

Final Note.—Ilfracombe ought simply to be perfect. Spare friendly criticism, and you help to spoil the place. But I say to the I. I. C., in all friendliness, addressing them in French, "knowing the language," like *Jeames*, "*Messieurs, j'ai raison, moi; vous, —vous avez tort.*" And now, I am off to Cromer.

"ITERUM CRISPINUS!"—Bravo SIMS REEVES! SIMMUM to the front again, the evening shirt-front, inviting MAUD for a stroll with him in the garden, as fresh as ever! Glad to hear that in addition to "*Tom Bowling*," and out of compliment to the modern *furor* for cricket, SIMMUM is going to produce, from his chest, a new song entitled "*Will Batting*," which is to be dedicated to "W. G." But SIMMUM, our prime tenor, will make it a duet, and sing it with Grace. Trust soon to hear that SIMMUM will give us "*The Lost Ball*," as a companion to "*The Lost Chord*."

CABBY; OR REMINISCENCES OF THE RANK AND THE ROAD.

(By "Hansom Jack.")

No. V.—"GOING DOWN"—THE RACES—UPS AND DOWNS.

"*Going down?*" Not this year. Bin laid up with the Flu, like my betters, and still feel a little bit squiffy, But when I *am* fit and 'ave just arf a charnce of a run down to Epsom, I'm on in a jiffy. Lor! 'ow many times 'ave I druv to the Derby, in all sorts o' cumpny, 'igh, low, and jest mejum; And seen some queer games, too! Well, say wot yer like, it's a 'oliday bust, and it breaks the year's tejum.

Tejum's the doose, if you arsk me; and dulness does hocceans more 'arm than the pious ones reckon. It's jest when mernotony gives yer the 'ump that you're open to any bad biz as may beckon. Grey flating ceantant will set you a longing to paint the town red, jest by way o' variety; Leastways, it's so with a Cabby, I know, and no doubt it's the same in more toppin' Socierty.

Ah! I remember old Kennington toll-gate afore 'twos removed. Oh! the jams and the crushes! Once tooled down a fine F. O. clerk, young and smart, with the pootiest parcel o' blue silk and blushes, 'Amper O. K., Larrynargers *had libbitum*, fizz up to Dick, and a somethink *poetic*, Like laylocks, laburnums and mayblossom in it, as made me—a mere nipper then—symptherthetic.

To see 'im a whisking the dust from 'er bonnet, arf tender, arf sorey, an' 'er a-purtenanting, To bridle up proud and becoming, was pooty. Whose money, thought I, my young nabs are you spending. 'E parted like water, and backed 'em a buster; and blowed if I shouldn't with them heyces upon me. Dunno if 'e spotted a winner. I didn't! But 'ow they enjoyed it! 'Er smile reglar won me.

When young 'uns is sweet 'uns, and sweet 'uns high-bred 'uns, it fetches me, somehow, to see 'em philander, They do it so dainty, an' sorter respekful. BILL BOGER, 'e says I'm a cackling old gander. All right, bilious BILLY! You've druv lovey-doveys of all sorts and ranks till you're verjuice an' sorrel, But these weren't no Monday Bank 'Ohday Mashers, or shop-sweet-hearts out on the scoop, *that's a moral*.

Well, close to the Stand a old heagle-beaked buffer was doing the nice to a dragful of toppers, And one 'awk-nosed duchess, as yaller as mustard, with hoptics suggestive of bile or 'ot coppers, Dropped lamps on our little turn-out. Oh, Jemimer! I'm sure red-'ot needles was simply not in it, A savage old Pater, a jealous Miss GOLDBAGS, and—hus! Oh! I twigged the whole game in a minnit.

Quite spiled my smart cab as a dove-cote that day. Druv 'ome rather late, and a trifle less cheerful, Him wondrous perlite, but,—well, wandering-eyed, an' 'er with the least little touch of the tearful. For me, I'd the 'ump, though 'e paid like a prince. Didn't see them again not till twenty year after; And then—well it gave me the doldrums somehow, though BILL BOGER declared that it moved 'im to laughter.

'E druv me and BILL to the Derby! We'd clubbed for a friendly drag down, BILL an' me, and some others, And poor young F. O. was our whip! 'E'd gone badgery slightly, along not of years but of bothers. I knew 'im at once, and I think 'e twigged me; but 'e made ne'er a sign, only looked grave and civil. And when BILLY stood 'im a drink, 'e bowed low, just to 'ide what I guess was a flash o' the devil.

I never let on, but addressed 'im respekful, and jest touched my 'at when we parted. Says BILLY, "You're mighty perlite on the suddent, young Snapshotter!" Well, I may be sentimental or silly, But I often spekylate 'ow them two fare, and if I'll ever see them again; if they're married. I've tooled lots o' pairs to the Derby since then, and I tell you some curious couples I've carried.

A brace o' young Sheenies as slep all the way, a 'Eathen Chinese with a helderly lydy Distributin' tracks; two hevangelist singers, as plump as JEM SMITH, and as black as *Man Friday*; But if I possessed this 'ere *clavoyong* power I'd try it upon *Cremorne's* year and that couple. Wich makes BILLY say I'm as young as I was then, at 'art—though I mayn't be so nimble and supple.

LETTERS TO A FIANCÉE.

DEAR GLADYS,—I am so glad that in spite of your many engagements—one of them being an engagement to be married—you found time to write to me again at last. You say little about your *fiancé*, but that, after all, is of small importance. I approve of engagements in the abstract; I know of no amusement more harmless nor more agreeable for a young girl; and from my own experience I shall be delighted to assist you, with any little hints in my power, towards making the course of true love run as smoothly as possible.

You have not described ARTHUR very clearly—(I am supposing, for the sake of argument, that his name is ARTHUR; in your agitation you did not tell me his name, but I think you are the sort of girl who would be in love with the sort of man who would be called ARTHUR)—you have not, I say, told me much about him; but from your letter I gather the following suggestive facts:—

I. *You were made for each other.*

A simple and self-evident proposition—it needs no comment.

II. *He never loved anyone but you! Except once, many years ago; and he has told you all about it quite frankly. She was unworthy of him; and married Another.*

Now I have no doubt whatever, GLADYS, that you are quite jealous of this person of whom he has told you, quite frankly, and who was unworthy of him, and married Another. I wish I could convince you of the fact that there is no one in the world so little dangerous to you as the person to whom he has grown indifferent. Fear rather the girls he *doesn't* know, the women he *will* meet, the charming people to whom he has just been introduced, the cousins he has never made love to! The past can not be the rival of the present: the future may. But this is a subject on which argument is of no avail. Reason retires, snubbed: and retrospective sensitiveness remains. Now come his faults:—

III. *He does not like the way you do your hair, and he has a book of dried flowers with their names written above them in Latin and violet ink, and he shows them to you when he comes to tea.*

These appear to be his only defects. I can understand that they cause you some anxiety, but with care I trust in time they may wear off. Like BUFFON the naturalist (is it BUFFON?) or somebody, I have, from stray bones, so to speak, to reconstruct, in imagination, the entire animal. My impression of him is somewhat vague, but on the whole satisfactory. It is charming of him to go home and write to you the instant he has left you—I think it only right, of course—when people meet every day they have a great deal more to write about than if they saw each other occasionally. One thing in your letter puzzled me. He has been called to the Bar, but he did not go, because he had once been thinking of being a clergyman and he had conscientious scruples about the law. What can you mean? I am quite at a loss, but since you say it was very noble of him and you love him all the more, I suppose it is all right. You say his father has a maddening way of taking you aside and asking you in general to "use your influence" with ARTHUR. He never says what about, but gives forth irritating platitudes about "a woman's tact" and "gentle feminine persuasion." You are quite right to agree at once and not ask for an explanation, as it would keep you away from ARTHUR longer, and it doesn't matter in the least.

It is very curious about the day ARTHUR went shooting and told you he had shot two brace of grouse, and you found out afterwards it was not true, he had shot thirteen. You ask me "how you should act," and say you have as yet "taken no steps in the matter."

Of course, if you find him out in a little fib and let him know it, he will think you have a horribly suspicious nature and be rather disgusted at your want of trustfulness; on the other hand, if you don't show it, he will think you extraordinarily stupid and easily duped. I think if I were you, I should whenever the subject is alluded to, pin on an enigmatic smile and be silent. This will be quite sufficient punishment for the boastfulness of his modesty. Write soon again. I am glad ARTHUR is so good to his sister's husband. A good brother-in-law always makes an excellent *fiancé*.

With congratulations and every good wish,

Your affectionate friend,

MARJORIE.





Q. E. D.

"HOW VAIN YOU ARE, EFFIE! LOOKING AT YOURSELF IN THE GLASS!"

"VAIN, AUNT EMMA? ME VAIN! WHY I DON'T THINK MYSELF HALF AS GOOD-LOOKING AS I REALLY AM!"

NOT THE CHEESE!

(By an Old-fashioned Fellow.)

["I would buy 'Cheshire,' if I could get it; but I cannot. For years I have been doing business in most parts of the country . . . and I have hardly ever seen a Cheshire cheese."—"Fromage," in the correspondence on "English Cheese" in the "Daily News."]

So they've found it out at last, the other fellows,
The mystery that for years I have bewailed!
The cheese that with long keeping merely mellowed,
The good "Old Cheshire" from our marts has failed!
You cannot get it now for love or money,
That fair, and fine, and flavoursome old stuff,
With its amber glow as warm as virgin honey—
So different from the Yankee's soapy buff!
Don't talk to me of fine Canadian Cheddar,
Of Gloster, or of Dutch, or shams like these;
They may be cheaper, greasier, yellower, redder,
But they're none of 'em a patch on Cheshire Cheese!

Why, I used to munch it every day at luncheon;—
'Twas lovely with a glass of amber ale!

Now a chunk as hard as any Bobby's truncheon,
As dry as yellow soap, and just as pale,
They give me when I ask 'em for Old Cheshire,
Or a clammy stuff called Gruyere—all in holes.
Ah! "a crust of bread-and-cheese" was once a pleasure
To honest appetites and English souls.
I can do with Wiltshire, Dorset, Double Gloster,
Or even good old Stilton at a pinch,
But the modern "Cheshire" Cheese is an impostor,
From whose muckiness malodorous I flinch.

What the dickens have they been and gone and done with it?
The foreigner has mucked our market up,
And it seems to me he's simply having fun with it.
Cheese hard as any steel shot from a Krupp,
Or soft and green and oozy as a swamp is,
They give me, with some comic crackjaw name.
But these foreign frauds—like Cessars and like Pompeys—
In nastiness seem pretty much the same.
The smell of 'em—sometimes—is something horrid.
They are limp, and locomotive, and—oh, there!

The *thought* of 'em makes me go chill or torrid,
Whether Gruyere, or Roquefort, or Camembert!

Then the Yankee with his tendencies Titanic
Has sacrificed prime cheese to speed and bulk.
Now they say that in our markets there is panic;
That luckless dairy farmers shake and sulk.
Well upon my Alfred David I don't wonder
If "Cheddar" cheese is rotting by the ton;
For our worship of mere bigness is a blunder
And I only hope the reign of it is done.
But why should boyhood's "Cheshire Cheese" delicious—
Like good old Ribstone pippins—fail and cease?
Of modern "Cheshire" I am most suspicious,
And whatever it *may* be, it's not "the cheese"!

AN ASININE PERFORMANCE.—A certain gallant and deservedly popular colonel, whose love of politics is, perhaps, not quite so fervent as his fondness for race-horses and greyhounds, has recently turned his attention to another and comparatively novel form of sport. This takes the shape of an *asinus doctus*—a learned, or accomplished, donkey—"who can be matched at jumping, eating, and drinking, or all three, against any other member of his tribe in the world," and the erudite animal gave, for the colonel's behoof, a private exhibition of his attainments in the grounds attached to an hotel in Norton. First, Ned jumped a 5ft. 6in. bar "without any apparent effort;" then he devoured an ounce of twist tobacco and half-a-pound of bacon with equal ease, but the thirst provoked by the latter comestible had to be assuaged by a quart of champagne which he "put away" with great promptitude and gusto. Refreshed with wine he further proceeded to show a clean pair of heels to a pony in a steeplechase, winning easily—"ears down" in fact. Finally, with a fox-terrier dog as his jockey, he galloped round an orchard. The colonel was much pleased with the entertainment, and well he might be. There is a brilliant career in store for that donkey on the variety stage; or even in Parliament, where he might "command the applause of list'ning senates," while adorning the Hibernian benches as, of course, Member "for Bray."

Bedad! here's a leader, ye sons o' Killarney
Begorra! ye'll not find a better I'll lay.
Thin hould all yer braggin' and blusterin' blarney,
And take a few hints from the Mumber for Bray!



VIVA ITALIA!

BRITANNIA (*to Italia*). "HEARTILY I WISH YOU WELL! BE 'LESS VISIONARY,' AND 'MORE PRACTICAL'!"

[“The financial condition of Italy in the last degree unsatisfactory and unsound, the Roman question ever looming in the horizon, and the certainty of internal dissension continuing to develop, must necessarily blast all fair prospects for peace and prosperity in the young nation, towards which England has been inclined to look with sympathetic regard and almost maternal anxiety.”—*Vide Daily Telegraph, Sept. 16, “The Ransom of Rome.”*]

“An enormous debt has been run up, and the financial position of Italy has been damaged by the magnificent aims of her rulers.”—*Times, Sept. 21.*]

L'ILE DE WIGHT.

À Monsieur Punch.

DEAR MISTER,—After to have assisted at the Congress of Geographers at London I come of to make a little *voyage d'agrément*—a voyage of agreement—to the Island of Wight. I am gone to render visit to one of my english friends who inhabits Sandown. I go not to tell you his name, that would be to outrage the privacy of your "Home, sweet home." I shall call him "SMITH." Ah, *le brave garçon*—the brave boy! Eh well, this good SMITH he invites me at him—*chez lui*, how say you?—and I part from London by a beautiful morning of August, and I arrive to Portsmouth. See there the Island of Wight in face! I traverse the sea in packet-boat, I arrive to Ride, and, in fine, to Sandown. *Tiens*, see there the brave SMITH on the quay of the station! I would wish to embrace him. But no! We are in England. I go to give him a shake-hands. *Voilà tout*. And he conducts me to his house, and I see there Madame, who is charming, and his child. Ah, the dear little child. But I speak not of them, because all that is the "Home, sweet home," and, as one says in english, the castle of the Englishman is in his house.

Sandown is a little town, enough coquette, very well placed at the border of the sea. In effect, there is a *plage*, a *promenade*, a *jetée*. It is not precisely the *plage* of Trouville, the *promenade* of Ostende; but it is enough agreeable. Only, at place of the pretty little cabins, the tents, so charming, so coquette, there is some drolls of things, some boxes on wheels, which one calls "bathings machines." Oh, *la, la!* I mock myself of them. And of more! The ladys and the gentlemen can not to bathe themselves together. They are there, all near the one of the other, but not together. Ah *cà, c'est épatant!* Me I march all gaily in the water towards the ladys; I am in my costume of bath, all that there is of most as he must—*de plus comme il faut*, how say



"DADDY'S WAISTCOAT!"

(Sketchd from Life in Drury Lane.)

you? When a man in a little boat agitates the arms, and cries himself, "Hi there!" that is to say, "*Hé là-bas!*"—and still of more which I comprehend not. And my friend SMITH he cries to me also, and he agitates the arms, and, in fine, I comprehend that it is defended. What droll of idea!

One day there is the *régates*—the regattas. We go all on the little pier, and I see the Duckunt, the Watter-polo, the Greasepol. Ah, it is of the most amusings! On the promenade there is the musicians, who play of the organ, of the banjo; also the singers that you call "nigers." They are there all together, and one hears the valse, the hymn, the song of the Coffee Concert, all at the time. There is also a man who walks himself on some stilts. He is very droll, and the assistance—*l'assistance*—laughs much. Me I laugh as the other spectators. The evening there is a fire of artifice, and the little town is of the most gay. There is some "set-pieces," as one calls them, and I read "Welcome to our Visitors." That is very polite; I offer my thanks to Misters the Municipal Councillors of Sandown. And there is one other which I see hardly, I see but "Success to —." My friend SMITH tells to me that it is "Success to our Saloon Bar." That may be. But he is *blagueur* this SMITH, he pleassants—*plaisante*, how say you?—sometimes.

A *vérai dire*—to true to say—Sandown is well agreeable, above all when he makes fine. *Et il faisait un temps superbe*—he was making a superb time. As to the other parts of the Island of Wight, I go to speak you of them in one other letter.

Agree, &c.,

AUGUSTE.

THE Bechuanaland potentate visiting our shores is voted by all "a jolly good fellow," and is generally admitted to be what, in Parisian parlance, is known as a *bon Khama-rade*.

"JEWELL'S APOLOGY."—Paste.

PUNCH TO THE RUGBY UNION.

["Professionalism illegal."—First "New Law" adopted by the Rugby Union for the control of Rugby Football.]

ROWLAND HILL, and gentlemen all, Thanks for your efforts to "keep up the ball" Out of the Moneygrub's sordid slime! "Professionalism" and "Broken Time" Wanted the touch of a vigorous hand To keep the Amateur Football Band From the greedy clutch of the spirit of trade And speculation, alas! arrayed In spoil-sport fashion against true sport, On turf and river, in course and court. Keep it up, gentlemen! Let not the shame Of money-greed mar one more grand English game!

"THE NEW WOMAN" AT THE LYCEUM, i.e., Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL as *Romeo-Robertson's Juliet*. Heartily can we "pat CAMPBELL" on her delicate shoulder for her rendering of her share in the "Balcony Scene." That "The CAMPBELLS are coming" we all know; but whether this particular CAMPBELL, "of that ilk," has yet "arrived" is the question on which we shall have more to say "in our next." Scenically, satisfactory. Dramatically, doubtful.

UGLY.

(A *Pend unt* to a pretty little "pome" called "Pretty," by "Janet.")

AN ugly little artist had an ugly little dream, Of an ugly little world built on an ugly little scheme; He took up his little pencil and incontinently To make ugly little pictures of that world so uglified.

He drew ugly little figures just like evil little imps, With ugly little bodies of the hue of parboiled With ugly little faces of a subterhuman sort, Each a dark Gehenna phantom or unnatural Stygian "sport."

He limned ugly little mannikins as pale as tallow dips, And ugly unsexed women with protuberant With ugly scarlet tresses, or with sable porters'-knots, And with noses like a satyr's, and with eyes like inky blots.

He daubed ugly little backgrounds, all as meaningless as mud, And ugly little sunsets all suggesting fire and blood,

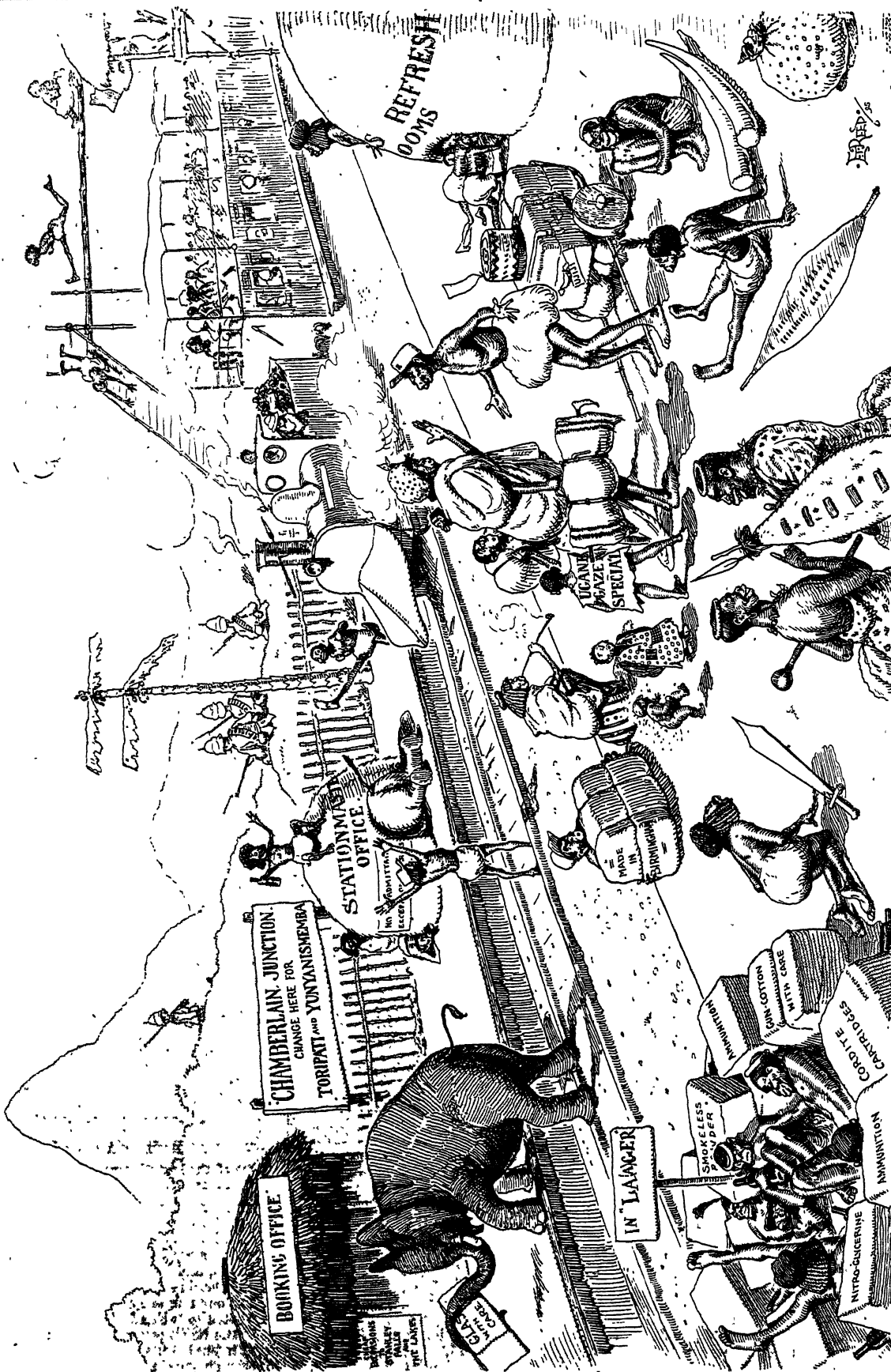
And ugly little arabesques which little seemed to mean, Yet were commonly suggestive of the cruel

Then that ugly little artist kicked up ugly little heels, And indulged in grim grimaces, and in gruesome little squeals, And he cried, "Hooray! On Loveliness shall man no longer feast. I have proved that Art's true subject is not Beauty, but—the Beast!"

MRS. MAMMON.

[One of the latest journalistic attractions is said to be "finance made easy"—for ladies!]

WHAT? Finance made easy for ladies?—If *that's* the last conquest of Mammon, "Sweet home" may henceforth be a Hades, Domestic enjoyment mere gammon. To babies, and bonnets, and kisses 'Tis sacred; and O 'twere a pity, To find our fair matrons and misses Devoted to "Funds" and "the City." Let home be all innocent honey; With (she) Bulls and Bears do not rend it. All women should know about money Is what they know now—how to spend it!



A NEW RACE IN AFRICA!

ARRIVAL OF THE UGANDA EXPRESS. (TWENTY MINUTES AHEAD OF TIME.)

PSYCHOPHILOPHRENOPHYSIOGNOMY.

(Some further Wrinkles by an Amateur Delineator.)

["A hint as to the manner you look at people, when delineating them for your own purpose, so that they should not be cognisant you are taking mental notes. Never stare at anyone straight in the face; and if whilst looking you should catch your subject's eye, quickly avert your gaze without moving to something about them that they may be wearing, or to the next person; you may for the moment appear to be looking into vacancy, or making a mental calculation, without staring at anything in particular."—*Professor O., in a weekly journal.*]

To be a successful delineator you should cultivate the art of squinting. Do this readily and naturally, without any apparent effort. This completely baffles the subject, for even if you catch his eye, you may safely defy him to catch yours. Beside, it economises time. In a crowd you can often thus kill two birds with one stone, or stony stare. If, however, nature has denied you this accomplishment, instead of squinting, you may wink the other eye. But this is sometimes misconstrued, as it has a rather challenging effect. You may find yourself (if the subject is a lady) head over ears in a flirtation—or in a somersault down the stairs—according to circumstances, before you know where you are.

Acquire the habit of taking physiognomical snap-shots. Practise this until, by merely glancing at a person in a good light for, say the twentieth of a second, you can secure a mental picture of his or her character, habits, and hobbies. You can develop and intensify, if necessary, these useful little views at home, bringing out further details as to the subject's bank-balance, latest *affaire de cœur*, or number of first-cousins-once-removed. All these points can be elucidated with a little patience and imagination.

Always, in conversing with a chance acquaintance you may meet in the street, gaze steadily at the brim of his hat, or study his necktie with a fixed and critical stare. This will make him think there is something wrong. He will fidget, and become nervous, revealing the inmost secrets of his soul. You then easily bag your instantaneous view, and depart abruptly with triumph. He will cut you dead next time, but that doesn't matter. You have added him to your collection, and can sail in quest of fresh specimens.

Some ladies rather like their new bonnets being examined. Learn, therefore, to do this with respectful admiration, and be prepared with an instant and favourable criticism. It is as well to master a few technical terms, so as to avoid, for example, confusing an *aigrette* with a *toque*.

If, on the other hand, your lady victims resent their head-gear or hair-dye being too closely examined, you must fall back on mental arithmetic. Calculate how many barleycorns it would take to go round the equator, or how many white beans there are in five black ones. If these sums are too hard to be done on the spur of the moment, work them out at home, and learn the results by heart, before sallying forth on your head-hunting expeditions.

Never ask a policeman without scanning narrowly his features, nor, if sitting behind a 'bus-driver, omit to secure his profile. Interview every crossing-sweeper you pass. Organ-grinders, also, are fairly inexpensive material to work upon. All these common objects are readily accessible, and frequently prove perfect mines of character, if you only dig deep enough below the surface. But the earnest explorer will find the countenances of cabmen to be the most remunerative phreno-physiognomical studies. Never mind their remarks if you can enrich your note-book with some hitherto undiscovered trait of human nature, with the inner meaning of some mysterious wrinkle, or with the true poetry of a wayward wart. Return home happy if the day's achievements include the decipherment of a mole on a flower-girl's cheek, or the translation of some rare tint of colour-music on the nose of some loafer near a pub.

Do not be content with the stores of face-reading lore that have been already acquired. Each day fresh secrets should be revealed. For instance, it has only recently been ascertained that one freckle on the tip of the nose means a disposition to borrow money without returning it; that three pimples in a row across the forehead indicate unpunctuality and insubordination; or that a droop of the left eyelid signifies habitual impecuniosity. It is still a moot point whether a nose can be both Quixotic and witty, and how to read a promiscuous eyebrow when combined with a constant upper lip. These, and many other mysteries, are waiting to be laid bare by the amateur but ardent face delineator.

THE WHY AND THE WHEREFORE.

Porter (to passenger). Where for? Passenger. Wye.

And Porter does not reply, "Cos I want to know," but puts a label on passenger's portmanteau accordingly.



PROTESTING TOO MUCH.

"AND I HOPE YOU'RE A MEMBER OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND?"
Applicant for Situation as Page boy. "OH YES, MA'AM—VERY HIGH!"

TOM THE GOLFER.

[A Stanza on behalf of the testimonial now set on foot, and promoted by Mr. A. J. BALFOUR, to TOM MORRIS, the Grand Old Man of Golf.]

AIR—"Tom the Tinker."

Tom the Golfer's a wonderful man,
For though seventy-five, up to now, is his spa,
At hitting a ball or at laying a plan,
He's a clipper is Tom the Golfer!
He can play the game, when not laying new links.
The Golf-world of a brave testimonial thinks,
And *Punch* inquires, with his choicest of winks,
"Now, Golfing-weld, what offer?"

"Cheer, Boys, Cheer!"

(Ad Druriolanum, equitem gratias agens ad magistrum antiquum Henricum Russellum.)

"CHEER, boys, cheer! No more of idle
sorrow.
Courage, brave hearts, will bear us on
our way!"
Tickets I've got for Drury Lane to-morrow.
Cheer, boys, cheer! I am going to see
that play!



"What cheer, my hearties!"

LADIES desirous of "trying their luck" in the matter of marrying a title, had better turn their attention towards St. Petersburg, where a French Count has made the novel proposal of starting a lottery—with himself as the prize. A million tickets are to be issued at one rouble each. The winner is to receive, in addition to an aristocratic husband, the sum of 250,000 roubles; the Count himself will pocket a quarter of a million; and the remaining half of the money is to be divided between charity and the promoters of the "raffle." In the Parisian parlance of the boulevards, this enterprising nobleman is decidedly a "roublard."

ROUNDABOUT READINGS.

I LEARN from *The Freeman's Journal* that "Lord WINDSOR, who presided at the Librarians' Congress, is an all-round man. In addition to his interest in libraries and the support which he has given to struggling Tory papers, he is a first-class lawn-tennis player who has narrowly escaped playing for the amateur finals, and a cricketer who carries about with him still the marks of a blow which he received on the nose in the playing fields of Eton College." I assume, though the fact is not expressly stated, that the blow was inflicted by a cricket ball, and not by the hostile fist of a fellow Etonian. It appears, then, that in his early youth there was about Lord WINDSOR's nose a something, a bridge, an angle, *que saisisse*, which forbade the idea of complete roundness. The providential arrival of a sort of homœopathic cricket ball removed the protuberance, and now Lord WINDSOR is *totus teres atque rotundus*. And, what is more, he still carries the marks about with him. Gallant President of the Librarians' Congress!



As a small boy at Eton Lord WINDSOR, I hear,
Played a good game of cricket, but failed as a sphere.
But behold, he grows rounder, the older he grows,
With a ball to each eye *plus* a ball on his nose.

WEST BROMWICH has my profound sympathy. I read in a Birmingham paper that "there is a complete deadlock with regard to the mayoralty of West Bromwich for the coming year. The deputation appointed at the meeting in August have waited upon several eligible gentlemen to try and induce them to accept office, but without any success up to the present. Alderman ROLLASON has declined, and Councillor BUSHELL will not undertake the duties, and the committee are now doing their best to induce Councillor SLATER to take the position a second time." By this time, let us hope, the difficulty may have been removed, for imagination boggles at the idea of a town without a mayor.

WEST BROMWICH's Committee-men, they fairly tore their hair. In all West Bromwich's expanse they could not find a Mayor. Each deputy with anguish notes his prematurely shed lock, But, dash it, what are men to do confronted by a deadlock? Each portly Alderman his Aldermanic self excuses, In vain they try the Councillors, for every one refuses. Declined with thanks by ROLLASON, the honour next they proffer To BUSHELL, who, in turn, declines their most obliging offer. Next, moving on, they tempt again their ex-Mayor, Mr. SLATER, "Be thou," they cry, with emphasis, "our mayoral dictator. With badge and chain and gown of fur it's not a paltry billet; The breach is ready-made," they say; "step into it and fill it. A vacuum a nuisance is, we ask thee to abate it; Our edifice is roofless now, climb up and promptly slate it."

IF Mr. SLATER should ultimately decline the proffered mayoralty, the only suggestion I can make is that somebody should be pricked for the office. I don't quite know what it means, but I know that every year some forty estimable gentlemen are pricked for the shrievalty of their respective counties. One after another they arise in the Court of Justice in which this terrible ceremony takes place and declare that there are circumstances which absolutely forbid them to accept the post of High Sheriff. One pleads a reduced rental, another asks to be excused on the ground of failing health, but the plea is allowed in very few cases, and in the end most of them are reluctantly pricked. The new cook on board ship in CHARLES DICKENS's *American Notes* was boxed up with the Captain standing over him, and was forced to roll out pastry which he protested, being of a highly bilious nature, it was death to him merely to look at. But he had to roll it out all the same. So it ought to be with an unwilling candidate for a mayoralty.

LET us be just to our American cousins in spite of boat-racing and yacht-racing *fascos*. There are certain things that they obviously order much better than we do. For instance, when the silly season presses they just mark out one of their prominent literary men and have him attacked by highwaymen. At least this is what lately happened to Mr. RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, for I read in *Harper's Weekly* that "a considerable number of daily journals of average veracity in New York and Boston published accounts of Mr. DAVIS's encounter, differing to such a degree in details that each paper seemed to derive its information from an independent source. The very variation of the reports was an indication of a basis to the

original tale: but after all, the despatch which carried most conviction was one only four lines long, in which Mr. DAVIS was quoted as intimating that some industrious writer had lied about him."

NOTICE again how magnificently they manage an earthquake. Little more than a week ago a telegram, emanating from Tegucigalpa in Honduras, was published in the *New York Herald*. In this it was stated that "mail advices from Yetapan announced that a terrible earthquake had occurred in that section of the country." There were elaborate details. Three hundred persons perished. Four thousand people from the outlying villages flocked into the city. During the night "sheets of flame appeared at different points in the north-west rising to immense heights. A church tower crashed down, carrying with it the roofs of three houses. Just before daylight a prolonged shock rocked the entire town as though it were a cradle, and on the mountain side quantities of grazing cattle were engulfed by lava. At Covajunca thirty-seven houses were laid in ruins: at Cayuscat twenty-nine houses collapsed. A later despatch states that 353 bodies have already been recovered." In short, this earthquake was carried out in a style of lavish completeness, and no expense was spared to make it a record convulsion. It is unnecessary to add that it never happened. There wasn't a single quake in the whole of Honduras. Like *Falstaff's* assailants, and like the highwaymen that waylaid Mr. RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, it wore a suit of buckram. And of all qualities of buckram the American is unquestionably the best.

It appears, moreover, that CAIN and ABEL lived in Central America, and that the mausoleum of ABEL is still to be seen in Yucatan, with all the inscriptions complete. Somehow or other a migration to Egypt then took place, and the Sphinx was erected by ABEL's widow as a monument to her murdered husband. All this has been discovered by M. LE PLONGEON; and, to confirm the truth of the story, Mr. W. T. STREAP is to publish it, bound in buckram, of course. "JULIA'S" share in this discovery is not stated, but there can be no doubt that she must have been hovering round.

I AM told that Cheshire cheese is in a bad way; that the price of it has fallen so much as to make the total disappearance of Cheshire cheese extremely likely. At the same time it is said that Cheshire cheese is going down because the farmers wilfully produce an inferior article. It may be so, though I hope it is not. But if it is, why delay the punishment? To produce inferior cheese is as bad as robbery with violence; and a dozen or so with a Cheshire cat ought to prove an effective deterrent to the most hardened offender.

TRAVELLER'S CONVERSATION BOOK.

(For English Tourists visiting Sebastopol.)

I CAN assure you that I had no idea of treating Russia with disrespect.

I was not born at the time of the Crimean War, and know nothing whatever of the battles of the Alma, Inkermann, and Balaclava.

I really only require breakfast, and have no intention of sketching the walls of that fortress.

I was asking the waiter to clean my boots, and not for information concerning the strength of the garrison.

I was not aware that the place had been declared a naval port, and was therefore sacred from foreign invasion.

As a matter of fact, I was not searching for torpedoes, but only taking a sea bath.

I was as innocent in thought and intention as a *baigneuse* at Margate.

I am sorry that it has been necessary to confiscate my Gladstone bag, as it contains my linen and toilet requisites.

Certainly my bath sponge is not an explosive.

The programme of *Cheer, Boys, Cheer*, which is said to have been found in my bag, is of no political significance.

It certainly was not intended to create a riot at Moscow.

It surely is unnecessary to cover me with chains.

I really must protest against being detained in a dungeon three feet square, in lieu of occupying a comfortable room in the hotel *au troisième*.

It seems to me harsh treatment to deprive me of all my goods and chattels, and then refuse to allow me to communicate with the British Ambassador.

Well, of course, if I must go I must, and I suppose I ought to thank you for securing my ticket.

But surely you have made a mistake. I wished a ticket for Hampstead.

Very sorry that you should tell me that *you* are right—from this I gather I am booked (without appeal) to Siberia!





Overland
Strophane

THE WHEELING PASSION.

Mr. Wheeler. "I DON'T SEE WHAT THEY WANT TO BUILD A GREAT WHEEL LIKE THAT FOR!"

Mrs. Wheeler. "NO. WHY COULDN'T THEY HAVE HAD A SAFETY, AND GEARED IT UP TO ANY HEIGHT THEY LIKED?"

CRYSTALISED PALACE'D FRUITS.

MR. PUNCH heartily congratulates the Royal Horticultural Society on their grand show of British-grown fruit (none "made in Germany"), and the Crystal Palace Company on the excellent arrangements made for the most advantageous display of these magnificent *fruits defendus*,—for "forbidden fruit" they certainly were, as, much to the disgust, probably, of the apothecaries and family doctors, the visitor could not taste any of the luscious specimens attractively set before him. They were all "*les pommes du voisin*," but though "forbidden" their appearance was anything but "forbidding." It came to

an end last Saturday, when it is reported that all the fruits were safely got out of the building except one sleepy pear, whom nothing could arouse.

THE INGOT AND OUTGOT SILVER CASE.—So far the police are to be congratulated. The detectives have acted with all the readiness and decision of a SHERLOCK HOLMES. Result so far is, that one HENRY BAILLY—rascal of not particularly happy omen in connection with a certain Old Bailey—is in custody, as also are four bars of silver. BAILLY was taking four bars rest when arrested and removed.

THE RETREAT OF THE FIFTEEN THOUSAND.

(A British Soldier's View of It.)

"The successful withdrawal, without a shot being fired, of the fifteen thousand men who held the long line from Peshawur to Chitral is a feat not less remarkable in its own way than their victorious advance."—*The Times*.]

AIR—"The Burial of Sir John Moore."

Not a shot was heard, not a stroke we smote,
As we trod our home-journey unhurried.
The papers about us wrote thundering rot,
But Sir ROBERT kept cool and unfurried.

We'd had heat to encounter, and frost to fight,
Alternately freezing and burning,

And now UMRA KHAN and his hordes put to flight;
We were quietly homeward returning.

Through the Malakand Pass we as conquerors pressed,
And had vanquished the foe where we
Now, the garrison rescued, the wrong redressed,

Low retired, with his thousands around
Few and short are the words he has said,
From palaver no aid did he borrow;

But many a face at their hearing flushed red,
As will millions of others to-morrow.

Six months of hard struggle for heart, hand,
and head,
Rough plodding, and comfortless pillow.

Now the foe and the native would stay our home-tread;
There's news to despatch o'er the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the deeds we have done,
And, some of them, coldly upbraid us.

But little we'll reck if JOHN BULL will read
The tribute Sir ROBERT has paid us. [on

But half of our heavy task was through
When Low passed the word for retiring;

But the Fifteen Thousand in form withdrew
Though without any fighting or firing.

We do not much care if we don't win renown,
Nor shine over brightly in story;

We ask not a line—we crave not a stone,
But we leave dear Old England the glory.

THE RECENT ANYTHING-BUT—"DEAD-HEAT."

First Sportsman. Awfully hot at Newmarket last week!

Second S. Thought it would be. Had "nothing on," so stayed at home, blinds down, windows open.

"SCRAPS FROM CHAPS."—"CORKED"

STOUT.—The Mitchelstown Guardians were debating on the stout supplied to pauper patients. A Mr. DINEEN proposed, "That in future the Treble X stout manufactured by Messrs. MURPHY, Cork, be used in the workhouse instead of GUINNESS'S." His argument was that "it would help a local manufacture," and that "the doctors all approved of MURPHY'S." The chairman suggested that they might "be doing an injustice to the patients by taking in MURPHY'S stout." Why not put the question to the patients? It is *they* who will have to "take in MURPHY'S stout," not the guardians, and they are not likely to "do themselves the injustice" of refusing it if drinkable. MURPHY'S stout is evidently a light brew, as it was "carried by one." Another guardian described the resolution as a "blow which GUINNESS didn't deserve"; but GUINNESS survived the blow, and went up ten points on the Stock Exchange next day.



EUPHEMISM.

Man in Boat. "COME ALONG, OLD CHAP, AND LET'S PULL UP TO MALLOW."

Man on Shore. "I THINK I'LL GET YOU TO EXCUSE ME OLD MAN. I DON'T LIKE SCULLING—IT—ER—HURTS THE BACK OF MY HEAD SO!"

PLAYING AT WORK.

A NEW MORALITY.

"The working woman of to-day, be she journalist, teacher, or what not, is suffering terribly from fierce competition, and this is largely due to the fact that women who are merely working for pleasure enter the labour market."—"An Old-Fashioned Woman" in the "Daily Chronicle."

WHEN the Curse of Labour was laid on Man,
Toil's visage glowered grimly,
Alleviations of Fate's stern plan,
The softening spirits in rear and van
Of Labour's march through our Life's brief span,

If seen, were glimpsed but dimly.
Weariness followed, and dulness gloomed,
On the path of mortals to hunger doomed,
And poverty the spirit entombed.

As in all too premature charnel;
The ache of limb and the fret of brain,
The slow weak pulse, and the long dull pain,

Grew all familiar; the spirit-strain,
And the sullen revolt again and again,
Of the spiritual and carnal.
But though men knew that work and woe
Were all too closely neighbour;
One curse of Labour they did not know;
The black blight coming late and slow,
Of the fools who play at Labour!

Labour! Faith, 'tis no passing play
But the pack-horse burden day after day
To be grimly gravely lifted.
A leaden weight, and a mill-wheel round,
By the player at labour but seldom found,
Or the amateur—though gifted.
Who has not seen a street-child run
To turn an organ-handle—for fun—
With gay, erratic vigour?
But the grinder who turns at it day by day
Finds *Ah che la morte* no pleasant play,—
He works at it—"like a nigger."
So "well-to-do women who crowd the ranks"
Of Labour are playing but childish pranks;
They are butterfly despoilers

Of the honeyed hives of the working bees;
They lower the wage and lessen the ease
Of the true fate-destined toilers.*

"Work for mere love!" So the butterflies say,
(Though they commonly stoop to the casual pay),

Well, love is blind—this sort of it.
To teach for pin-money possibly's fun
To those who're but dabblers when all is
NEED done,
But the workers, when wages go down with
a run,

Can hardly see the sport of it.
To play at philanthropy's mischievous, much,
For sciolists mar whatsoever they touch;

What if some Flower Girl Mission
Destroy a trade, which seeks other lands,
Or throw out of work some thousands of
hands?

Philanthropy hath no vision
Save of its pretty and picturesque fad;
And the destitute drudges, angry and sad,
Whom deft flower-mounting once fed and clad
Shall find redress a rarity.

Don't play at Reform, if you love your
neighbour!
But well-to-do women, your "playing at
Labour"

Works worse than playing at Charity!
Work? Well doubtless 'tis pleasant and
"funny"

For well,—"just a little pocket-money,"
To ape the bees who *must* make the honey
Day in, day out, for a living.

But workers who labour for "bread and
cheese,"

And not as a change from mere lady-like ease,
Regard all such amateur, sham, busy-bees
As needing, not praise, but forgiving.
What if your work-dabbling, now quite the
rage,

Cut down the genuine workwoman's wage,
Or pinch the poor ill-paid school teacher?
"Every woman should work all she's able?"
Maybe you need a new species of fable,
A sager than copy-book preacher.

"The Ant and the Grasshopper"? There
lurketh Cant!

If Grasshopper labour-spirits starve the
poor Ant.

If well-to-do woman work helps to spread
want,
This new-born blind zeal sense should
bridle.

There's fit work for all, some with spade,
some with tabor;
But Madam, if feminine "playing at
Labour,"

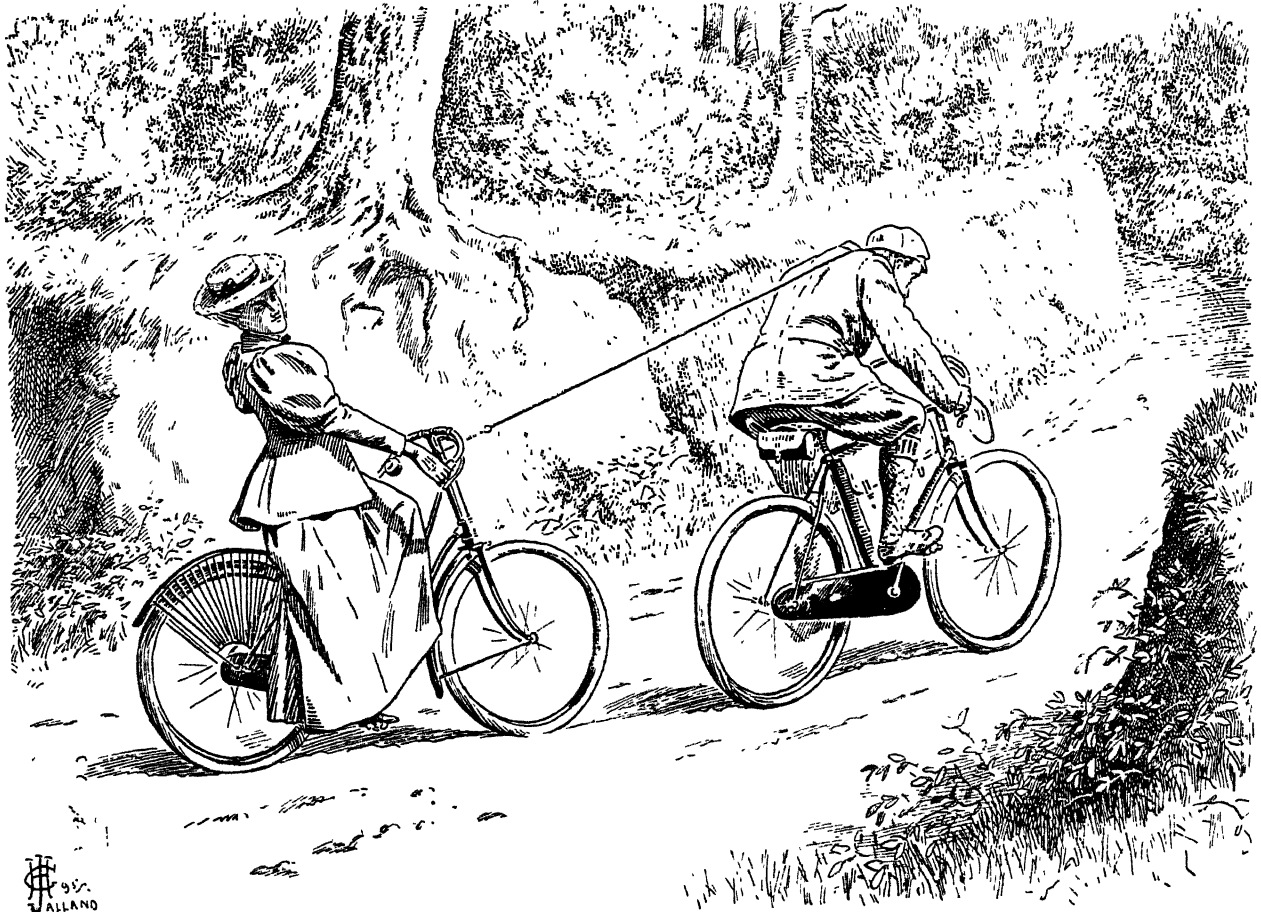
Whilst needless to you, wrecks one work-
woman neighbour,

By Jove, you had better be idle!

* "In every branch of work we see well-to-do women crowding into the ranks of competition, in consequence of which wages are lowered, and women who really want work are left to starve." *Same Letter.*

"ALAS, POOR YORICK!"—HARRY PAYNE, the last of the good old JOEY-GRIMALDI school of Pantomime Clowns, "joined the majority," Friday, Sept. 27. For many years past the Clown's Christmas welcome, "Here we are again!" has been omitted, and, in the future, we are not likely to hear the exclamation revived. Farewell, HARRY PAYNE, "a fellow of infinite jest, and of excellent fancy!"

ENGLAND AND AMERICA. — Successful MARLBOROUGH Match, following upon unsatisfactory DUNBAYEN race. Miss VANDERBILT decidedly winning. *Entente cordiale* restored.



A MOOT POINT.

Mrs. Brown (on her honeymoon). "OH, AREN'T YOU GLAD, DARLING, WE HAVE COME THIS DELIGHTFUL TOUR, INSTEAD OF GOING TO ONE OF THOSE STUPID FOREIGN PLACES?"

[Darling is not quite sure about it, as the hills are of terrible frequency, and, naturally, he tows his bride up every one.]

LETTERS FROM A FIANCÉE.

DEAR MARJORIE,—Thanks for your kind letter. I was hoping you would be pleased about my engagement.

It is most curious you should have guessed, without my telling you, and without even seeing his photograph, that his name is ARTHUR. I must tell you more about him. He is tall and handsome, also, *not at all commonplace*. He looks a little like the old prints one sees in seaside lodging-houses, called "*With the Stream*," or "*Against the Stream*," or "*Good-bye*," or "*The Return of the Black Brunswick*." He looks, in fact, far more romantic than the young men one generally sees: and the key-note (if you will forgive the expression) of his character is his great dislike to modern ideas, especially to anything he calls "cynical." I met him first at Lady LYON TAYMER'S, but he has often explained to me that that was entirely accidental; he was "taken" there; he dislikes her set, and has an especial aversion to the clever young men of the day. He has an excessive—and I must say I think unnecessary—terror of being mistaken for one: and says that if he had not heard it was the very latest thing he would never read anything but SCOTT. To the bicycle and cigarette, for women, he has an equally strong objection, and I think he often pretends not to see a joke because he has a nervous suspicion of its being what he would call the New Humour. In the evening, on the balcony, he quotes BYRON, and in the morning, in the garden, he reads WILKIE COLLINS or Mrs. HENRY WOOD. He says he hopes I shall spend a great deal of time in the still-room, to which I heartily assent, though neither of us know exactly what a still-room is, but it sounds quiet. Women, ARTHUR thinks, should preserve fruits, and a lady-like demeanour, and do plain needle-work, or perhaps "tatting." Art embroidery he looks on with doubt, and I believe he considers it *fast*. When I told him he seemed anxious I should not *reap* without having learnt to *sow*, he seemed hurt and we hastily changed the sub-

ject. I was playing croquet with him—(croquet he approves)—when he was lecturing on fruit-preserving. "Shall you really expect me to make jam?" I said. "Would you be cross if I did?" he asked, tenderly. "CROSS! yes! and BLACKWELL, too, if you like," I answered in my (occasionally) flippant way, which I always regret instantly after. ARTHUR threw down his mallet. "This—GLADYS—this is the sort of thing which—which—" &c. We had a short quarrel, and a long reconciliation. ARTHUR is a great dear, you must understand, and I am very happy. He does not show me the book of dried flowers nearly so often now, and has written some verses about me, he is going to show them to me to-night.

ARTHUR is very interesting when he talks of *me*; it is when he discusses abstract subjects—such as chemistry, or big sleeves—that he is not quite so amusing. He is dreadfully prejudiced about sleeves. Do you think he will gradually get accustomed to them? I think he will by the time they have quite gone out!

I am sure you will like dear ARTHUR. Of course one has to understand him. When he came down to stay with us, I said, "You must be very tired after your short journey," and I was surprised how much it annoyed him! Don't say anything of that sort to him—at first. He is apt to take things—just a little—seriously. It is rather a charming quality in a man to whom one is engaged—don't you think so? Such a love as ours cannot fail to have an ennobling effect: as ARTHUR says, it seems to lift us above all thoughts of this world. Write soon. I am longing to hear about the new skirts, and to show you my sapphire ring.

Your affectionate friend, GLADYS.

FROM OUR OWN SCHOOLBOY, A STUDENT OF LEMPRIÈRE.—SIR,—I have heard Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR spoken of as "the *Leda* of the House of Commons." Who is its Jupiter?

AT CROMER.

WHAT middle-aged frequenter of the Old Ship, Brighton, does not recall the bland personality of ARTHUR BACON, part proprietor and principal representative of the landlordism of the excellent ancient hostelry:—

O don't you remember A. BACON BEN BOLT?
So smiling, so shiney, and brown?
How he chortled with glee when he saw us BEN BOLT,
And charged us an extra half-crown.

The gammon of BACON was admirable; and his strict attention to the duties of servants towards visitors to the hotel was "a side of Bacon" not to be forgotten. A. B. was an ideal landlord, ever ready at his door to welcome the coming and speed the parting guest.



"The Grand" at Cromer is not an enormous hotel: it is a Semi-Grand. The example of BACON aforesaid could be therefore easily imitated. Warned of our arrival by letter, rooms secured, train punctual (from St. Pancras to Cromer) to within ten minutes, we drove up to the door of the Semi-Grand in our one-horse fly. Not a soul about. Surely the hotel is open? Yes, the driver knew that much, "because he had taken some people away from there in the morning."

These might have been the last roses of summer, the last visitors at the hotel for the season! We waited; no signs of life. "Should he (the driver) ring?" Certainly: a most happy thought. He descends; he ringeth. We wait. Then the sound as of somebody coming. "A Boots in sight appears. We hail him with three cheers"—at least, we ask "if our rooms are ready," and the Boots is of opinion that they are; whereupon another Boots appears, and the pair of Boots lug our luggage into the hall, where we find an amiable lady with keys in her hand who invites us to inspect certain apartments. Our answer is an adaptation of *Hamlet's* command to the *Ghost*, "Lead on, we follow."

We see: we refuse. These are *not* the rooms we had ordered. "No, they are not." So much is admitted. Then, perhaps, we had better depart and seek hospitality elsewhere. Our beckoner would rather not put us to such inconvenience, and soon discovers what will suit us exactly. So we take them then and there. They do suit us exactly: not down to the ground, as they are first floor. A room with balcony, in the shade all day, facing north, commanding a lovely sea view. What more could mortal require?

The air of Cromer, where there is "nothing between you and the North Pole"—so any malicious reports to the contrary may be safely disregarded—is most exhilarating. But the dust! O! The dust! On with the water-carts, and down with sandy dust! It is all sand—everywhere. As to situation the Semi-Grand has a decided, and sea-sided, advantage over the other hotels.

Delightful view from front windows of the Semi-Grand. Of course the back rooms are rather behind in this respect. Which is but natural.

Civility, and a desire to please, are the characteristics of the working staff at the Semi-Grand, directly you know them individually and collectively. But, as the song says, "You've got to know 'em first."

With the arrangements of the *salle à manger* as worked at the Semi-Grand under the superintendence of a distinguished and invaluable foreigner *garçon en chef*, very little fault can be found. The experiments of the youthful and less-experienced subordinates who are probably there to learn English, are interesting from a certain point of view, which is attained when, under the guardianship of their chief, or one of his trusty lieutenants, you have had everything you require. Then you can sit and watch the recruits at their *garçonnie* exercises.

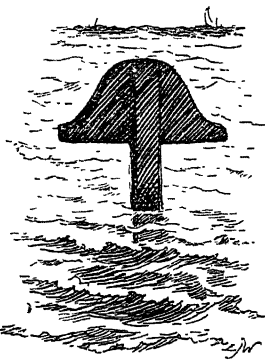
I wonder if the *Generalissimo* has them out for drill every morning before visitors are up? Are there any colleges, or barracks, for waiters, where, as undergraduates, or recruits, they can learn their business? From what I have seen I should say most probably not. But there ought to be schools and colleges for waiters, with degrees conferred and diplomas given. Switzerland would be the place wherein to start this idea.

Were it not for the refreshing breezes, which rival and excel those of Margate, the Cromerites would be burnt to cinders. As it is, they are generally a delicate improvement on the colour of their

own lobsters when boiled. "To this complexion must you come at last"—if you stay long enough at Cromer.

A Curiosity at Cromer.—Exactly in front of where I am now seated, enjoying the Cromeric morning breezes on the very edge of the cliff, and at a distance of about twenty-five yards from the Cromer Sands, there rises a remarkable wooden effigy, on the true import of which I positively refuse to be enlightened by any native offering me a mere matter-of-fact explanation.

The object, which I sketch on the spot, in order that an experienced hand shall give it artistic merit, appears to be the gigantic wooden case "made and provided" for equally gigantic cocked hat, originally worn by Titanic Admiral, long since laid up in sea-weed, with all the rest of his uniform, in the locker of Mr. Davy Jones, Neptune's wardrobe keeper. This huge object is stuck on a pole, either as marking the last resting-place, there or thereabouts, of colossal Admiral aforesaid, or it has been for ages left here as indicating the fate certain to await the ruthless and recklessly wrecked invader. It may mark the spot where quietly, one dark night, the Great NAPOLEON rehearsed, *all by himself*, the invasion of England; being only too glad to escape in the early dawn, leaving his cocked hat behind him, which, as a Napoleonic relic, was inclosed in a wooden case of three times its size, and here exposed, with the motto in best Cromeric French, addressed to NAPOLEON, should he ever have attempted to repeat his visit:—



Did Napoleon ever try to land at Cromer, and lose his celebrated cocked hat in the attempt?

"Voici votre chapeau à cornes! Venez le prendre!"

The inscription is, by flux of time and sea-water, almost, if not quite, illegible.

Or it may mark the spot, bann'd and anathematised, where was buried, according to the awfully solemn Masonic ritual, the mangled remains of *The Man who couldn't keep a secret!*

ANGLING EXTRAORDINARY.

FROM *The Scotsman*, Saturday, September 21, under the heading "Angling," appears this item of news from "Annan," placed between fishing notes from "Loch Earn" and "Dhu Loch":—

LOCH EARN.—MR. WATSON, fishing on Lochearnhead Hotel water yesterday, killed thirty-two nice trout.

ANNAN.—There were large supplies of all classes of stock. Best beef made 7s. 6d. to 7s. 9d. per stone, and mutton 7d. to 7½d. per lb. There was a crowded attendance of buyers from England and the South of Scotland, and the demand was good all through. Store cattle had a slow trade, and were bad to sell. Quotations:—Fat bullocks up to £15 17s. 6d.; do. heifers up to £15 7s. 6d.; do. cows up to £13 17s. 6d.; calving heifers £12 12s. 6d. Lambs, 16s. to 29s. 3d.; odd sheep, 33s. to 49s.; rams, 43s. 6d.; half-bred hogs, 41s. 6d. to 44s.; cross do., 37s. to 41s. 9d.; Cheviots, 38s. 9d. to 41s. 9d.

DHU LOCH.—On September 18, Mr. KYNASTON had fourteen fish, 4½ lb. heaviest ½ lb.; and on 19th, nine, 4 lb., heaviest 1 lb.

"Fat bullocks up to £15 17s. 6d." would try the strongest tackle. Splendid specimen of "Net Profits."

THE PUTNEY SPOOK.—Within the last week, so reported one of the Day-by-Days in the *Daily Telegraph*, a ghost has been heard of at Putney. Hundreds of *Hamlets*, *Marcelluses*, and *Barnardos* (with *Ophelias*, and other ladies) have gone out of their way nightly to see the ghost. What should a riverside ghost be like? Obviously the "main-sheet" from a sailing-boat is ready to hand, and for its head, at any neighbouring boat-house, there is quite a choice of "sculls." If any hair, there are the "row-locks." The ghost must not, in our opinion, be expected anywhere with or against the stream, but in some "dead-water." "Will the ghost walk to-night?" is now the Shakespearian inquiry; to which the reply is, "Go to Putney!"

ANGELICAL!—HERR ANGELI, the Austrian portrait-painter, whose name, as a "noun of multitude," suggests "several ANGELOS rolled into one," is now the QUEEN'S painter *par excellence*. Consequently he should be known in England as "*Her ANGELI*." May all good ANGELI guard Her Gracious MAJESTY! Still, clever as Brother BRUSH may be, it will take a lot of "ANGELI" to equal one "ANGELO," which his Christian name was "MICHAEL."

ROMEO ROBERTSON AND JULIET PAULA CAMPBELL.

Mrs. J. P. C. "O ROMEO, ROMEO! wherefore art thou ROMEO?"
Romeo Robertson. Because I have played it before: but "O JULIET, JULIET! wherefore art thou JULIET?"
 Mrs. J. P. C. Because you cast me for the part, and I wanted to play it.
Shakespeare adapted to the Lyceum.

JULIET is, according to her nurse, just fourteen years of age. The story is that of "*Villikins and his Dinah*":—



There was a rich noble in Verona
 did dwell,
 He had but one daughter an un-
 kimmun fine young gal,
 Her name it was Juliet, just four-
 teen years old,
 With a werry large fortune in
 silver and gold.
 Singing tooral li (*ad. lib.*).

The southern girl of four-
 teen equals the northerner of
 nineteen; and this must ever
 be the initial difficulty which
 few experienced actresses can
 surmount. Juliet is, in fact,
 a single girl and a married
 young woman rolled into one.
 "Single," "double," and
 "there's the rub!"

Mrs. PAT CAMPBELL's Juliet takes the poison, but not the cake. Her Juliet has over her the shadow of Paula Tanqueray. From the commencement, except in the Balcony scene, she is a Juliet "with a past." The balcony and the moonlight suit this Juliet. Good, too, is she when, abjectly miserable, she crumples herself up all in a heap, like the victim in a picture of Japanese torture, so that at any moment, without surprising the spectator, she might turn heels over head and straighten herself out at the feet of the irascible old Capulet. Once again let me adapt a verse of the ancient ditty:—

"Oh Papa, oh Papa, I've not made up my mind,
 And to marry just yet I do not feel inclined."
 (*Aside.*) To Laurence the Friar I'll tell all my grief,
 And the reverend gent may afford me relief
 By singing (*as a duet*) tooral li tooral, &c.

Judging from the Tanqueray model, Mrs. PAT CAMPBELL ought to have been at her best in the potion scene; but, she wasn't. As for the final stabbing, she might as well have tickled herself with a straw and died o' laughing.

Watching FORBES-ROBERTSON as *Romeo*, I could not help thinking what an excellent *Hamlet* he would make; perhaps when I see him in that character, I shall remember how good he was as *Romeo*:—

"*Hamlet* Romeo amem, ventosus *Romeo*
Hamlet."

But that's another story; so suffice it that temporarily FORBES-ROBERTSON is "Our Only *Romeo*."

The Rev. NUTCOMBE GOULD, as *Friar Laurence*, gives quite a new reading of the part. His *Friar* has ever a merry little twinkle in his eye, as if quietly enjoying some intensely humorous idea. From this point of view, Mr. NUTCOMBE GOULD's *Friar*, being a sort of Rev. THEODORE HOOK, ever ready with a practical joke and an impromptu, is admirable and—inimitable.

Mercutio's part is "full of plums"; but these, in Mr. COGHLIN's mouth, seemed rather to mar the distinctness of his utterance, as plums in a mouth have a way of doing. The *Apothecary*, by Brother ROBERTSON, was not so poor as he looked: but in spite of tradition as to the wondrous excellence of this "bit of character," what is there to be done with it except in a three minutes' acting illustration of an artistic "make up"? Were I offered the part I should bargain (after settling of course to receive a thousand a week) for a scene so arranged as to show the exterior and the interior of the shop. I



Romeo Robertson ready for any undertaking. Vaults opened, &c.

would be "on" from the first, visibly sleeping under the counter. The interior should be fitted up with shelves just as *Romeo* describes it. Then while *Romeo* is talking, my *Apothecary* would be examining his "till"; he would turn it upside down to show there was no cash; he would then in pantomime explain how famished he feels, and would search, even in an old mouse-trap, for a bit of cheese. At last, there being no dinner and no hope of food, he, after a



Mrs. Pat Juliet Campbell making herself into a Japanese Puzzle as she takes a Father's Curse.

pantomimic exhibition of frenzied despair, would be in the act of drinking from a large bottle, labelled "*Poison,—for external application only*," when he hears *Romeo* calling him. Then he starts: while there is life there is hope! He answers the summons! And so forth. Then imagine the *Apothecary* with the money after *Romeo's* departure!! As the scene is closing the *Apothecary* should be seen bucking himself up, and preparing to go out to make a night of it at the nearest restaurant. Should Mr. FORBES-ROBERTSON be making any alterations he is welcome to these suggestions.

"THE CRAWL TO THE SOUTH."

SIR,—In "the dead season," when despairing editors, or their representatives, pant for something especially attractive, the maxim acted upon by those whom Providence has afflicted with the "*cacoëthes scribendi*" appears to be, "*When in doubt abuse the London, Chatham, and Dover*." As a much-travelled Ulysses, experienced in "lines cast in pleasant" and unpleasant "places," and as a sympathising fellow-traveller with "A Season Ticket Holder,"—(a descriptive signature rather suggestive of a "kettle-holder" that keeps your fingers from being burnt),—I, the Ulysses aforesaid, emphatically endorse all that "S. T. H.," in the *Times* of last Thursday, has written. Having "crawled" North, South, East, and West, I can venture to affirm that the L. C. & D.'s "Granville Express" is, as far as my experience goes, which is co-extensive with the whole length of the line, up and down, about the most punctual of time-keeping trains with which this Ulysses happens to be acquainted. When "S. T. H." attests that "for courtesy and attention to the oft-times exacting demands of passengers the company's staff will compare not unfavourably with those of the Northern railways," I beg "to say ditto"; with the proviso, that, personally, I am, in a general way, of Mrs. MALAPROP's opinion, that "comparisons are odorous." Sir, addressing you, Mr. Punch, as Universal Chairman of All Railways, if I wanted to pick out a fine specimen of Railway Troops, I would go to the London, Chat-with'em and Dover for both "Guards" and "Line." Yours, AN INCONSTANT TRAVELLER.

P.S.—By the way, if names are for anything in the matter (and I object to "calling names," though this *must* be done at every station on the line), then isn't the Brighton and S. C. the "Crawley" Line? I only ask.

EDUCATION NOT PRICE-LESS.—The *Methodist Times* recently announced that Mr. PRICE-HUGHES is about to publish an explanation of his suggestions as to an "educational concordat." So the present form of the educational question is, "What Price? HUGHES?"



EGOMANIA.

SCENE—The Bar Parlour of the "Little Peddlington Arms" during a shower.

Little Peddlingtonian (handing newspaper to Stranger from London). "HAVE YOU SEEN THAT ACCOUNT OF OUR FISHING COMPETITION IN THE LITTLE PEDDLINGTON GAZETTE, SIR?" "No. I'M AFRAID I'VE NOT!" "IT'S A VERY INTERESTING ARTICLE, SIR. IT MENTIONS MY NAME SEVERAL TIMES!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE Baron has dipped into a refreshingly light and airy volume called *The Impressions of Aureole*, published by CHATTO AND WINDUS. Just the volume for the tourist resting awhile from his London-seasonable labours. *Aureole* does a little bit of everything and enjoys it all. She has the faculty of appreciation for scenes in town and country, at home and abroad. She "sails away in a gallant ship" like *Roy Neil's* bride into Icebergian regions, where "we pray under our breaths for illuminating sunshine and the ice bink is given us in half-miraculous substitution." "Half-miraculous" is good. Half a miracle better than no miracle at all.



Then on another occasion writes *Aureole* :—
"We find our way into a gleamy wood, and I gather some crimson berries, oozing from a cool green bank like drops of blood, while unfamiliar blossoms flourish in gay clusters at my feet."

"Personally," says the Baron, speaking for himself, "should not like to gather 'drops of blood.'" Glad that the blossoms were so well behaved as not to be familiar.

How delightful to be on board with our enthusiastic *Aureole*, and, if she will only trust one with it, enjoy for a few moments the loan of her "ivory lorgnette" with "diamond initials" which "seem to gleam responsively when," says *Aureole*, "I sweep the horizon with ecstasy."

Aureole, the gadabout and globetrotter, is delightful everywhere. The one touch of domestic nature does come in now and again, and her "dear BILL," her "handsome BILL," her rackety, good-half BILL, on being reminded by *Aureole* that they have to dine at the Savoy 7.30, exclaims "Confound these blessed bothering cafés. This is five nights running. Can't we chuck the thing?" Then *Aureole* asks him "What on earth do you want?" "Want! why a mutton chop, and a wife, and a whisky-and-soda, says BILL, brutally." And then they go to the "palace of luxury" and "dine with seven other

spirits more weary than ourselves." So they might all dirge in chorus the old duet of "*Again we come to thee, Savoy!*"

The Masked Ball story is very well told—quite a little comedy; and of course all the gay resorts at home and abroad are visited by the lively *Aureole*. 'Tis a sketch of "How we live now," and must please a number of people who are "in the movement," and a great many more who are out of it, but who like to be up in what is going on, and to imagine that they also could be of the gay world if only they chose. Fill me a bumper of cold (not iced) champagne, which, to *Aureole*, quaffs

The appreciative BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

P.S.—To those among his reading-friends who appreciate the clever and amusing work of "GXP," the Baron strongly recommends *Le Cœur d'Ariane*. No necessity to send to "Rue Auber" for it: *avez le chercher chez M. Roques, 64, New Bond Street*, and see that you get it. The Baron wishes you may get it, as you are certain to enjoy the book immensely. Be prepared to be thoroughly *enjolé* by the artless *Ariane*.

ROEHAMPTON GATE AND THE L. C. C.

THE public, represented by the First Commissioner of Works in the Liberal Government, testified towards "Priory Lane" (if we remember aright, a provokingly private road, leading, as a short cut, from Wandsworth Common up to "Roehampton Gate," which is a closed entrance to Richmond Park) what *Sam Weller* might have correctly described as a "Priory attachment"; but though its opening to the public would have been granted freely by its owner, on condition that the London County Council and Wandsworth authorities should make, repair, and keep in order the road, the London County Council refused to take any part in the matter, and so Priory Lane, "with bars at each end," remains a "spot barred" to the Richmond Park-loving Londoner. The cost of making this mile and a quarter is over-estimated at £2000. But as there are, as the *Daily Chronicle* describes it, "bars at each end," surely these "bars," if properly licensed, would bring in a splendid revenue from thirsty pedestrians, equestrians, and wheelers of all sorts and conditions.



POOR SMIKE!

MRS. NICKLEBY BAIFOUR (*aside to JOHN BULL*). "I AM VERY SORRY INDEED FOR ALL THIS. . . THE RATEPAYERS OUGHT TO BE THE BEST JUDGES—AND I HOPE THEY ARE. OF COURSE IT IS A HARD THING TO HAVE TO KEEP OTHER PEOPLE'S CHILDREN. . . BUT IF IT COULD BE SETTLED IN A FRIENDLY MANNER, AND SOME FAIR ARRANGEMENT WAS COME TO. . . I DO THINK IT MIGHT BE VERY SATISFACTORY AND PLEASANT TO ALL PARTIES."—*Nicholas Nickleby*, Vol. II., p. 1834

"I am extremely anxious that something effectual should be done."—*Mr. Balfour's reply to Lord Cromborne as to Government and Voluntary Schools*. "The scheme, however, as they stand, are, for the purposes of practical politics, incompatible."—*Times*, September 20.



"NICE FOR THE VISITORS."

(Sketch outside a Fashionable Hotel.)

THE LAST OF MOWGLI.

["The Man-pack do not love jungle-tales."—*Rudyard Kipling in the P. M. G. of Sept. 26.*]

SACRED
To the Memory
of

MOWGLI,

Alias Little Frog, Manling, Nathoo, and
Master of the Jungle,

Who,

After lingering on in columns of print,
Came to a Doubtful End

In a series of Asterisks in an Evening Paper,
And in the Paws of BALOO.

He was

Of Uncertain Parentage,
Of Unprincipled Character,
Of Carnivorous and generally Unpleasant
Habits,

And,

Though he had one or two Good Points,
On the whole may be described

As

A THOROUGH-PACED YOUNG RASCAL.

He had

(In common with the rest of the Jungle-
People)

A curious and somewhat incomprehensible
style of expressing HIMSELF
In Metaphors and Master-words,

Which
After a bit
Rather got on one's Nerves, unless, of course,
You like that sort of thing.

He was, however,
Considered by some to be Good Copy,
And, as such,

His Temporary Extinction
Is mourned by his Sorrowing Editors and
Publishers.

He will probably reappear

At a later date

In three-and-sixpenny book-form,

Where we wish HIM
All possible success and a few elucidatory
FOOTNOTES.

And now,

In the words of THE PANTHER BAGHEERA,
Is the Time of New Talk.

DARING PROPHECY.—When it happens, it
will be remembered how Mr. P.'s own prophet
said of the retirement of President FAURE,
that it was "a Faure-gone conclusion."
Verb. sap.

NOTE.—That Russia was to be allowed
to occupy Port Arthur seems to have been
a Port—"Arthurian legend."

SUMMER OUT OF SEASON.

["There is a theory . . . according to which
Texas owes its torrid climate to the fact that it is
separated only by a sheet of brown paper from a
reservoir of heat not of solar origin. During the
last few days it must have occurred to many to
suspect that the partition between ourselves and
that great store of caloric must by some untoward
accident have been reduced to something of Texan
tenuity."—*The Times.*]

THE summer had gone, from city and park,
But—in mid-September—came back for a
lark!

And banged the thermometer up again.
It made Mr. BULL mop, and puff, and
perspire;

It filled Mrs. BULL with amazement and ire,
And throttled her poor old pug pup again.
For fires had been lighted and top-coats
put on.

When—something amazing occurred in the
sun,

And "heat-waves" went wildly cavorting
About our old planet in fashion quite frantic.
The Briton was floored by the wonderful
antic.

Played midmost his season of sporting.

"Eh? Ninety degrees in the shade—in
September?"

So monstrous a marvel I do not remember!

Here, put away bag, gun, and cartridges!
Bring in a cider-cup—iced. My dear boy,
Sport, at midsummer heat, who can really
enjoy,

By Jove! It will roast the young par-
tridges!"

"A hundred and nine! Nay, a hundred and
ten!

By Jove, it will melt off the point of my
pen!!!"

The editor howled in his snugery.
The dandy in shirt-sleeves sat down to his
dinner,

The City Police grew perceptibly thinner,

The cab-driver sported a puggaree.
It played up the mischief with pleasure and
work,

It played into the hands of athletes in New
York,

Who licked molten Britishers hollow.

It set the 'bus drivers indulging in naps,
It made evening papers use up all their
"caps,"

And it hindered the flight of the swallow.

It fogged all earth's creatures from mam-
moth to midge,

It made the bees swarm under Blackfriars
Bridge,

And owls play strange freaks down at
Chiswick;

And when it got over a hundred and nine,
It worked on some portly old buffers like
wine,

On some elderly fogies like physic.
O summer's a guest we all part with in
sorrow;

But when she comes back the day after to-
morrow,

(Instead of in six months, or seven,)
Before her late sorrowing mourners are ready,
Society's course she is apt to unsteady,

Till we wish her in Tophet—or heaven.
But there is one thing our late summer has
done:

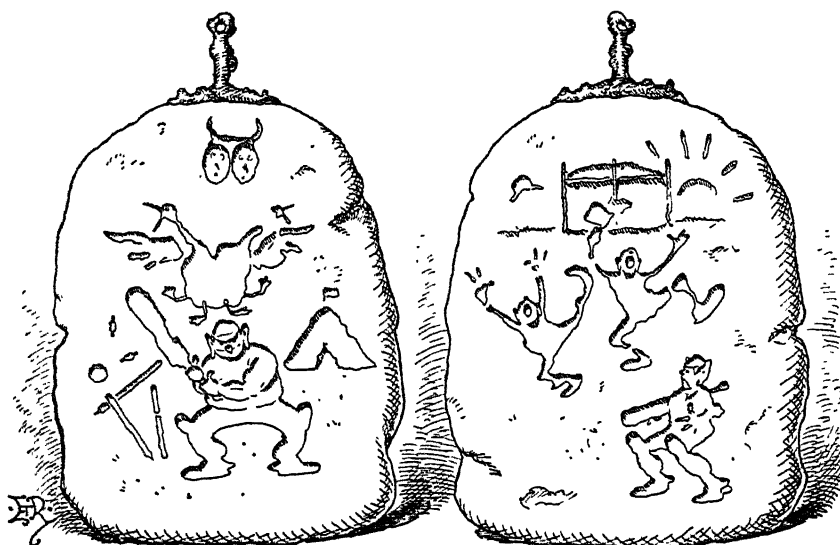
It has widened the realm of the Spirit of Fun!
Ironical? Nay, not a particle!

We'll pardon this "heat-wave" a lot of
small crimes

Because—*it has made our own serious
"Times"*

Indulge in a humorous article!!!

THE AGE OF LOVE (computed by the *Daily
Telegraph*).—The time of the Silly Season.

THE VERY LATEST "HITTITE" SEAL!

THIS most remarkable seal, while not, perhaps, affording a complete solution of the "Hittite" problem, presents many features of the greatest possible interest. In general form it is of the shape known to the scientific world as the *Kennington Oval*, and the fact, in reality, affords the key to the partial decipherment of the "Pictographs" on the two faces of the seal.

At the upper part of the first face, shown above, is a double-headed goddess, wearing a cap with horns, which would seem to indicate that the well-known "Horns" at Kennington was, in early times, a temple dedicated to the goddess who specially watched over the chances of some ancient pastime to which these incised figures manifestly refer. Beneath this goddess is a two-headed bird, hitherto supposed to be an eagle; but we consider that its identity with the bird known to connoisseurs as the "*Double-Duck*," is now fully established.

Beneath this, again, is a curious dwarf figure with straddling legs, which, as occurring elsewhere, has been described as *homunculus*. He is evidently engaged in practising the pastime above referred to. On the right is a curious triangular object, in which we can scarcely be wrong in seeing a primitive tent or pavilion, an adjunct of great importance to the players in times of hunger.

The other face bears a spirited "Pictograph" of more than ordinary realism, representing, we would suggest, the triumphant retirement of the *homunculus* at the conclusion of his performance, and the animated figures above would seem to represent the rejoicing adherents of the retiring player. The objects above have sorely puzzled the student, but we think it may now be generally admitted that they depict the sun setting in splendour behind a reservoir of some gaseous compound such as may even now be seen at Kennington.

It is even suggested by some that the *homunculus* may be actually a portrait of some diminutive but distinguished Surri player of primitive times.

WELCOME HOME!

It is with great satisfaction that we read, in the columns of the *South Wales Daily News*, of a citizens' meeting in the Cardiff Town Hall, for the purpose of discussing and arranging plans the object of which is to give a suitable and cordial "Welcome-home Reception" to the noble owner of *Valkyrie III.*, upon his return from the United States. That "gallant little Wales" should take the initiative in such a project is only natural, and JOHN BULL congratulates TAFFY, and sincerely hopes that his happily-proposed demonstration to the Glamorganshire peer will be carried out with all the success it deserves. Lord DUNRAVEN has done much for yachting, and his recent sportsman-like conduct under the trying circumstances he encountered in the "trans-pond-tine drama," *The America Cup*, fully merits recognition, not only from Wales, but also from the rest of the United Kingdom. Slightly parodying BYRON, we might address the following lines to Miss COLUMBIA:—

Laugh while thou canst—another race
May make thee Cup-less, pretty Yankee!
But let the ships have "elbow" space
Or else we'll have to say, "No, thank 'ee."

GIL BLAS-É.—CHARLES LAMB declared the human species to be divided into two distinct races, *the men who borrow* and *the men who lend*, of which he considered the former to be infinitely superior to the latter, and consequently designated them the "Great Race." Now, undoubtedly the great race in Paris at present is the female race, the race of lady bicyclists who, not content with borrowing men's hearts, have appropriated the masculine garment as well. The enterprising *Gil Blas* newspaper recently "brought off" a novelty in the way of *Courses à bicyclettes* for opera dancers, which took place with great éclat in the Bois de Boulogne. The fair terpsichoreans, from "*prima ballerina assoluta*," who is famous from St. Petersburg to Utah," to the humblest *rat*, or ballet-girl, assembled in force, and, with "light fantastic toe" and "twinkling foot" pressing the treadles of their willing machines, keenly contested the various events, to the huge delight of a concourse of frivolous *boulevardiers*. After the morning's sport the *chic Bicyclettes* were entertained at an elegant *déjeuner*, the menu of which, compiled by an Anglo-Parisian *gourmet*, comprised among its appetising items a new dish, to wit, *Œufs Cocottes à "l'Wheel."*

ROUNDOABOUT READINGS.

RELIEVED for a space by my own decree from the mere labour of searching for topics in the newspaper press of the United Kingdom, I have been seeking recreation in the pursuit, how often unavailing, of the partridge. "Come down on Thursday next," wrote my friend, HARTEY, "for four or five days. We are going to shoot our outsides." This was sufficiently alarming, but it was obviously better than shooting our insides, and accordingly on the appointed day the county of Norfolk received me.

WOULD that it were sufficient on these occasions merely to arouse the primitive sporting instinct of man, to revert to the fringe of barbarism and to sally out, scantily clothed, with sling or bow or snare, in quest of game. But alas, the curse of civilisation cannot be got rid of; one has to think of cartridges, cartridge-bags, caps, boots, gaiters, stockings, and heaven knows what besides. And in the end the odds are quite ten to one that you forget your cartridge-magazine, or that your beautiful new pair of patent hammerless ejector guns get left under the seat of the railway-carriage and become for a day or two the sport of station-masters and porters on the Great Eastern Railway.

"SHOOTING the outsides" is a sport by itself. Your one desire is to keep the birds off the land of your neighbours; the one desire of the birds is to seek that land. Your best covey gets up and pops comfortably into a lovely root-field a couple of hundred yards away, but you cannot go after it, for the field belongs to another property, and the derisive birds can chirp and run at their ease, while you tramp on, shotless, under a broiling sun. However, the outsides have to be made good, and now and then a slice of luck rewards you. For instance, if a neighbouring vicar has given notice that after a certain date he means to shoot over his own glebe, your delight is all the keener when you all but annihilate a large covey of birds whose home is on the glebe.

THERE is much humour in dogs. Your own retriever, whom you have broken yourself, is of course the quietest and best-behaved dog in the world. He also possesses the surest nose and the softest mouth. Why, then, does he choose a moment when everybody is looking to run in wildly and disturb every bird in the field? Or why, when you have sent him in pursuit of a runner, does he lie down and pant, while the keeper's dog, a tangled door-mat of the poodle species, solidly, and without ostentation, tracks down the wounded bird, and finally deposits it at the keeper's feet, just as you are assuring everybody that there is not a vestige of scent, and that no dog could possibly be expected to work in such weather.

THEN, again, I want to know this about partridges. How is that, when they are driven to the guns, they always select a novice and unanimously fly over his head? There is an unerring instinct about them. Your novice may disguise himself in all the sport-stained paraphernalia of a veteran shooter. Bless his simple heart, he can't deceive the birds. They come to him and court the death that never comes with a heroic persistency. When he has attained to the status of a veteran, and the birds about him are scarcer, he will look back with a fond regret to the days of his bird-frequented novitiate.

THE long and the short of it is that partridges possess a cunning amounting to genius.

Under a soft and guileless exterior the partridge hides a store of deceitful wiles that might put SHERLOCK HOLMES or any of his countless imitators to shame. His one object is not to be killed, and this he pursues with a ferocious pertinacity against which keepers, beaters, dogs and guns match themselves in vain. Here, then, is a ballad of the cunning partridge.

THE partridge is a cunning bird,
He likes not those who bring him down:
From age to age he has preferred
The shots who blaze into the brown,
Whose stocks come never shoulder-high,
Who never pause to pick and choose,
But on whose biceps you descry
The black, the blue, the tell-tale bruise.

Or should a stubborn cartridge swell,
And jam, as it may chance, your gun,
The sly old partridge knows it well,
"Great Scott!" he seems to chirp "here's
fun."

He gathers all his feathered tribe,
They leave the stubble or the grass,
And with one wild and whirling gibe
Above your silent muzzles pass.

Your scheme you carefully contrive,
And, while each beater waves his flag,
Your fancy, as they duly drive,
Already sees a record bag.
But, lo, they balk your keen desire,
For, though with birds the sky grows
black,

Not one of them will face the fire,
And every blessed bird goes back.

For partridges I'll try no more;
Why should I waste in grim despair?
Take me to far Albania's shore,
And let me bag the woodcock there.
Or on the Susquehanna's stream
I'll shoot with every chance of luck
The gourmet's glory and his dream,
The canvas-back, that juicy duck.

Yea, any other bird I'll shoot,
But not again with toil and pain
I'll tramp the stubble or the root,
Nor wait behind a fence in vain.
For of all birds you hit or miss
(I've tried it out by every test),
Again I say with emphasis
The partridge is the cunningest.

So much for the partridge. Before many weeks are over it is quite possible that I may have to promote the pheasant to the top rank of cunning. And this I know full well about my friend the pheasant, that, although he is a large bird and seems to fly slowly, he is a very hard bird to hit, as he ought to be hit. And most of us find it much easier to hit the immeasurable space by which every bird on the wing is surrounded.

RAILWAY TRAVELLING.

SIR,—Whenever I find a Pullman car I invariably travel in it. It is only a shilling or two over the ordinary fare, but oh the luxury! So, with the ancient Roman, who knew all about it, I exclaim:—

"Pullman qui meruit ferat."

The translation is evident, and I present the motto to the Company generally.

A TRAVELLING FELLOW.

RECULER POUR MIEUX SAUTER.—The thermometer (according to the *Daily Chronicle*) about ten days ago "went back a little in order to make a bigger spring." It succeeded in making a second summer.



A FIN DE SIÈCLEISM.

Sympathetic Lady. "I HOPE YOU HAD A GOOD HOLIDAY, MISS SMITH."

Overworked Dressmaker. "OH YES, MY LADY. I TOOK MY MACHINE WITH ME, YOU KNOW!"

S. L. "WHAT A PITY; YOU SHOULD GIVE UP NEEDLE AND THREAD WHEN YOU'RE OUT FOR A——"

O. D. "OH, I DON'T MEAN MY SEWING MACHINE! I REFER TO MY BICYCLE!"

"SIC TRANSIT GLORIA HOODL."

A TRADITIONAL relic of the picturesque poacher prince of Sherwood Forest, were it even "no bigger than an agate-stone on the forefinger of an alderman," would, we presume, be worthy of jealous preservation. It is, therefore, the more surprising that Yorkshiremen have not taken adequate means for the protection of "a massive piece of mill-stone grit which, from time immemorial, has stood on a rising ground overlooking the Aire Valley." Reclining in the shade of this historic stone—named after him—"bold ROBIN HOOD would, with his Maid MARIAN, sup and bowse from horn and can," using it as a kind of half-way house, so to speak, on his journeys to York. But oh, shade of Friar TUCK, thou genial exemplar (dare we hint it?) of what is known as the "sporting" parson

—a type, alas! rapidly becoming as extinct as thyself—the Vandal hordes, in the shape of the Bradford Corporation, have come with their destroying trail of dynamite, and, under base pretences of making way for a water conduit, have cloven the Robin Hood stone into four parts! Not until the blasting powder was in position did the people realise the full horror of the dread deed about to be wrought; and then, to save that which once sheltered an outlaw, they sent for a policeman, who, of course, arrived "after the blast was over." "The occurrence has caused a feeling of indignation throughout the district," says the *Yorkshire Post*, adding, "and it is unlikely that the incident will be passed over in silence." It certainly was not accomplished "in silence"! Yorkers! why did you not shut the stable door before the steed was stolen?

THE THREE WEIRD WRITERS OF DRURY LANE.

SCENE—Somewhere in the neighbourhood of Drury Lane. Any time before the production of "Cheer, Boys, Cheer."



First W. W. (Sir Druriolanus). When shall we three meet again?
In thunder, lightning, shine, or rain?

Second W. W. (C. Raleigh). When the hurly-burly's done,
When by play we've lost or won.

Third W. W. (H. Hamilton). 'Twill be settled by the run!

First W. W. Where the scenes?

Second W. W. (happily). From Polo go

First W. W. (excitedly).

Third W. W. (grandly).

First W. W. To WORTH of Paris!

Second W. W. (receiving a note from the Musical Director). GLOVER calls!

Third W. W. (having had a line from a Costumier). What! BOSCH!

All three (solemnly dancing round the cauldron).

Polo, gold mines, Rotten Row,
Costumes grand, comedian low,
Round about the country go!
The Weird Writers hand in hand
Posters stick throughout the land.
Us they'll write about, about!
Three to one, it will be fine!
Writers three we thus combine!
Piece! The curtain's up!

[They vanish.]

And the melodrama,—showing how a match was broken off at a Polo gathering, and how many times in one evening Mr. HENRY NEVILLE can take off his hat in a wonderful variety of courteous ways, and how he gets taken off himself by a Matabelian shot; showing, too, how funny Mr. GIDDENS and Mr. LIONEL RIGNOLD can be, and how admirably Miss FANNY BROUGH behaves as an eccentric lady of fashion in exceptionally trying circumstances; how good CHARLES DALTON is as a villain; how strikingly DRURIOLANUS has managed stage effects, and how admirably his auxiliaries have done their work,—the melodrama, containing all this and very much more, achieves a distinct success.

POOR MRS. LANGTRY! "What all my pretty chicks at one fell swoop!" "The pretty chicks" would be represented by "a pretty cheque." Lots more where they came from, and their fair owner may yet sing about them triumphantly to the tune of "Lillie-bulero," or any other that takes her fancy if she objects to the original air as being out of date. Why not a new version of "Ti-a-ra Boom-de-ay"?

"AN INTOLERABLE NUISANCE."—The *Pall Mall Gazette* is to be felicitated upon a praiseworthy but, unfortunately, unsuccessful attempt to institute a campaign against the organ fiends haunting our streets. But the letters which, under the heading "An Intolerable Nuisance," poured in briskly at first, have finally "ceased and determined." We have been told of a village, "in the Aneonian hills," peopled by retired organ-grinders who, having amassed a fortune—resulting from bribes, given by the despairing citizen, as an inducement to the torturer to remove himself "to the next street"—repair thither to enjoy an *otium cum dignitate*, untroubled by any qualm of conscience for the suffering inflicted by them upon patient Britons. Will some *Norum Organon* tell us the whereabouts of this Utopia, and let us thither banish in shiploads these "intolerable nuisances."

CABBY OR, REMINISCENCES OF THE RANK AND THE ROAD.

(By "Hansom Jack.")

No. VI.—FARES AND FINDS.

THE Mystery of a Hansom Cab? Oh yes, I've read it; or leastways dipped into it.

Rayther perlice-newsy sort of a story; strong flavour of murder and unsweetened gin to it.

"Less cab than license," young MULBERRY sniggers. Young MULBERRY fancies 'imself as a joker.

Still, we do 'ave some rum finds in our cabs, from a set o' false teeth to a red-ended poker.

Give me a shiver the latter thing did. I 'ad just dropped one fare and 'ad took up a foller.

First was a gloomyish kind of a cove with a oystery heye and cheeks saller and oller;

Second as smart a young minx as you 'd meet. I 'ad 'ardly whipped up when I 'eard such a squeaking,

And sharp through the trap shoved a scarlet-hued *summat*. It give me a turn, in a manner o' speaking.

Parties are wonderful partial to prodding with broolly or walking-stick, ah yes, and rifles.

Fares when they want you to pull up 'ave got little thought for your eyes and they don't stik at trifles.

But this was a rayther unusual prodder! "'Old 'ard, Miss," I says.

"'Wot's this 'ere little caper?" "Oh, Cabby!" she squeals, "put me down! It's a 'orror—I found in the corner 'ere—wropped in brown paper!"

Out she would git; when, a puffin' and wheezin', up came the old buffer who'd left it behind 'im.

"That's mine!" 'e gulps, and 'e grabs it like winking. "Ah, my poor JOEY! I wish I could find 'im

One 'arf as easy. The cleverest clown, Miss, in England; and this was 'is favrit hot poker.

All 'e 'as left to remember 'im by!"—an' 'e 'ugged it. I pitied the saller old joker.

But Miss, she turned rusty, and cut up 'er didos. "You ought to know better," she sniffed. "It's just ojus

To leave 'orrid objects like that in a cab; though I own it's well fitted, and 'ighly commojus;

But lor', 'ow it scared me!" "Well, lydy," I says, being roughed up a bit by 'er stuckuppy manner,

"It wouldn't 'a' bit you, or burnt you, if you 'adn't opened it, I'll bet a quid to a tanner."

Whereon she flounced off without paying no fare. "Humph!" snorts the old gent, and forks over a shilling.

Talk about 'onesty! Give the respectables charnce of a *safe* bite, and ain't they just willing?

'Onesty's scarcer than millions, I reckon. You just leave a purse or a pencil-case 'andy

For fares to lay 'old on, and see if there's much of a choice 'twixt poor Cabby and polished-up dandy.

But t'other evening, a 'igh-nosed old dowager tipped me bare fare, and away she was sailing

When I twigged a smart seal-skin bag in 'er 'and as I *knew* my last fare—who seemed toddly and ailing—

Had carried before, and it chinked as she shook. "Excuse me," I says, "but that bag, mum—I'll trouble you!"

Lord, if you 'd seen 'er flush up and go fluttery! 'Taint only snobs as'll dodge you and double you.

Nobs very often are spry on the nick. Klepto-something or other they call it in *their* case.

Old BILLY BOGER 'as told me that once 'e was landing a 'eavyish trunk up a staircase,

And 'eard the young lady fare whisper 'er Ma, "Oh, see wot I've found in the cab!"—"Ush, my darling!"

The old dutch gasps out. And old BILL didn't get it—the bracelet—without lots o' sniffing and snarling.

Yah! They are dreadfully down on poor Cabbies who don't toe the mark in the matter o' pickings,

But what with the Burlington bilks, and the toffs as you can't trust too fur when there's prospect of nickings,

And all the mean fakes that a cabby is fly to, in fares who're well-off and did ought to know better,

The rank doesn't think much of hupper-class 'onesty, give you my word. Now I'm off for a wetter!

GOOD REASON FOR NOT QUARRELLING LAST WEEK.—"It was too hot for 'words'!"



TRUE LIBERALITY.

Old Millionaire. "GEORGE, I'VE JUST SENT A GUINEA TO THE 'BALACLAVA VETERANS' HOME."

His only Son and Heir. "A GUINEA, FATHER? WHY, I'VE SENT MORE THAN THAT, OUT OF MY MISERABLE HALF-PAY!"

O. M. "AH, BUT YOU'VE GOT GREAT EXPECTATIONS, GEORGE. I'VE GOT NONE!"

LETTERS TO A FIANCÉE.

MY DEAR GLADYS.—I think your ARTHUR the ideal person to be engaged to. He's serious, you say—he dislikes flippancy—he's inclined to be literal.

Well, surely that's better than being a clown, a buffoon, a mere jester, a Court Fool! How tired you'd get of the cap and bells! of having to laugh, all through life, at your husband's jokes! ARTHUR is sensible; calm in his affection. Is that a reproach? Should you like a "Once-on-board-the-lugger-and-the-girl-is-mine" sort of villain as a lover? Or a "ladies' man"—a warbler of love-songs—a universal provider of compliments, flowers, pretty speeches,—a very WHITELY of gallantry? You'd be bored to death: and dreadfully jealous as well.

As to your tastes not being identical, that doesn't really matter. Make a few sacrifices of those things you don't care about; bicycling, for instance, and skirt-dancing, and then, in return for such self-denial, he'll probably waive his objections to afternoons, private views, or even—in moderation—clever young men.

On some subjects, I know, sympathy seems impossible; for instance, ARTHUR likes music, but detests concerts: while you, on the other hand, while not caring for music are particularly fond of concerts. A little mutual indulgence on both sides will soon put matters straight.

After a slight dispute never hold out an instant after he shows repentance. Also, never avoid showing jealousy when you see he expects it. This is a valuable "tip." False pride on this subject is a fruitful source of discord.

Do not disagree with his general principles. On the contrary, second them; and give him convincing reasons for his own opinions. When it comes to a particular application of them, that you really object to, you are sure to know how to act. Believe everything he says, and never correct him about details, especially not if you know you are right. I don't think I need advise you not to bring out authorities to show he is wrong in the etymology of a word or any other subject of discussion, for that is absolutely suicidal, and you would be beyond the pale of reason if you dreamt of such a thing.

Since your cousin FREDDY has been staying with you, I can understand you find it rather awkward. I know FREDDY; with his love of practical jokes (for which you, too, I am certain, have a secret penchant), and his determined chatter about his rowing, his riding, and why he didn't back the winner, and how it is he missed

A GRAND OLD GARDENER.

["Through the death of Mr. PETER GRIEVE we have lost one of our best-known landscape gardeners also a distinguished hybridist and cross-breeder."—*Daily Chronicle*.]

Good gardeners grieve for Mr. PETER GRIEVE, Who landscape-gardening art has had to leave,

To our regret. Hybridist and cross-breeder, He in the Garden-World was a great leader. "Suffolk Sir JOSEPH PAXTON" he was called From many an English garden, snugly walled And florally embellished, plaints will come. He many a zonal pelargonium, Double petunia, and other blossom, Has left, of a new race, to deck earth's bosom. Better than selfish climb to place and power It is to bless our world with a new flower. Better than many Tsars, depend upon it, This Floral King deserves an ode or sonnet. PETER THE GREAT was great, but one lived later

Whom sorrowing *Punch* dares dub "PETER THE GREATER!"

"THE CULTIVATION OF BEES."—SIR,—I see this subject taken up in the *Standard*, but have not had time to peruse the correspondence. I doubt whether bees can be cultivated. I have seen a Learned Pig, Clever Cats, Industrious Hoppers, all thoroughly trained; but never have I come across a Cultivated Bee. The bee is too busy as a worker even to have the leisure which cultivation requires. I have heard of a bee getting so far in his education as to become a "Spelling Bee." But even the "Spelling Bees" seem to have had their day and died out. Yours,

A HUM FROM THE HUMMUMS.

the Diamond Sculls, and so on, *ad lib*. I can quite fancy he doesn't get on with ARTHUR, whom he must despise for not having put a hair-brush in his bed the very first evening.

You must have had a difficult day that Sunday that young DE VERNEY and his sister came down. DE VERNEY, rosy-cheeked and babyish-looking, but about whom a morbid interest centres, because he collects jewels, and was said at one time to take morphia; and Miss DE VERNEY, who "writes," and is utterly amazed and contemptuous when she finds someone who has never heard of her. If it were not for your mother, who forgets people's characteristics, and explains them to each other a little wrong—which often saves the situation—the day would have ended in utter want of harmony. DE VERNEY left, pitying you, and his sister feeling sorry for ARTHUR. I am glad you removed—though only just in time—an absurd booby-trap FREDDY had placed in ARTHUR'S room, because ARTHUR had said he "romped"; and when you and your future husband were alone, he said he hoped your companions in the future would be of a very different calibre to your present friends.

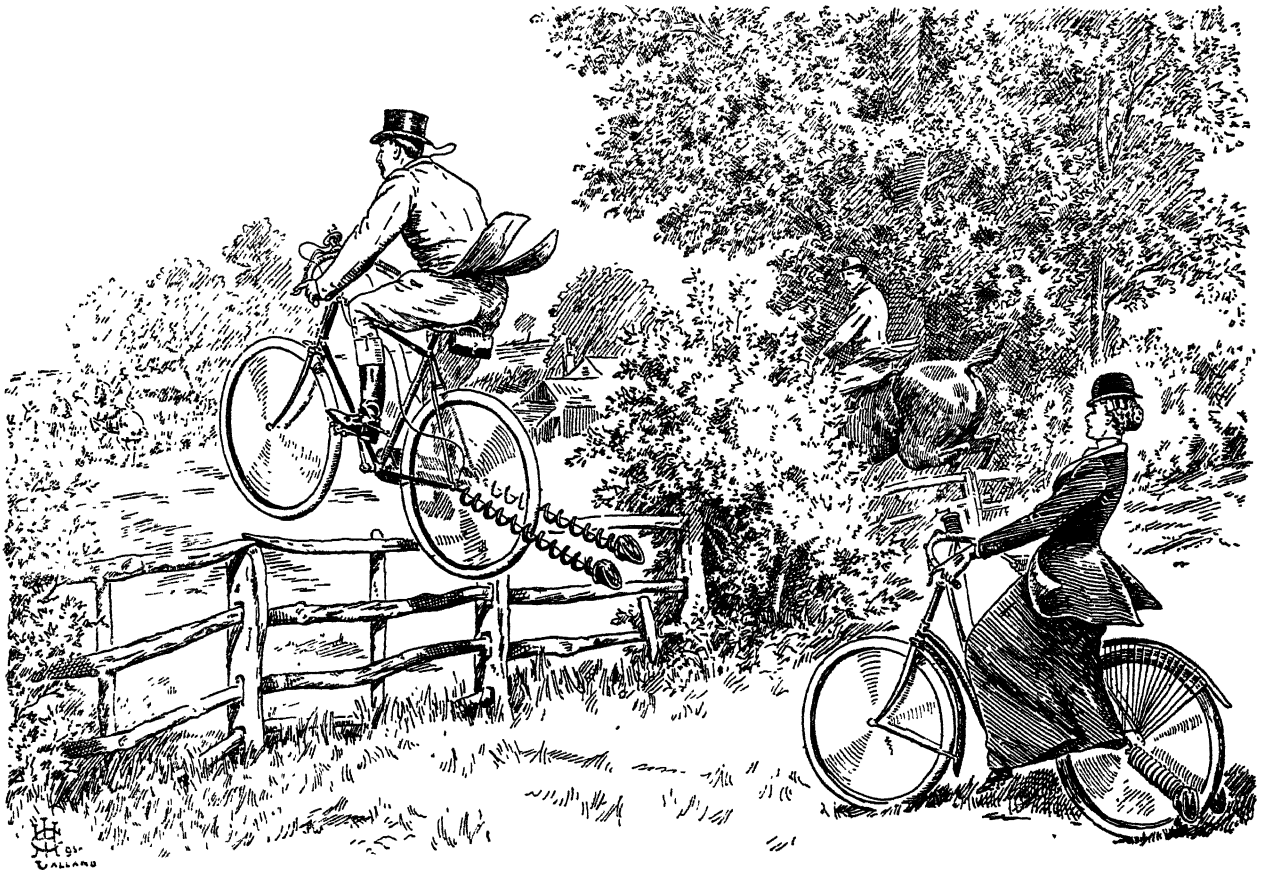
The depressing word "calibre," while cheering ARTHUR left you in lowest spirits, but of course you agreed, and then had a tobogganning match with FREDDY the next morning before breakfast, and before ARTHUR had left his room. Write and tell me how you are going on. Is any time fixed for the termination of the engagement? I mean, of course, by marriage. Your affectionate friend, MARJORIE.

MAXIMUS ORELLIUS.—The author of *John Bul*, and *His Island* has honoured a *South Wales Daily News* interviewer with many interesting personal details. Mons. BLOUET has a rooted aversion to chairmen, because "they give a sort of formal tone to proceedings which I don't care for." Poor chairmen! After all, this is only what they are intended for. Perhaps another MAX—yelept NORDAN—can give some explanation for this distinctly morbid dislike. One unlucky chairman is overwhelmed with ridicule because, in an introductory speech, he actually forgot the French humorist's name. "MAX O'RELL" contemplates changing his profession to that of playwright, and has already written a play which he airily describes as "a high-class comedy, dealing with the British aristocracy." However, this is not his first dramatic venture, for, says he, "in 1870 I had a comedy produced in Paris, but the war breaking out my play came to what I think was an untimely end. I have been repeatedly urged to write for the stage, but have hitherto been content with the success I have attained in other directions." *Vivat modestia!*



“GOLDEN GRAIN.”

Sir M-ch-l H-cks-B-ch, Chancellor of the Exchequer (Reaper). “FIRST-RATE HARVEST, EH?”
Sir W-ll-m H-r-r-t. “YES; AND HOW YOU PITCHED INTO ME WHEN I SOWED IT!”



THE NEW PATENT SPRING-HEELLED "BIKE" FOR THE HUNTING FIELD.

ROUNABOUT READINGS.

In a recent number of *The Saturday Review* I read a review of a book of verse, which I need not particularise further, as I am not concerned to affirm or to dispute the justice of the critic's estimate of it. I only refer to it incidentally. The author, according to this reviewer, possessed only the most elementary and commonplace notion with regard to aptness of epithets or allusions. Instances were cited, and we were further asked to believe that with this poet (I quote from the *Saturday*) "the voluble thrush is a family man, and the bibulous bee is a rover."

THAT sentence absolutely fascinated me. It continued to ring and ring in my brain for hours afterwards. It became the refrain to everything I read and everything I thought of. There was only one remedy. I promptly applied it, made a copy of verses to suit the pursuing sentence, and was cured of my ailment.

A FAMILY MAN AND A ROVER.

A rook and an oyster agreed to dispute
As to which held the record for darting :
The rook said "I'm off like a punt on a chute,"
Said the oyster "I don't think I'm starting :
That is, since I know I'm confoundedly slow,
If the rook on the mark remains steady,
I doubt if I'll wait till the starter says 'go,'
I'll be off when he says 'Are you ready?'"
Then the languishing leopard cried "Run while you can,"
And the cricket remarked "Is it over?"
But the voluble thrush was a family man,
And the bibulous bee was a rover.

A celibate snipe thought they'd better look sharp,
But the oyster said "Who's for the grotto?"
Thus evoking a smile from a casual carp,
Who had "*carpe diem*" for his motto.
And a hairy old, hoary old orang-outang
Grunted "Harmony, gents, or you'll bore us";
And a bandy-legged beetle, when asked if he sang,
Said he only obliged in a chorus.

Then, to make matters smooth till the racing began,
A dove, who had landed at Dover,
Cooed "Voluble thrush, you're a family man,
But, oh bibulous bee, you're a rover."

The runners themselves were contending for fun
On a track which was wooded with parquet :
The odds at the start were a million to one,
Which I quote as the state of the market.
"Do you think they will win?" said a truculent shark ;
But the whale said, "I never think nuffing."
"What a desperate race!" was the puffin's remark—
He was palpably pained by their puffing ;
Yet it cheered the whole clan, while their races they ran,
To know someone lived calmly in clover ;
For the voluble thrush was a family man,
Though the bibulous bee was a rover.

Round, round came the rook, who was heartily clapped
He was winning, wings down, in a canter ;
The succulent bivalve was collared and lapped,
In spite of his beard and his banter.
But a rifle went off, and a dredger drew nigh ;
We shall never know which was the winner,
For the rook's next appearance was made in a pie,
And they served up the oyster at dinner.
Which proves very plainly that life is a span ;
We are cattle, and Death is our drover.
Fate waits for the thrush, who's a family man,
And the bibulous bee, who's a rover.

No more this week. I am flying from a country where September fails to provide anything but sunshine. Perhaps in Switzerland there may be snow and a sweet foretaste of winter. At any rate, I am off to find out for myself. My next "Roundabout Reading" will be done in the country of Cantons. I shall study the *Referendum* face to face!

"IN RE DIGGLE V. THE PROGRESSIVES."—Mr. DIGGLE says, as long as ratepayers support the Progressives, the rates will increase. *Ergo*, to support the Progressives, and pay for it, is Re-diggle-ous! Quite so.

SKETCHES FROM SCOTLAND.

ON A CALLANDER CHAR-À-BANC.

SCENE—In front of the Trossachs Hotel. The few passengers bound for Callander have been sitting for several minutes on the coach "Fitz-James" in pelting rain, resignedly wondering when the driver will consider them sufficiently wet to start.

The Head Boots (to the driver). There's another to come yet; he'll no be lang now. (The cause of the delay comes down the hotel steps, and surveys the vehicle and its occupants with a surly scowl.) Up with ye, Sir, plenty of room on the second seats.

The Surly Passenger. And have all the umbrellas behind dripping on my hat! No, thank you, I'm going in front. (He mounts, and takes up the apron.) Here, driver, just look at this apron—it's sopping wet!

The Driver (tranquilly). Aye, I'm thinking it wull ha' got a bet domp.

The Surly P. Well, I'm not going to have this over me. Haven't you got a dry one somewhere?

The Driver. There'll be dry ones at Callander.

The Surly P. (with a snort). At Callander! Much good that is! (With crushing sarcasm.) If I'm to keep dry on this concern, it strikes me I'd better get inside the boot at once!

The Driver (with the air of a man who is making a concession). Ou aye, ye can get inside the boot if ye've a mind to it.

[The coach starts, and is presently stopped at a corner to take up a male and female passenger, who occupy the seats immediately behind the Surly Passenger.]

The Female P. (enthusiastically, to her companion). There's dear old Mrs. MACFARLANE, come out to see the last of us! Look at her standing out there in the garden, all in the rain. That's what I always say about the Scotch—they are warm-hearted!

[She waves her hand in farewell to some distant object.]

Her Companion. That ain't her; that's an old apple-tree in the garden you're waving to. She's keeping in-doors—and shows her sense too.

The Female P. (disgusted).

Well, I do think after our being at the farm a fortnight and all, she might— But that's Scotch all over, that is; get all they can out of you, and then, for anything they care—!

The Surly P. I don't know whether you are aware of it, Ma'am, but that umbrella of yours is sending a constant trickle down the back of my neck, which is most unpleasant!

The Female P. I'm sorry to hear it, Sir, but it's no worse for you than it is for me. I've got somebody else's umbrella dripping down my back, and I don't complain.

The Surly P. I do, Ma'am, for, being in front, I haven't even the poor consolation of feeling that my umbrella is a nuisance to anybody.

A Sardonic P. (in the rear, politely). On the contrary, Sir, I find it a most pleasing object to contemplate. Far more picturesque, I don't doubt, than any scenery it may happen to conceal.

A Chatty P. (to the driver; not because he cares, but simply for the sake of conversation). What fish do you catch in that river there?

The Driver (with an effort). There'll be troots, an, maybe, a pairroh or two.

The Chatty P. Perch? Ah, that's rather like a goldfish in shape, eh?

Driver (cautiously). Aye, it would be that.

Chatty P. Only considerably bigger, of course.

Driver (evasively). Pairroh is no a yerra beg fesh.

Chatty P. But bigger than goldfish.

Driver (more confidently). Ou aye, they'll be begger than goldfesh.

Chatty P. (persistently). You've seen goldfish—know what they're like, eh?

Driver (placidity). I canna say I do.

[They pass a shooting party with beaters.

Chatty P. (as before). What are they going to shoot?

Driver. They'll jist be going up to the hells for a bet grouse drivin'.

A Lady P. I wonder why they carry those poles with the red and and yellow flags. I suppose they're to warn tourists to keep out of range when they begin firing at the butts. I know they have butts up on the moor, because I've seen them. Just look at those birds running after that man throwing grain for them. Would those be grouse?

Driver. Ye'll no find grouse so tame as that, Mem; they'll jist be phaynants.

The Lady P. Poor dear things! why, they're as tame as chickens. It does seem so cruel to kill them!

Her Comp. Well, but they kill chickens, occasionally.

The Lady P. Not with a horrid gun; and, besides, that's such a totally different thing.

The Chatty P. What do you call that mountain, driver, eh?

Driver. Yon hell? I'm no minding its name.

The Surly P. You don't seem very ready in pointing out the objects of interests on the route, I must say.

Driver (modestly). There'll be them on the corch that know as much about it as myself. (After a pause—to vindicate his character as a cicerone.) Did ye notice a bit building at the end of the loch over yonder?

The Surly P. No, I didn't.

Driver. Ye might ha' seen it had ye looked.

[He relapses into a contented silence.]

Chatty P. Anything remarkable about the building?

Driver. It was no the building that's remarkable. (After a severe struggle with his own reticence.) It was jist the spout. 'Twas there Roderick Dhu fought Fitz-James after convoying him that far on his way.

[The Surly Passenger

snorts as though he didn't consider this information.]

The Lady P. (who doesn't seem to be up in her "Lady of the Lake"). Fitz-James who?

Her Comp. I fancy he's the man who owns this line of coaches. There's his name on the side of this one.

The Lady P. And I saw Roderick Dhu's on another coach. I thought it sounded familiar, somehow. He must be the rival proprietor, I suppose. I wonder if they've made it up yet.

The Driver (to the Surly Passenger, with another outburst of communicativeness). Yon stoan is called "SAWMSON'S Putting Stoan." He hurried it up to the tope of the hell, whaur it's bided ever sence.

[The Surly Passenger receives this information with an incredulous grunt.]

The Lady P. What a magnificent old ruin that is across the valley, some ancient castle, evidently; they can't build like that nowadays!

The Driver. That's the Collander Hydropawthee, Mem; burrnt doon two or three years back.

The Lady P. (with a sense of the irony of events). Burnt down! A Hydropathic! Fancy!

Male P. (as they enter Callander and pass a trim villa). There, that's Mr. Figgis's place.

His Comp. What—that? Why, it's quite a bee-yutiful place, with green venetians, and a conservatory, and a croaky lawn, and



"Ou aye, ye can get inside the boot if ye've a mind to it."

everything! Fancy all that belonging to him! It's well to be a grocer—in these parts, seemingly!

Male P. Ah, we ought to come up and start business here; it 'ud be better than being in the Caledonian Road!

[They meditate for the remainder of the journey upon the caprices of Fortune with regard to grocery profits in Caledonia and the Caledonian Road respectively.]

THE WHEEL OF FATE.

(A Fragment of an Old Romance, slightly Modernised.)

CHAPTER XXI.

"GRAMMERCY!" quoth the Baron D'AGINCOURT, as he rolled off his bicycle into a potato-bed; "'tis a full-mettled steed! Methinks those varlets have fed him with overmuch oil of late, so restive is he become. And, lack-a-day! My doublet is besmirched with mire! Thou smilest, I see, AGATHA. There is but scant reason for merriment, shameless girl!"

"Nay," replied the beautiful Lady AGATHA, as with exquisite skill she rode her dainty steed (a thorough-bred Coventry) up and down the terrace, "'twas not at thy mishap, dear father! Of a truth thou must be sorely bruised. Was not that thy seventh fall this afternoon? If I smile, 'tis but that I am happy."

"Humph!" said the Baron, as he hopped painfully behind his machine, vainly endeavouring to mount anew. "Happy, eh? And wherefore? Whom hast thou seen to change thy mood so greatly since this morning? 'Twas but a few hours ago that thou wast weeping over some trifle of a spilt oil-can. Ah, I am up at last!"

"I have seen none," said



"He vanished over the cliff."

the lovely maiden, with blushing cheeks; "at least, save only—" She hesitated, doubtfully.

"Whom, girl?" insisted her father.

"Sir ALGERNON FITZCLARENCE."

With a desperate swerve, the Baron rode towards her, his face purple with passion.

"What, thou hast chosen to disobey me again? Talking with him whom I had forbidden to come within twenty leagues of my castle! Now, by St. Humber, both thou and he shall rue this day! I say that—"

The Baron's skill failed him once more, and he was shot off into the gooseberry-bushes.

"Nay, hear me, dear father—"

"Cease!" roared the angry Baron. "What ho, there! Lead the Lady AGATHA," he commanded, as twenty men rushed forwards in answer to his summons, "into the upper dungeon. And, varlets, bring me the sticking-plaster."

CHAPTER XXII.

'Twas midnight. Alone in the dismal cell to which her father's cruelty had consigned her, the Lady AGATHA wept unceasingly. Sleep came not to her weary eyes, she paced restlessly up and down, or gazed through the narrow bars of the window over the moonlit landscape.

Suddenly she started! Was it fancy? Nay, 'twas a human voice, manly, resonant, and strong, that sang beneath her window. She could catch some of the words:

"O sweetest blossom of the lea,
O daintiest flower of the field!
For love, for hopeless love of thee
My reason must her kingdom yield" . . .

Good heavens! It was ALGERNON FITZCLARENCE!

"Across the land, across the main,
A single steed shall bear us twain."

He was ascending by a ladder! His face appeared at the window! "Ah, darling AGATHA," he said, "news was brought me of thy parlous state! But dry thy tears, my sweet! See"—he snapped the massive bars with the little finger of his left hand—"the cage

is broken. Two of the swiftest Singers are saddled for us at the castle gate. Let us fly together!"

Noiselessly the gallant steeds flitted along the road.

"Were't not best to light our lamps?" whispered AGATHA. "Methinks that the sage councillors of the parish—"

"Nay, I fear them not," said the intrepid FITZCLARENCE. "Enough for me is the light of thine eyes."

Suddenly their steeds slackened pace simultaneously, and a faint hissing sound was heard. They looked at one another, and groaned. "We are punctured!" cried Agatha. It was too true. At the foot of a steep hill they dismounted, their tyres flabby, shapeless, useless. FITZCLARENCE passed his hand over the ground.

"As I thought!" he said bitterly, "'tis thy father that hath contrived this! He hath scattered tin-tacks broadcast over the road to foil our attempt to escape! But we will baffle him yet."

For some minutes he worked his air-pump in silence. Suddenly a sound was heard at which AGATHA grew deathly pale. It was the clear resonant note of a bicycle bell!

"We are pursued!" she cried. "Let us fly, ALGERNON."

"We cannot," said her practical lover; "the tyres are almost empty. We can but meet our doom bravely!"

Louder and louder came the noise of whirring wheels. Then—a whirl, and the Baron, breathless, pale with terror, went by them like a flash of lightning! FITZCLARENCE understood in a moment what had happened. The Baron was but an unskilful rider, and had allowed his machine to run away with him down the hill!

To stop him was impossible. He went along the highway for thirty-two and a half miles, and then, with a last despairing yell, he vanished over the cliff, still seated on his steed, and was buried beneath the waves of the English Channel. So FITZCLARENCE and AGATHA returned to the castle, and lived happily ever after.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

In the *Nineteenth Century* the Baron skimmed an article on "The Gold-mining Madness in the City," by S. F. VAN OSS. There's a deal of method in this madness. Isn't it rather presumptuous in a "Van Oss" to advise Bulls and Bears not to make asses of themselves?

Amusing article in *Macmillan* for this month on "Moll Cutpurse." Even OLIVER, the Protector, couldn't protect himself from this nimble-handed, light-fingered lady, who entertained very practical notions on the Common-wealth.

Capital chatty book, published by ARROWSMITH (but evidently ought to have been published by "CHATTY AND WINDUS"), is *Platform, Press, Politics and Play*, by our worthy gossip, T. H. S. ESCOTT. "Just the sort of book for a quiet half hour in these chill October evenings," quoth the BUSY BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

PASTEUR.

[M. PASTEUR, the great French bacteriologist, died at St. Cloud on Saturday, September 28.]

At the great PASTEUR's passing we must grieve

De tout notre cœur:

May the Good Shepherd's pastures fair receive
Notre Bon PASTEUR.

A Cruel Jest.

Householder (to unfamiliar Gas Collector). I don't seem to know your face. Where's the usual man—JONES?

Collector. Laid up in bed.

Householder (bitterly). Of course, with the old complaint—gas-trick fever—eh? [*Exit New Collector, hurriedly.*]

"ONE OF THE 'UPPER TEN.'"—"Rev. HERBERT BROOKE," we read in the *Daily News*, has been "appointed to the chaplaincy of Les Avants, above Montreaux, Switzerland." Above Montreaux! In such a position the reverend gentleman will be a very high churchman. Likewise ought he to be a very learned one, seeing that he is to be chaplain to *Les Savants*.

THE Member for SARK writes from the remote Highlands of Scotland, where he has been driving past an interminable series of lochs, to inquire *where the keys are kept?* He had better apply to the local authorities in the Isle of Man. They have a whole House of Keys. Possibly those the hon. Member is concerned about may be found among them.

TAKEN FOR GRANTED.—Although members of the London County Council, whose business it is to attend to the "nice conduct" of theatres and music-halls, may be said to have "given up all their wild proceedings" of a year ago, their actions of late have, nevertheless, been characterised by "unbridled license." (3d 27)



FELINE AMENITIES.

Female Friend (to fair Author of "The Woman who Durstn't"). "NOW YOU 'VE HAD SUCH A SUCCESS, I SUPPOSE YOUR PUBLISHERS WILL TAKE ANY RUBBISH YOU CHOOSE TO WRITE!"

MICHAELMAS TERM AT CAMBRIDGE.

ACCORDING to orders issued September 29, Feast of St. Goose, the Vice-Chancellor has given notice that during Michaelmas Term there will be Congregations, when will be performed by the A. C. C. C. (Amateur Cambridge Concert Club) the well-known Choral, "Goosey Goosey Gander." (Music by GOOSENS.) The Volunteers will practice the Goose Step from two to four every afternoon till further orders.

After exams, the ceremony of "Pincking" will take place in public. Lectures on "How to get your Goose Cooked," with receipts for Making the sauce for the gander, by M. C. A. (Master of Culinary Art). Lecture on the right explanation of the treatise "De Goosestibus." [N.B.—The undergraduate who comes out first in examination on this subject will be entitled to wear a feather in his cap.]

Special Greek Kalendary Lecture on the history of "Xerxes and the Gandarae."

The subject of the Lecture on Horticulture will be "The Growth of the Great Gooseberry, and its Gradual Extinction."

Commercial History. Subject: "On Banking, and the Rise of the House of Gusting."

Lectures on the Stage by Lord ACTON, with inquiry concerning the Historic occasion when "The Goose" was first heard in a theatre. His Lordship has been specially engaged by the A. D. C. to bring out a new edition of Plays, under the heading of "The Acton Drama."

COURT ON AGAIN.—Mr. GODFREY's *Vanity Fair* (a misleading title; and the story is more nearly related to *Pendennis* than to *Vanity Fair*) is still "on" at the Court Theatre. Let Play-Inspector advise those who have not seen Mr. ARTHUR CECIL as the imperturbable Lord Nugent, and who have yet to witness the excellent acting of Mr. SUGDEN, wonderfully made up as *The Duke of Berkshire*, who have still to see Mr. WILLIAM WYES as *Brabazon Tegg*, and Mrs. JOHN WOOD as the eccentric Mrs. *Brabazon Tegg* (once a music-hall artiste), to go to the Court Theatre, and enjoy a thoroughly good all-round performance.

NOTE AT THE RECENT MEDICAL SESSION.—Among the names of the distinguished lecturers during last week's Medical Session, occurred the remarkable one of "Dr. GEORGE DE ATH." It is a pleasant way of putting it. These two syllables cannot say of themselves, "In Death we are not divided."

TO A FRIEND OF MINE.

AH, cherubic little curate, in your surplice spick and span,
Who has struck that happy medium 'twixt an angel and a man,
Would it bore you much to tell me how you managed to attain
To that turret of perfection which in time I hope to gain?

For I see you in the pulpit, and I dote upon your word,
And I listen to such eloquence as rarely I have heard;
But at times there comes a whisper, like the flutter on the wind,
Were you always, little curate, such a pattern of your kind?

When a schoolboy, young and noisy, did you never tell a fib,
Or use a KELLY's literal "key" (ah, call it not a crib!)?
Did you never, at a season when your age was hardly ripe,
Encircle with your rosy lips a surreptitious pipe?

And when you went to Cambridge was your 'Varsity career
As spotless as your surplice, and as uniformly clear
From a vestige of a blemish? Oh, you properest of men,
Were you never, never proctored—were you *always* in at ten?

THE NEW LORD MAYOR ELECT.—A congratulatory chorus to the New Lord Mayor elect, Sir WALTER WILKIN, should be at once written, composed, and rehearsed in order to be sung on November 9, to the accompaniment of the "trained bands." The words may be selected from SHAKESPEARE and MILTON; the solos, consisting of a verse apiece, may

"Amaze the Wilkin with their broken staves."

While some military poet could be fitly employed to celebrate the glorious deeds of the New Lord Mayor, Sir WALTER WILKIN, Victorious Volunteer, telling how

"With feats of arms
From either end of London the Wilkin burns!"

Pardonable Error in Orthography.

DEAR SIR CROCUS.—Mamma begs me to tell you that EMILY is to be married on the 20th at Hanover Square, and hopes she may count on your presents.

Yours truly, JEMIMA SMITH,
To Sir CROCUS DIVES, Bart., Goldacre, Miltshire.



“GOOD DOG!”

L-RD S-I-SH-AY, “VERY USEFUL DOG THIS—I MAY WANT HIM AGAIN!
“THE UNSPEAKABLE” (*over the wall—aside*). “OH, LOR!”



Coster (to acquaintance, who has been away for some months). "WOT ARE YER BIN DOIN' ALL THIS TIME?"

Bill Robbins (who has been "doing time"). "OH I'VE BIN WHEELIN' A BIT, OLE MAN—WHEELIN' A BIT!"

SCRAPS FROM CHAPS.

HAPPY LOTS FOR HAPPY SCOTS.—The *Glasgow Herald* has been making fun of the Scotch—no, we mean the Scottish—no, we don't, we mean the Scots—Professor. Here is its description of him:—

He, and he alone, can lead a perfectly groomed life. He has an income of between £600 and £2,000 a year. At the outside his work, after he has fairly got settled down to it, means four hours a day for five days a week during six months of the year. . . . The modern Scotch professor in fact is, or ought to be, that "model man of the world," of whom all of us poor slaves of business and convention stand secretly in awe.

On the St. Andrews golf links he is to be seen on great occasions "living up to his moustaches and knickerbockers." He has his London club, mingles in the highest literary coteries, and is always talking about "charming girls." Evidently the professorial chair in a Norbritish University is a very comfortable kind of arm-chair, and our "Arts Professor" a professor—and practiser, too—of various useful arts.

WAIL FROM THE WEST.—They are trying at Bristol to move the G. W. R. to give better train facilities between Bristol, Salisbury, Southampton, and Portsmouth; and the Chamber of Commerce has sent in a memorial asking for a "complete remodelling of the service between such important centres of commercial activity," and complaining of the "unsatisfactory service of trains on other parts of your system," particularly on the Devizes, Marlborough, and Reading branch. Why, suggests the Chamber, not run three fast trains a day up and down *via* the new Holt Junction, "instead of all trains going into Trowbridge, and waiting nearly an hour." Why, indeed? West-of-Englanders seem to think that "your system" needs strengthening, and so they are supplying a little bark as a tonic, for "local application" only.

To this Chamber of Commerce the fault of the Co. is running too seldom, and moving too slow.

EVIDENT, AS APPROPRIATE SITE.—"Eely Place" for a Conger-regational Chapel.

THE LAST TURNPIKE.

"The last of the old turnpike trusts is to terminate on the 1st of November."—*Daily News*.]

REMEMBER, remember the first of November!—

The old turnpike system grew old, ripe, and rotten; [ember,

But man loves to dream by the Past's waning And turnpikes, though troublesome, won't be forgotten.

Like old inns and highwaymen, stocks and stage-coaches,

The white turnpike bars have their memories fragrant;

But on quaint antiquities Progress eneroaches.

The knight of the road, and the picturesque vagrant,

The "Highflyer" coach and the postchaise have vanished; [follow.

And now the old turnpike is destined to When from his snug box the last toll-taker's banished,

One feels the Romance of the Road will sound hollow.

The toll was a nuisance, the toll-keeper grumpy,

He turned out to pocket his coppers and tanners [jumpy;

With curt elocution which made one feel There wasn't much charm in his dress or his manners.

His "stand and deliver" made timid folk quiver,

And when not despotic he mostly looked drowsy;

He'd keep you a-waiting till all of a shiver, Then yawn on you, looking forbidding and frowsy.

And yet his snug box and white bars had attractions.

The gleam from his fire, the red rose o'er his portal,

Would make you forgive his rough ways and exactions, [immortal.

And TURPIN and Weller have made him His locks, bolts, and bars were extremely obstructive,

But then his white apron and mannerless greeting—

In retrospect—take on a something seductive. Sure oft on our highways his spook, slowly

fleeting,

With glimmering shirt-sleeves and coin-chinking pocket,

Will haunt the lone traveller; make him remember [Rocket,

The jolly old days of the fast-rattling And heave one sad sigh for this fatal

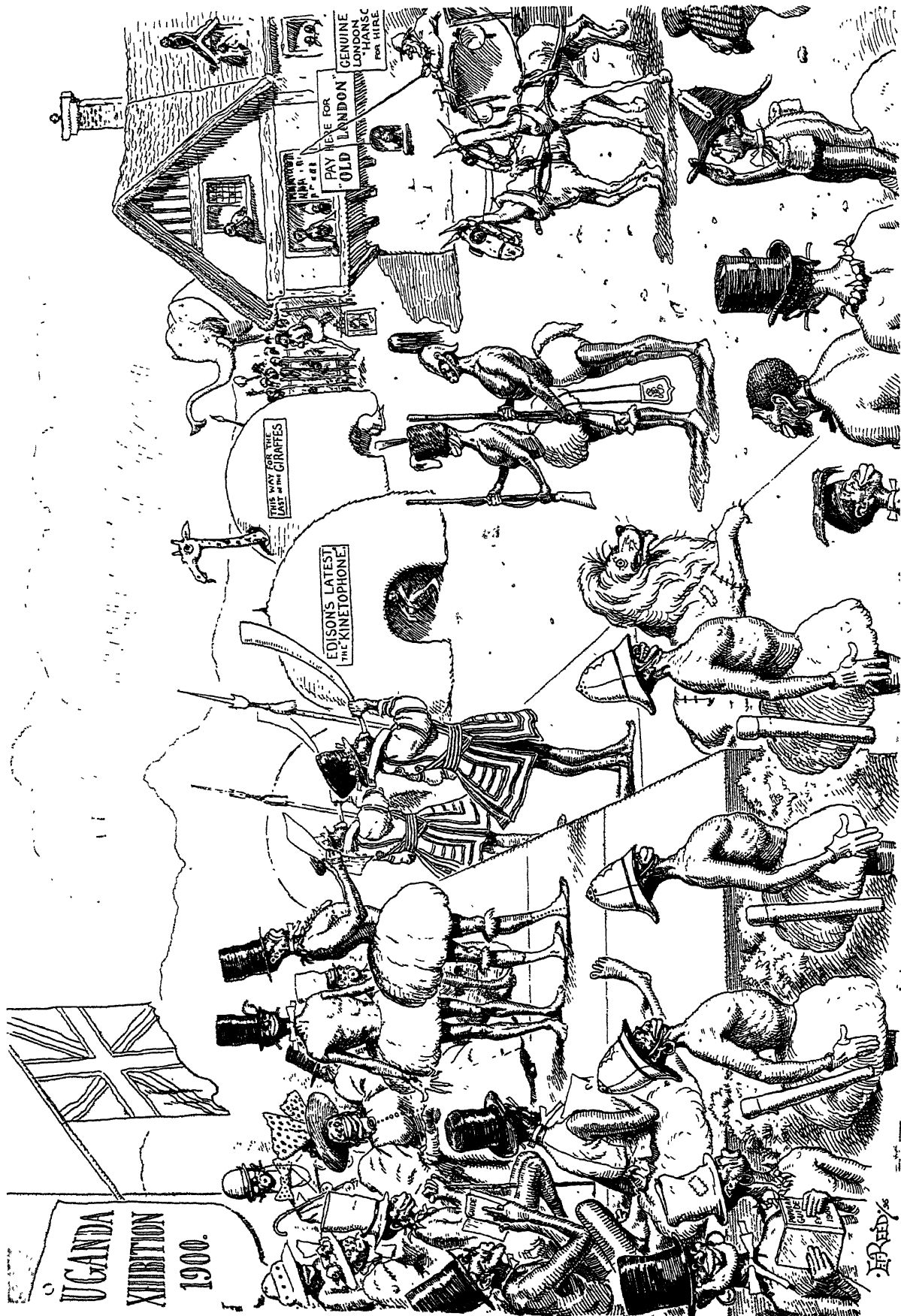
November.

"APPROBATION FROM SIR HUBERT STANLEY IS PRAISE INDEED!"—Sir ARTHUR was highly pleased with the Leeds Festival chorus-folk. "I praise you," he said to them, "from the bottom of my heart." Praise from "the top of a heart" would be nothing, but to pump it up, from the depths, expresses the profundity of admiration. Then added Sir ARTHUR, "The greatest privilege of my life is"—now just pause; think what could possibly be "the greatest privilege" of Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN's life? The privilege of musical genius? No. Give it up? Yes. Then read on. "The greatest privilege of my life is that His Royal Highness will, at my request, tell you what he thinks of the chorus." O immortal *Jabberwock*!

"O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!

He chorled in his joy."

Whereupon H. R. H. observed, most discreetly, "It is not for me to make criticisms; that I leave to your amiable conductor." Bee-ew-tiful!! This chorus will "get a bit above itself." Dangerous precedent, O amiable conductor!



SCENES AT THE UGANDA EXHIBITION OF 1900.

No. I.—THE OPENING CEREMONY WENT OFF WITH GREAT ÉCLAT.

SMORLTORKIANA.

["Count Smorltork—the famous foreigner—gathering materials for his great work on England! . . . 'Have you been long in England?' asked Mr. Pickwick. 'Long—ver long time—fortnight—more.' 'Do you stay here long?' 'One week.' 'You will have enough to do,' said Mr. Pickwick, 'to gather all the materials you want in that time.' 'Eh, they are gathered,' said the Count."—*Pickwick*.]

THE Smorltork race have multiplied
Since DICKENS wrote about them.
They prate and rate on every side;
Fools read, and wise men doubt them.
To every land from every land,
Post-haste, the prattlers travel.
They take a week to understand,
A fortnight to unravel,
A month, at most, to write a book
That sums up all creation;
They fathom England in a look.
And France in a sensation.
But most of all they seem to love
To cross the wide Atlantic.
Then Jove and all the gods above
Must roar at Smorltork antic.
SMORLTORK—a Briton or a Frank,
A scribe or a fanatic—
The Yankee race will gauge, grade, rank,
In summary emphatic.
He, like a cockney sparrow, cocks
His eye at all around him,
As Pharisee his sense it shocks,
As Philistine, confounds him.
In seven hours he sums a State,
In seven days the lot of them;
And his next business is—to "slate"
And talk prodigious rot of them.
At a huge, motley continent
He gives a glance quite cursory,
And vows it seethes with discontent,
And is corruption's nursery.
He finds New York a Tammany den,
Chicago just a Hades;
The Yankees not quite gentlemen,
The Yankee girls scarce ladies.
Slave to the sex, the male, he vows,
Is but the female's poodle;
And when not worshipping his spouse,
He bows the knee to "Boodle."
The labouring East, the lawless West,
He scans in a "split second,"
And in "two jiffs" of scampering quest
The Stars and Stripes are "reckoned."
They're "gathered" in his shallow brain,
Like pea-nuts in a pannikin.
Bah! SMORLTORK is a vapid, vain,
Vituperative mannikin.
"Potry, poltic, science, art,
All tings"—from pigs to pictures—
He bans in criticisms "smart,"
And sciolistic strictures.
Of courtesy the open shame,
Of feelings coarse affronts,
He's only fit to play the game
Of Mrs. LEO HUNTER.
For when to other lands he strays,
The fool insults their banners,
Because he doesn't like their ways,
Nor understand their manners.
Peripatetic *Podsnap*, he
Makes *Punch*'s nerves feel tinglish,
Who naught of good abroad can see
Because it is not "English."
Ah, Brother JONATHAN, old friend,
The Smorltork chitter-chatter
Some day, like Tammany, will end,
Meanwhile it doesn't matter.
The SMORLTORKS are a shallow set,
Cantankerous and cranky;
But *Punch* takes not from them, "you
His notions of things Yankee!"

MOTTO OF STALKERS.—"Going for deer life!"



Curate. "SO SORRY TO HEAR YOUR HUSBAND'S MET WITH AN ACCIDENT, MRS. SNAPE."
Mrs. Snape. "YES, SIR, 'E'S V'RY BAD, PORE MAN! 'E WUR WORKIN' ON THE RAIL-
WAY LINE TH' OTHER DAY AN' A ENGINE COME ALONG AN' RUN CLEAN OVER 'IS PORE LEG;
AN' NOW 'E'LL BE LAID UP ABED FOR WEEKS. IT'S WHAT I B'ELIEVE THE DOCTORS CALLS
LOCOMOTIVE ATTACKS YE!"

NET PROFITS.—MR. CUMMING MACDONA, M.P.'s rec't letter to the *Times* about the hundred French boats that he saw starting from Dieppe for a three months' fishing cruise off the west coast of Ireland, has led to a demand by Irish papers for Government help to Irish fisheries. Why, they ask, should money be given to farmers and not to fishers? The *Cork Constitution*, however, goes to the root of things by saying that "want of enterprise and thrift," not want of pence, leads to Irish fish being caught by the anglers of Dieppe. The State has already constructed improved harbours and light railways. It is for the fisher-folk to respond by getting boats and nets, and using them; until which time the early Gaul will get the best haul.

SIMS REEVES AT THE EMPIRE.

My pretty JANE! My pretty JANE!
The contract did I sign!
So meet me, meet me at the Empire!
I sing at half-past nine.
It may be earlier, or later, JANE,
For time your SIMS aims to defy,
But read the posters of the Empire—
The boom will catch your eye!

MUSICAL NOTE.—A "*Mass in B*" has been composed by MASS-EN-ET.

A SHAKESPEARIAN LINE.—The one that takes you to Stratford-on-Avon.

CABBY; OR, REMINISCENCES OF THE RANK AND THE ROAD.

(By "Hansom Jack.")

["Gentlemen, the way to see London is from the top of a 'bus—from the top of a 'bus, gentlemen!"—*Mr. Gladstone to American Visitors.*]

No. VII.—BUSSES, BILKS, AND BOOSYS.

Top of a 'bus! Well, I've nothing to say against knifeboards or garden-seats, quite the contrary.

Looked at as look-outs on London itself, as a city, they're easy, commanding, and airy.

G. O. M. hit it in once to those Yankees. But still, if you'd view London life, as a wholer,

Not mere bricks and mortar and lamp-posts, I'll back what cute BENJAMIN D. called the London Gondoler.

I've drove the Grand Old One, though 'e's such a walker 'e don't give the wheels so much work as did DIZZY.

But I'd like to stick 'im some hours on my perch with my 'ed at 'is elber. Ah, then we'd be busy.

The 'bus 'as the pull of us one way, you see; our fares can't git mounting the roof; they're insiders!

But Cabby looks inside and out, and that way gits the bulge on the rest of the drivers and riders.

Moresomeover the 'busses and trams keep the main, whilst we 'Ansoms can take all the short-outs and bye-ways;

And when you know sububs and slums, you're aware London life don't all run in the big stream of 'ighways.

Its creeks and its backwaters, ditches and dykes, they teem, fairly teem, though their dwellers—poor cusses!

Can only just ketch the tram-bells in the distance, and ain't never bossed from the knifeboards of 'busses.

That's just where swell ink-slingers miss the true London. That wasn't the way though with good CHARLEY DICKENS.

Pickwick is one of the books in our Shelter, and Pickwick, I 'old, gives the reader rare pickins.

When drying my legs over corfee and heggs I git a larf out o' that patter o' Sammy.

It ain't quite our up-to-date kibosh, o' course, but the way as that Sam chewed the rag was just jammy.

Knowned some queer things about London, 'e did, 'is London, of course, cabrioleys and such-like.

My survey's "extensive," and likeways "peceoliar," in that me and Sammy seem much of a much like.

A whip, like old Weller, I do not, like 'im, do the same bit o' road, come-day-go-day together.

I know, in my line, every inch of the town, at all times o' day, and in all sorts o' weather.

I'd just like a turn "Round the Town" with young Sam, or a talk over souse and mashed in our Shelter;

Comparing of notes, with the Growler for chorus, I 'aven't no doubt we should come out a pelter.

"Cabby," they sing, "knows 'is fare." I should think so, or else 'e must be a blind mug or a babby,

And who, from a dook to a chorister minx, 'asn't, one time or other, been "fare" to a Cabby?

I've driven the dook and the damsel together, as fur as that goes. And the dook was that squiffy

'E wanted to go me "dooks up" for the fare. But that would 'ave brought down the slops in a jiffy.

You mustn't 'ave much flesh and blood, as a Cabby, I tell you. At scrapping we're most of us 'andy;

But knockin' out nobs, as a rule, doesn't pay, when said nobs 'ave been mixing champagne and neat brandy.

The boosys and bilks try our tempers, I tell you. But tempers are luxuries, like sparrer grass is.

If you've seen a helderly, hamorous gent, on the tiddley, you know what a worriting ass is.

Argue for hours about sixpence, 'e will, then 'unt all 'is pockets, and find 'e aint got one.

Collapse in a corner, and fall fast asleep, with a boiled baby smile on 'is chump. 'E's a 'ot one.

Hit 'im? Oh no! 'E may waste you a hour, and then offer a drink, which 'e 'asn't the price of;

And maunder and mumble till you are arf mad; but if an old stager you'll take the advice of,

You won't knock 'is 'ead off! It's tempting, I know, and sometimes you would give twice the fare for the pleasure;

But squiffy old gents are the magistrates' pets, they've got money—at 'ome—and, what's more, lots of leisure!

"TREACLE" now, can't 'old 'is tongue with old Tiddleys. Poor "TREACLE" was once a smart gentleman farmer,

And kep 'is own dog-cart. 'E's got one fair daughter, who, even in chocolate cotton 's a charmer.

Ah! sweet as fresh 'ay, in a manner o' speaking, is young BESSIE FINCH, though she's but a machiner. Its curious 'ow sulky old "TREACLE" lights up when 'is gal BESSIE brings 'im 'is poor bit o' dinner.

'E was just taking up an old Tiddley one time when Miss BESSIE turned up, and the bosky old geeser

Made eyes at the maid, and said just arf a word, when poor TREACLE's fist caught 'im a slap on 'is sneezer

As made 'im see stars. 'Twas a trifle too previous, p'r'aps, for a sulky old chip of a Cabby;

A 'ero don't look like a 'ero somehow when 'is phiz is wind-blue and 'is billycock shabby.

Old Tiddley was quite a respectable gent, a benevolent buffer, who lived out at Clapham;

And when subub saints 'ave been dining a mossel, it won't do for grumpy old Growlers to slap 'em.

So "TREACLE," as usual, got toko, you see, likeways missed a good fare, 'long o' bein' too 'asty;

Which shows as a Cabby 'is temper must check, and in trifles must not be too ticklish or tasty.

OUR FAMILY EXCHANGE COLUMN.

[The Review of Reviews has started a Baby and Matrimonial Exchange.]

WANTED IMMEDIATELY, a Complete Set of Ancestors, by Advertiser, who is giving up Business and going in for High Finance. Crusaders or Plantagenets Preferred, or County Family of not less than Three Hundred Years Standing, on Approval. Guaranteed

Pedigree Required. Will offer in Exchange 100,000 £1 Consolidated Gold Mine Shares.

—Address, "South Africa," 507, Boom St.

I WILL GIVE UP All Rights in my Mother-in-Law in return for Second-hand Safety Bicycle, or 10s. Cash.—Ed., Angelina Villas.

A BOON TO TESTATORS!—What Offers?

A Poor Relation is Willing to Adopt Wealthy Old Lady (without encumbrance),

having recently had a difference with his Relatives. Will Gladly exchange Views

on the subject with any Benevolent and Elderly Gentlewoman. — "Legatee," c/o SMITHERS, Tobaccoist, Old Kent Road.

CHANCE FOR PHILANTHROPISTS!—Absolutely Given Away!! After-season Clearance.

Professional Man wishes to part with the last of a large assortment of Indigent Relatives. Excellent Opening for Capitalist.

Warranted a Steady and Reliable Applicant for Assistance. No Chari able

Old Maid should miss this Opportunity.—

Address "Ratepayer," care of SMITHERS, Tobaccoist, O. K. Road.

TWINS!—TWINS!!—TWINS!!!—Do you Want a Pair of Twins, quite new, with good strong voices and hearty appetites? They would

appeal to any Mother's Heart. Must reduce establishment. Would hand over to any young Married Couple with a Vacancy. Will take

Fox-terrier or Prize Bantam.—"Pater," Letter Box 8 W.

WILL ANYONE oblige me with a Third Cousin-Twice-Removed, as my collection of specimens is incomplete? Have Half-step-sister-in-law (very rare variety, and very little worn) to spare.—"G.,"

"Family Tree" Inn, Hanwell.

GEORGE has a Smart and Good-looking Sister, whom he would be glad to swap for some Other Fellow's Sister, of similar appearance.

Best Man also wanted.—Address, Bray House, Strand.

To SELL OR EXCHANGE, a Job Lot of Uncles, mostly Wrong 'Uns. Would do for Sandwich-Men or Supers. No cash offer refused.

—"A Dutiful Nephew," 1, Queer Street.

SOMETHING ATTRACTIVE IN A NAME.—Among the directors on the Board of the Mount Torrens Gold Mining Co., Limited, occurs a

delightful name which we have not seen in real life since it first appeared in *Strapmore* many years ago. It is "ALF PINTO"; the

surname is "LITE," and he is "Director of the Miner's Dream Gold Mines, Limited,"—why limit a "dream"? Is it not delightfully

attractive? We trust "ALF PINTO" will find plenty of *Whole Quartz O!* and that the success of the "M. T. G. M." may be the

exact opposite of its two first initials, i.e., not "M. T." but quite full, up to the brim.

CANADIAN COPYRIGHT. — The Author says "the much-vexed question of Canadian copyright has at length made some steps

towards a settlement." Mr. CAINE, who has sailed for Canada, as one of the "settlers," is equal to "two single gentlemen rolled

into one," being certainly CAINE and, most decidedly, Able.





"POOR LITTLE DICKEY BIRDS! DEAR LITTLE DICKEY BIRDS!"

THE THIRTY-ONE-AND-SIXPENNY DREADFUL.

(By Mr. Punch's Own High-Class Police News Reporter.)

At the Grosvenor Square Criminal Court the case of Lady D'EDBROKE came on for hearing at the head of the list. Interest in this alleged crime in high life drew together a vast galaxy of Society women, and His Worship was with difficulty accommodated with a seat on the bench. Opera-glasses ruled from one-and-sixpence-in-the-slot. The first charge brought against her ladyship was that of refusing alimony to her husband. A second dealt with the desertion of her children.

The prosecution undertook to prove that Sir BENEDICK had been found at night on the doorstep of the d'Edbroke Mansion without a latchkey or other visible means of subsistence. Lady D'EDBROKE (*née* SWAG) was described as the daughter of a wealthy Birmingham manufacturer of antiques. By her marriage into the ancient and honourable house of the D'EDBROKES she had relieved the fortunes of the three-and-twentieth baronet, whose assets at the moment had been *nil*. Two children had been born of the marriage, and these had recently been discovered in a state of emaciation in a Park Lane *crèche*.

Counsel would call her ladyship's maid to give evidence of the kind of literature to which her mistress had been addicted. That domestic would admit that she (the domestic), being bored by the feeble and fatuous character of the Penny Dreadful as a guide to immorality, had been in the habit of utilizing her mistress's left-off thirty-one-and-sixpenny and other expensive shockers. He hoped to show that this class of work, though not above the level of the Penny Dreadful in point of literary qualities, was of a mere seductive piquancy. At the time of the prisoner's arrest her drawing-room and boudoir were littered with printed matter, from the titles of which he would select four specimens: *A Melodrama of Spasms*, *The Superfluous Male*, *A Neo-Platonic Passion*, *An Edenless Adam*. From the last of these he ventured to read an extract or two, in the selection of which he had been assisted by the pencil marks and marginal comments of the prisoner. The book, he might add, was from a lending library.

"A veritable Dian, flame-red with the shame of maternity, the young mother of twins faced her cowed and miserable husband. Mentally she threw up the sponge ready for the next round, for she had still a shot in her locker with which to run a mucker."

Council here explained that the writer, a

simple woman, was still feeling her way in the use of sporting language.

"JAMES," she said, "I was an ignorant girl when I married you for your wealth, you me for my beauty of soul. There I thought that the bargain had ended. How was I to know that women have a tendency to bear children? No one ever pointed out to me any precedent for this. In my innocence it had never occurred to me that I might myself have been originally born."

Here a Juror intervened to request that he might, as a family man, be allowed to retire. Leave being refused, he then asked if ladies ought to listen to such extracts. His Worship thereupon ordered all decent women to leave the court. No one moved, and the extract was resumed.

"And now, in the full pride of my sexlessness, I have had a painful fall. I am branded with the mark of servitude. The laughing-stock of my emancipated sisters, I shall go down to posterity as a mother!"

Lord JAMES winced. The mother of twins continued.

"Had mine been the wealth and yours the beauty of soul—and of this you can never have even been suspected—my course would be plain. I should, by the right of the Married Women's Impropriety Act, banish you from this house. Never should you darken these doors again, though you might linger on the doorstep, an Edenless ADAM, a worm, a periwinkle at the gate of Paradise! As it is, being compelled from lack of filthy lucre to tolerate existence under your roof, I insist that these signs of my degradation—here she pointed defiantly at the twins, who howled—"be kept for ever from my eyes under the tutelage of hired menials, in a nursery with padded walls to be built out over the billiard-room. Otherwise I propose to leave you and become a *Tableau Vivant*!"

At this point the usher rebuked applause in the galleries.

A second extract ran as follows:—"A year later, in the height of the season at Battersea Park, a remarkable tandem was the object of universal comment. It consisted of Lord and Lady JAMES, or, more strictly, Lady and Lord JAMES, for Lady JAMES steered from the front, clad in high collar, starched shirt, breeches and gaiters, while Lord JAMES followed in a blouse and divided skirt, doing all the work. A symbol this of the conditions under which he was now admitted to the privilege of communion with her. That the man should be compelled to do the work, itself a mark of serfdom, was but one of many conditions laid down by the predominant partner. Another was that he should not offend decency by appearing in the recognised costume of a woman. Hence the blouse and divided skirt, lately relegated to male use."

Here His Worship observed that this extract failed to bear upon the issue, and it was then shown that the pencil-mark, with the comment "Good again!" was the work of another subscriber to MUDIE'S. A third extract, taken from a new book of the Six-Shilling-Shocker series—*A Melodrama of Spasms*—began: "I am glad that these sins of your magenta breeding are no irony of fate." The foreman of the jury demanded an elucidation, which Counsel was unable to produce. Court still working at enigma when report left.

A HYDE-OUS DANGER.—"Hyde Park" should be our Show Park. At present it is the Hiding Park for all the scum of the town. Mr. P. summons First Commissioner of Works, Commissioner of Police, and "GEORGE RANGER," who, he believes, has not yet retired from this office, to step out at once and do their duty.



Brother Jonathan. 'SAY, JOHN! YOU'D BETTER GO INTO TRAINING AGAIN!



EASILY EXPLAINED.

Huntsman (having just drawn large covert blank). "WELL, MR. LEGGINS, WE CAN'T FIND THAT LITTER YOU'VE BEEN BRAGGING ABOUT!"

Keeper (who objects to being styled "Leggins"). "YOU SURPRISE ME, MR. TOOTLE! MOST EXTRAORDINARY!"

Huntsman. "OH, NOT AT ALL! YOU SEE THERE IS SUCH A SHOW OF PHEASANTS AND HARES—I EXPECT THEY MUST HAVE EATEN THE POOR LITTLE BEGGARS BETWEEN THEM!"

THE COMMAND OF THE ARMY.

NEW STYLE—IN THE FUTURE. SCENE—Interior of the Council Chamber at the War Office. Committee of National Defence in Consultation.

First Member. Well, really, I think the troops should advance.

Second Member. Certainly, but how about their uniforms?

Third Member. Oh, I am responsible for that department. Everything fairly well. At least, I think so.

1st M. Oh, if you only "think so," we had better break off for a while.

[The Committee "break off for a while," and then reassemble.]

3rd M. Now everything's right. I thought there was some trouble about the new forage caps. Well, the difficulty has been surmounted, and all is as correct as can be.

1st M. Pleased to hear it. Ammunition up to the mark?

4th M. That's my special department. It may be, but—

3rd M. Oh! Don't you think we had better adjourn a bit?

1st M. Why, certainly. [They "adjourn a bit," then reassemble.]

4th M. Glad I had an opportunity of looking into the affair. Fact is, although we had a lot of cordite, there was certainly—

1st M. Yes, I know. But is it all right now?

4th M. Right! Of course! It never was wrong, but—

1st M. Quite so. Don't let's waste time. How about the transport?

5th M. I am responsible for that. If you really want to move the troops any distance, perhaps I had better—

1st M. It's very annoying! but as you say "you had better" do something or other, let's scatter for a time.

[They "scatter for a time," and reassemble.]

5th M. Lucky I overhauled my department. If I hadn't you wouldn't have been able to move the troops a dozen yards.

1st M. But is it all right now? Equipment, ammunition, transport? Are you all right?

Chorus. Yes, Sir.

1st M. (through telephone). Quick, march! [The troops are moved.]

OLD STYLE—IN THE PAST. SCENE—Anywhere in front of an Army.

Commander-in-Chief. I vouch for everything! I have only to give the word of command. Quick, march! [The troops are moved.]

THE JOLLY YOUNG WATERMAN.

(Up to Date.)

AND did you not hear of the East London Watermen,

Who our requirements failed to supply,

If the weather was hot or was cold in severity

Their pipes and their cisterns were equally dry.

In cold or in heat they charged as steadily,

But water to drink we couldn't get readily;

Yet water or none, with an impudent air,

They charged all the same, and it didn't seem fair.

What sights of distress there were seen in the district,

Its drains were unflushed, and were tainted withal,

(There was always a cause—some "Progressive" obstruction.)

But the party supporting them grew very small;

And often would there be both swearing and sneering,

But 'twas all one to them the complaining and jeering;

For cursing and praying they little did care—

But charged us for water—it didn't seem fair.

But, only to fancy how strangely things happen,

While rates were collected for nothing at all,

The Government Board held a special inquiry,

Which sat for a while in the Hackney Town Hall.

And should this report (to the Company's sorrow)

Be issued to-day, next month, or to-morrow,

The East London Company'd better take care—

As charging for nothing is scarcely quite fair.

No JOE-K.—A Tory "of the old school" has adapted the well-known Virgilian hexameter thus:—*CR-MB-RL-N ea misera nimum vicina Carltonæ!*

WRECKS AND CASUALTIES.—The barque *Metropolitan Improvements* stranded on the County Council Sands.

SKETCHES FROM SCOTLAND.

AT THE DRUMQUHIDDER HIGHLAND GATHERING.

SCENE—A meadow near Drumquhadder, South Perthshire, where the annual Highland Games are being held. The programme being a long one, there are generally three events being contested in various parts of the ground at the same time. On the benches immediately below the Grand Stand are seated two Drumquhadder worthies, Mr. PARRITCH and Mr. HAVERS, with Mrs. McTAVISH and her niece, two acquaintances from Glasgow, to whom they are endeavouring—not altogether successfully—to make themselves agreeable.

Mr. Havers (in allusion to the dozen or so of drags, landaus, and waggonettes on the ground). There's a number o' machines hier the day, Messis McTAVISH, an' a wonderfu' crood; there'll be a bit scarceness ower on yon side, but a gey many a'thegither. I con-seeder we're jist awfu' fortunate in the day an' a'.

[Mrs. McTAVISH assents, but without enthusiasm.

Mr. Parritch. I've jist ben keekin' into the Refraishmen' Tent. It's an awfu' peety they're no pairmeetin' ony intoxi-cans—naethin' but non-alco-holic liquors an' sic like, an' the hawm-sawndwiches no verra tender. (With gallan-try.) What do ye say, noo, Messis McTAVISH—wull ye no come an' tak' a bite wi' me?

Mrs. McTavish (distantly). Ah'm no feelin' able for't jist the noo, Mester PARRITCH.

Mr. Parr. Ye'll hae a boatle o' leemonaade at my ex-pense? Ye'll no? Then ye wull, Mess RAWSE. (With relief, as Miss ROSE declines also.) Aweel, I jist thoct I'd pit the quaistion. (To a friend of his, who joins them.) An' hoo's a' wi' ye, Mester McKERRROW? Ye're a mem-ber o' the Cavvmittee, I ob-sairve, sae I'll hae to keek up a bet row wi' ye.

Mr. McKerrrow (uncon-cernedly). Then ye'll jist to hae to keek it doon again. What's wrang the noo?

Mr. Parr. I'd like to ask ye if ye con-seeder it fair or jist to charge us tipence every time we'd go aff the groon? Man, it's jist an ex-toartion.

Mr. McKerr. I'm no re-sponsible for 't; but, if I'd ben there, I'd ha' charged ye twa shellins; sae ye'd better say nae mair aboot the maitter.

[Mr. PARRITCH does not pursue the subject.

Mr. Havers (as a detachment of the Black Watch Highlanders conclude an exhibition of musical drill). Ye'll be the baiter o' haeing the Black Watch hier the day. Man, they gie us a colour! It's verra pretty hoo nicely they can pairform the drill. . . . An' noo them sojers is gaun to rin a bet race amang theirsels. This 'll be an extry cawmpeteection, I doot. (As the race is being run.) It's no a verra suitable dress for rinnin'—the spleughan—or "sporrán," is it?—hairts them tairible.

Mr. McKerr. (contradictiously). The sporran does na hairrt them at a'.

Mr. Havers. Man, it's knockin' against them at every stride they tak'. (His attention wanders to a Highland Fling, which three small boys are dancing on a platform opposite.) He's an awfu' bonnie dauncer that wee laddie! the meddle!

Mr. McKerr. Na sae awfu' bonnie, he luiks tae much at his taes. Yon on the richt is the laddie o' the lote! he disna move his boady at a' . . . This 'll be the Half Mile Handicap they're stairting for down yonder. It'll gae to JOCK ALISTER—him in the blue breeks.

Mr. Parr. Yon grup-luikin' tyke? I canna thank it.

Mr. Havers. Na, it'll be yon bald-heided man in broon. He's verra enthusiastic. He's ben rinnin' in a' the races, I obsairve. "SMETH" did ye say his neem was? (To Miss ROSE, "pawkiely.") Ye'll hae an affaictionate regaird for thet neem, I'm thankin', Mess RAWSE?

Miss Rose (with maidenly displeasure). 'Deed, an I'm no unner-standing why ye should thank ony sic a thing!

Mr. Havers (abashed). I beg your pairrdon. I don't know hoo it was I gethered SMETH was your ain neem. (Miss ROSE shakes her head.) No? Then maybe ye'll be acquaint with a Mester ALEX-AWNDER SMETH fro' Paisley? (Miss ROSE is not, nor apparently desires to be, and Mr. HAVERS returns to the foot-race.) The bald-heid's leadin' them a', I tellt ye he'd—Na, he's gien up! it'll be the little block fellow, he's peekin' up tairible!

Mr. Parr. 'Twull no be him. Yon lang chap has an easy jobe o't. Ye'll see he'll jist putt a spairrt on at yon faur poast—he's comin' on noo—he's. . . . Losh! he's only thirrd after a'; he didna putt the spairrt on sune enough; that was the gran' fau't he made!

Mr. Havers. They'll be beginnening the wrustling oot yon in the centre. . . . (As the competitors grip.) Losh! that's no the way to wrustle; they shouldna left the ither up; they're no allowed to threp!

Mr. McKerr. That's jist the game, I'm telling ye; ye know naething at a' aboot it!

Mr. Havers. I'd shtruggle baiter'n that mysel', it's no great wrustling at a', merely bairfins' play!

Mr. McKerr. (as a corpulent elderly gentleman appears, in very pink tights). Ye'll see some science noo, for hier's MCBANNOCK o' Balwhuskie, the chawmpion.

Mr. Havers (disenchanted). Wull yon be him in the penk breeks. Man, but he's awfu' stoot for sic wark!

Mr. McKerr. The wecht of him's no easy put doon. The rest are boys to him.

Mr. Parr. I doot the little dairk fellow'll hae him. . . . it's a gev shtruggle.

Mr. McKerr. He's not doon yet. Wull ye bait sex-pence against MCBANNOCK, Mester PARRITCH?

Mr. Parr. (promptly). Aye, wull I—na, he's got the dairk mon doon. I was jist mindin the sword-daunce, sae the bait's aff. (Three men in full Highland costume step upon the platform and stand, proud and impassive, fronting the grand stand, while the judges walk round them, making careful notes of their respective points.) What wull they be aboot?

Mr. McKerr. It'll be the prize for the mon who's the best dressed Hielerander at his ain expense. I'm thenkin'

they'll find it no verra easy to come to a deceesion.

Mr. Parr. Deed, it's no sae deeficult; 'twill be the mon in the centre, sure as deith!

Mr. Havers. Ye say that because he has a' them gowd maidles hing on his jocket!

Mr. Parr. (loftily). I pay no attention to the maidles at a'. I m sayin' that DOUGAL MACRAE is the best dressed Hielerander o' the three.

Mr. Havers. It'll no be MACRAE at a'. JOCK McEWAN, that s furthest west, 'll be the mon.

Mr. Parr. (dogmatically). It'll be MACRAE, I'm tellin' ye. He has the nicest kelt on him that iver I sa'!

Mr. Havers. It's no the kelt that diz it, 'tis jist the way they pit it on. An' MACRAE 'll hae his tae faur doon, a guid twa enches too low, it is.

Mr. Parr. Ye're a' wrang, the kelt is on richt enough!

Mr. Havers. I know fine hoo a kelt should be pit an, though I'm no Hielerander mysel', and I'll ask ye, Mess RAWSE, if DOUGAL MACRAE's kelt isn't too lang; it's jist losin his knees a' thegither, like a lassie he looks in it!

[Miss ROSE declines, with some stiffness, to express an opinion on so delicate a point.

Mr. Parr. (recklessly). I'll pit a sexpence on MACRAE wi' ye, come noo!

Mr. Havers. Na, na, pit cawmpetent jedges on to deceede, and they'll be o' my opeenion; but I'll no bait wi' ye.

Mr. Parr. (his blood up). Then I'll hae a sexpence on 't wi' you, Mester McKERRROW



"That's jist the game, I'm telling ye; ye know naething at a' aboot it!"

Mr. McKerr. Nay, I'm for MACRAE myself! . . . An' we're baith in the right o't too, for they've jist gien him the bit red flag—that means he's got first prize.

Mr. Parr. (to Mr. Havers, with reproach). Man, if ye'd hed the speerit o' your opeenions, I'd ha won sexpence aff ye by noo!

Mr. Havers (obstinately). I canna think but that MACRAE's kelt was too lang—prize or no prize. I'll be telling him when I see him that he looked like a lassie in it.

Mr. Parr. (with concern). I wouldna jist advise ye to say ony sic a thing to him. These Hielanders are awfu' prood; and he micht tak' it gey ill fro' ye!

Mr. Havers. I see nae hairrm myself in jist tellin' him, in a plessant, daffin-like way, that he looked like a lassie in his kelt. But there's nae tellin' hoo ye may offend some fowk; an' I'm thinking it's no sae verra prawbale that I'll hae the oapportunity o' saying onything about the maitter to him.

MR. BRIEFLESS IS INTERVIEWED.

"A GENTLEMAN to see you, Sir," said my admirable and excellent clerk PORTINGTON, a few days since, as I was looking through the circulars that had accumulated on my table in Chambers during the earlier portion of the long vacation.

"A client?" I queried.

"No, Sir, I think not,"

was the reply, supplemented with a card placed on my desk. "At least, I do not remember the name in your fee-book."

"You do not believe he has called on any errand of an unpleasant character?"

"Oh no, Sir!—the rates have been in for a fortnight. If I might hazard a suggestion, I should say he was a literary gentleman."

I smiled, but was a little uncertain as to the better course of action. No doubt the man of letters was seeking an interview with a view to its subsequent reproduction. I am not altogether in favour of these public betrayals of private affairs, but considered that there could be no harm in this instance if I consented to see the journalistic intruder. To tell the truth, of late—much to my annoyance—reports have been in circulation rather prejudicial to my pecuniary credit. I am not a rich man.

In these hard times who is? But for all that I am able to keep the wolf from the door, and maintain a position not derogatory to the status of barrister-at-law. It occurred to me, as I requested PORTINGTON to admit the visitor, that perhaps the meeting might lead to satisfactory results. If the caller happened to be an interviewer, I might "inspire" him.

"Mr. A. BRIEFLESS, Jun., I think," said the new comer, as he seated himself in a chair and referred to a pocket-book. I bowed. "This is not your private address—these are your chambers?"

"Certainly," I returned; "but perhaps, before we go further, you will be so good as to tell me what you want?"

"Well, briefly, a statement of your affairs for the last three years. I will not trouble you for anything of an earlier date."

I again inclined my head. I was not altogether pleased with my visitor's manner. He was certainly abrupt, and he adopted a tone of authority that jarred upon my nerves. Possibly he wished to give the account of our interview to our cousins across the Atlantic. If this were so, I need not be over-scrupulous in my statements. Americans are accustomed to the rouse of exaggeration on the cheek of fact. So I would convey a false impression if I omitted, so to speak, the magnifying cosmetic.

"You do not propose to make public anything in this country?"

"Assuredly not," he replied. "All you say will be treated confidentially, save with the necessary exceptions."

I was satisfied. Of course the exceptions would be the people in the Republic of the West. I told him that my practice was a large one.

"Indeed?" As it struck me that the exclamation savoured of surprise, I thought it advisable to repeat the statement with emphasis.

"Yes," I continued, "there are many of my brethren at the Bar, better known to the world than I am, who would be pleased to change places with me. Because my name does not appear very frequently in the newspapers you must not imagine that I am idle. On the contrary, my chamber practice is immense—distinctly immense."

"Really," he murmured, and then mentioned the names of two or three of my learned friends whose incomes were decidedly considerable, and asked me if I deemed my practice equal to theirs.

"You put me in rather a delicate position," I returned with a smile. "Of course, I do not know the exact amount of the takings of the gentlemen to whom you have referred, but personally, I should consider my own practice more lucrative than theirs."

"Well, I do know their receipts," said my interviewer, "so I can estimate yours. Thank you very much. And now is there any other source of income omitted? Have you houses or shops, or any—thing of that sort?"

"As a barrister, I am prevented from trading," I replied, again with hauteur. And then I continued: "I am afraid you take too deep an interest in the commercial side of my career. What you should wish to learn, as my introducer to the American public, is my opinion on matters of the day. Now, for instance, I believe—"

"Pardon me," interrupted my visitor, rather brusquely. "But you have told me all I desire to know."

I bowed, and then I asked in what publication I might expect to see the interview.

"See the interview!" exclaimed the caller. "What interview?"

"Why," I explained, rather angrily, "the interview between you and me. You are a journalist, are you not?"

"A journalist! Certainly not! What made you think that?"

"Then, Sir," I cried, indignantly, "what right had you to force yourself into my presence, and waste my time in asking a number of useless, and, I may add, impertinent questions?"

"I had the right, and the questions were neither useless nor impertinent."

"Explain yourself, Sir."

"With pleasure;" and then he added, with a smile that did not provoke its fellow on my own countenance, "you must know that I am an assessor of income tax!"

Comment would be superfluous! (Signed) A. BRIEFLESS, JUN.
Pump-handle Court, October 10, 1895.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MESSRS. BLACKWOOD have got as far as *Felix Holt* in the re-publication in popular form of the works of GEORGE ELIOT. It would be interesting to know how the venture has fared with the popular

fancy for which it was designed. It is said young men and maidens of the present date cannot read the CHARLES DICKENS whose books enthralled their fathers and mothers. How does GEORGE ELIOT, who in her day held a position with the novel-reading public second only to CHARLES DICKENS, withstand the changes of fancy and fashion? My Baronite has been trying the experiment on himself by reading again, after the lapse of many years, *The Mill on the Floss*. He reports that he finds the first volume flag a little, by reason of the minute record of childhood's troubles and schoolday tasks. But in the second volume, where the tragedy of love is worked out with surpassing power and infinite skill, the old spell is woven again. *The Mill on the Floss* is certainly one of the best of GEORGE ELIOT's novels, being completed before the malign influence of schoolmaster GEORGE HENRY LEWES made itself felt. To this extent, it is not a fair test of the problem suggested. But the collection as a whole is rich in value. In "the Standard edition" Messrs. BLACKWOOD present it in daintiest form, and at a marvellously cheap price.

The Shoulder of Shasta is not a new joint from an entirely new animal, as those who are tired of "the Shoulder of Mutton" may be sorry to hear; but, it is a charming romance, in one volume, written by BRAM STOKER at his best. The heroine's name is "Esse"; and the whole interest of the story lies in the question, "Esse or non Esse"—"to be or not to be" the wife of "Mr. Dick." For there is a "Mr. Dick"—not in any way related to DICKENS's "Mr. Dick,"—who is a kind of Buffalo Bill among the Indians. There is a *Miss Gimp*, a governess, whose peculiarities certainly do recall those of *Mrs. Nickleby*. Mr. BRAM STOKER's plot is a *boîte à surprise*, and yet a most simple and natural story. Go to your butcher's and order *The Shoulder of Shasta*, to be served up "à la STOKER." N.B.—For "butcher's" read "bookseller's," 'tis published by "A Constable" who "knows what subjects to take up," says the thoughtful

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

Cursory Rhyme.

(By an Elderly Victim of Cyclomania.)

RUSH-A-BY, rush-a-by, biking man!
Kick up a shindy as loud as you can.
Frighten me, floor me, then chortle with glee,
And fly away fast from the gutter and me.

RACING NOTE.—"*Florizel II.*" seems to be an unfortunate name for a horse expected and intended to be "*Florizel the First.*"





UNLUCKY SPEECHES.

"WHAT A LOT OF PEOPLE THERE WERE AT THE WORTLEBURYS LAST WEEK—AND YET HOW DULL IT WAS!" "YES, DEAR. BUT IT WAS MUCH BRIGHTER AFTER YOU LEFT."

FOUND WANTING.

APPOINT a Poet Laureate, some prate,
But that's impossible, and wise men know it,
Because, 'midst many a would-be Laureate,
We cannot find a—Poet! [Tory hate;
Well, there is *one*; but him both Whig and
Whence he, although a Poet, is not Laureate!
And, after all, JOHN BULL is little loth
To wait, until he finds one who is both.
For, after TENNYSON, the choice, we see,
Doth lie 'twixt—Tweedledum and Tweedledee!
Because they are not good enough who crave it,
Whilst one or two more worthy will not have it.

ADDITION TO MAGISTRATE'S DECISION.—
Professor to be henceforth entitled "*Il Ré Galantuomo*." Who? RAY! Hooray!

SCRAPS FROM CHAPS. — A SPIRIT
LICENCE.—At the Limerick Quarter Ses-
sions, a landlord at Loughgur sought a new
licence for his inn.

The applicant stated that he intended to keep a
boat there for the convenience of tourists.

His Honour—What are the features of antiquity
there?

The Applicant—There are old castles and ruins.
Mr. Lowndes—And the White Knight of Des-
mond crosses the lake once every five or ten years.

His Honour—And he is only seen by your
patrols. (*Laughter.*) If this licence were granted,
I suppose the White Knight would cross the lake
every night! (*Laughter.*)

Of course he would! A phantom in a boat,
if properly advertised, would probably "draw"
the Saxon tourist in his hundreds. Here is
a chance for the Psychical Research Society.

WOODMAN, SPARE NOT THAT TREE!

(*Song of the Suburban tree-slaughtering savage,
whose axe and saw and cord are rapidly
making umbrageous neighbourhoods hideous.*)

WOODMAN, spare not that tree!
Leave not a single bough!
In youth it sheltered me,
So I'll destroy it now.
Tall trees infest the land,
Rurality is rot!
Nought but a stump shall stand
On this once shady spot.

An old umbrageous tree
Makes suburb less like town;
It spreads too far for me,
Up, axe, and hew it down!
Woodman, ply stroke on stroke,
Till prone on earth it lies;
(Oh! isn't it a joke?)
Once towering to the skies!

Woodman, and woodman's boy,
Bring axe, and saw, and spade,
Hack, lop and top, with joy;
Destruction is your trade!
It grew for many a year;
It's growth, fools say, is grand.
Eh? Spare its charms? No fear!
No bough of it shall stand!

When comes again the spring
No leafage forth 'twill send;
No bird thereon shall sing,
No breeze its branches bend.
Old tree, no more thou 'lt wave
O'er this suburban spot!
If I my will might have,
The axe should fell the lot!

"HOI ADELPHOI" (the Messrs. GATTI), the
Adelphians, or, as friend WAGG would neces-
sarily call them, the "Fill-adelphi-uns,"
have a stirring Life-boat Scene in Messrs.
SCOTT and THOMAS's drama *The Swordsman's
Daughter*. Where there are so many rapiers
flashing—not one of them pointless—the piece
might have suffered from cutting. As it is,
the display of fence is most exciting. Mr.
TERRISS the swordsman, Miss MILLWARD his
daughter, are excellent; and this is true of
the entire performance. As for Mr. ABINGDON,
he is becoming a greater villain in every play
of his life. He'll end by being hung in the
Royal Academy. Of course, first of all, he
will have to be "taken from life" by the
hand of some distinguished painter.

POT-LUCK.—A sportsman named Mr. ALLAN
GILMOUR, junior, has been credited with re-
cently shooting "the first specimen of the
solitary snipe" that had been seen in England.
Writing to a Scotch paper, he says, "As
snipe-shooting has been my favourite sport
for the last twenty-eight years, during which
time I have killed over 4,000 snipe without
ever getting a shot at a 'solitary,' I am
naturally very pleased."

For years he'd hunted all in vain,
But when the time was ripe,
His fortune changed—he really bagged
A solitary snipe.

There are who find their chiefest joy
A friend, a feast, a pipe;
But Mr. GILMOUR's heaven is here—
A solitary snipe.

O PETER MAGNUS * GILMOUR, we
Must tears of envy wipe
That you can count it bliss to pot
A solitary snipe!

* "It is calculated to cause them the highest
gratification," said Mr. Pickwick, rather enjoying
the ease with which Mr. Peter Magnus's friends
were amused."



“LA GLOIRE!”

FRENCH SOLDIER. “I SUFFER—I DIE! NO MATTER!—OUR VICTORY WILL ANNOY JOHN BULL!” (*Vide French Press.*)

“What the French have to consider is the balance of advantages for France, not the balance of disadvantages for England.”—*Times*, Oct. 9.



WANTED, A REPORTEE.

"PLEASE, SIR, GIVE ME A PENNY!"
 "YOU SHOULDN'T BEG, MY BOY. WHY SHOULD I GIVE YOU MY MONEY ANY MORE THAN YOU SHOULD GIVE ME YOURS?"
 "I AIN'T GOT NO MONEY, AND YOU 'AVE!"
 "AH, BUT SUPPOSE YOU'D GOT A PENNY AND I HADN'T!"
 "THEN I'D GIVE MINE TO YOU!"

CABBY OR, REMINISCENCES OF THE RANK AND THE ROAD.

(By "Hansom Jack.")

NO. VIII.—MORE HARMONY—BUSTER'S LATEST—"HI! FOUR-WHEELER!"—A CAB'S A CAB FOR ALL THAT.

"HARMONY Hall," or the "Hullaboo Brothers," as chippers will call us when chaffy or teasy,
 Was O. K. last night. Missis CHUFFING 'ad given a tittivate-up to our own Free-and-Easy.
 CHUFFING 's the Bung, and 'is wife is a wonder; a sort of a woman as straight as they make 'em.
 Yet jolly as June. They 're the helpmeets for men; and my tip is whenever you find 'em you take 'em!

Bless 'er blue ribbings! She beams like a sunflower in a back yard to a chap lyin' seedy,
 Women like 'er is the sunshine of life, and make up for the swarms as are grubby and greedy.
 Touched up our room for Benevolence Night till the sandy-floored back parlour warmed our old noses.
 Wonderful wot female fingers can do with a green branch or two and a few paper roses.

"BARNEY THE BARD" 'ad been "Wooin' the Moooses" agen—so 'e put it—and faked up some patter
 For our "Extry-Speshul," and, set to a tune free and fetchin', it went with a good clitter-clatter.
 I 'ad to pipe it this time, and I tell you I 'd stood lots o' chipping from chums, and lost fares, too,
 Whilst mugging the words on my box at odd moments, to be "letter-puffeck" as all our chaps cares to.

"You do break down," says B. B., "and I'll bash you!" The smart "little miah," five foot nix in 'is 'igh-lows,

Emagines 'isself quite a small pocket-Samson, and swears 'e 'as got knotty muscles, "like MILO's."
 "MILO?" sez I; "no, nor yet a arf-MILO!" "Oh, cheese it," sez BUSTER. "Don't show you 've no knowledge."
 BUSTER 's a bit of a scholar, no doubt, and 'e swears—when well on—that 'e once went to College.

Anyhow, 'e 's a good sort, and can patter. 'E gave the poor Growler a look-in this journey,
 Seein' as how our whip-round was for one, and B. B. is as wide-oh as WICKS, our attorney.
 Old BUNGO, our chairman, called on me. I rose, and got such a reception, a regular squealer.
 And soon as the loud sisserary was over, I tipped 'em, *kon bryo*, the BUSTER's "Four-wheeler!"

HI! FOUR-WHEELER!!

"Hansom up!" may be the cry when the day is fine and dry,
 But wait till it comes night, and a fair drencher.
 Then they lead me a rare dance, and don't give me arf a chance,
 Of a dossa, a peck, a pipe, or modest quencher.
 Then through dark, and frost, and wet, there 's another cry, you bet,
 From the mouth of shiverin' swell, or shoutin' Peeler.
 Toffy dames drag cloak and skirt round damp hankles from the dirt,
 As they shrink from the chill wind, and the shower's sputtery squirt,
 And the cry is then—*Four-wheeler! Hi!! Four-wheeler!!!*

Ah, it 's all pertikler well for smart beauty and 'er swell,

When a-toolin' to the concert or theatyer,
 Up the Forder's step to trip, and into the 'Ansom skip,
 Like a fawn or other nimble, slim-shank'd craytur.
 But returnin' through thick fog, or a roadway like a bog,
 When the 'Ansoms turn deaf hears to the swell squealah;
 When a friend or two turns hup, and they arsk 'em 'ome to sup,
 Then a very 'umble phiz wears the supersillyass pup
 As 'e bellers hout—*Four-wheelah! Hi!! Four-wheelah!!!*

Yus! I 'm only "Grumpy GAPES," with my arf-a-dozen capes,
 And my stickin'-plaster 'at and mulberry boko
 (That 's pine-happle rum, they blether, 'lowing nothink for the weather),
 And I 'ave to give my poor old crock hot toko,
 Just to myke 'er break 'er trot, when the toffs put on the pot
 (Then they bully me and say they 'll call the Peeler).
 But so 'elp me JIMMY JONES, tho' I 'm stiff in my old bones,
 There are times when swells appeal to me in most perthetick tones,
 And bleat out a sad—*Four-wheeler! Hi!! Four-wheeler!!!*

Then there 's 'orty Mistress BROWN, when she 's goin' out o' town,
 With five kiddies, and a arf-a-ton o' boxes;
 Wot 's the use, I arsk you, Sir, of a "Shrewsbury" to 'er?
 These yer middle-clarrs mammas are sly as foxes.
 Know the distance to a hinch, and will 'aggle, bate, and pinch,
 With the sharpness of a 'Ebrew ole clo-dealer.
 They are wuss than mean old codgers, some old female Artful Dodgers,
 And I 'd sooner 'ear the ghost of Missis JACKERMETTY PRODGERS
 Callin' hout to me—*Four-wheeler! Hi!! Four-wheeler!!!*

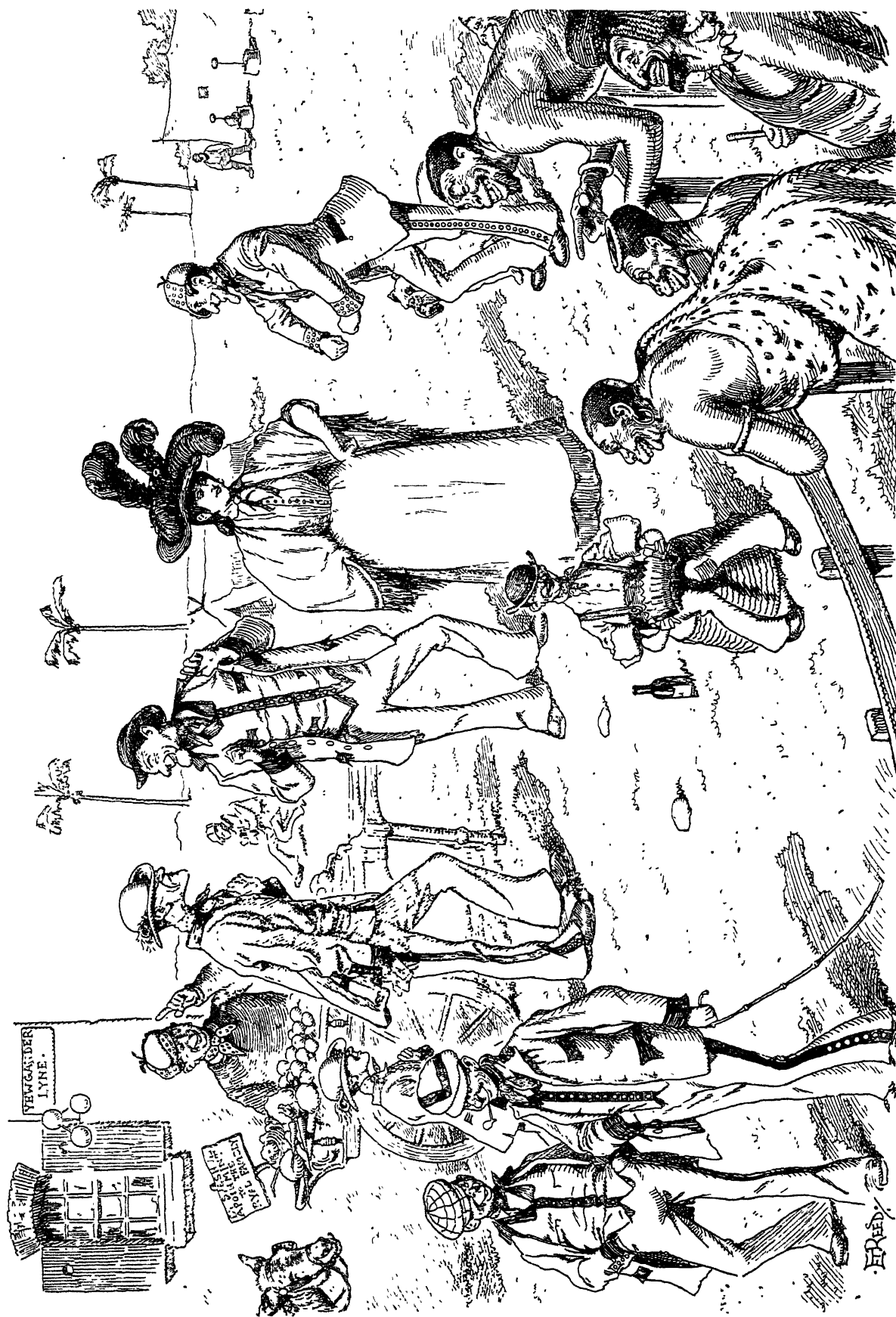
Then a little lot of gents, wot 'as met with "hac-ci-dents"
 (In the matter of a trifle too much "tiddle"),
 Who tune up like hanything, though whene'er they try to sing
 They will mix up "*Tarblow Fwong*," with "*Bob Ridley*."
 Hah! "There 's a picture for yer!" 'Ow they waste yer time and
 Then mix theirselves up, reglar 'ead-and-'eeler! [bore yer,
 'Ansom cab for them? Oh, no! They want room to *sprawl*, and so,
 Though, when sober, they 'd cock snook at me as fusty and too slow,
 When bosky, 'tis—*Four-wheeler! Hi!! Four-wheeler!!!*

Yah! Though every cad and 'owler sniffs at me and calls me Growler,
 I 'm the old original, usef'ul 'ackney carriage.
 I 'm a "Clarence." That 's my style, though the ignerant my smile,
 And at outin', sick case, funeral or marriage,
 I lick the 'Ansom wholly, and knock out the cabrioley.
 Yus! I feel the touch of Time, that pleasure-stealer.
 But old Grumpy GAPES, you bet, braves the frost, and fog, and wet,
 And whilst luggage and bad weather lasts, for many a long day yet,
 London's cry will be—*Four-wheeler! Hi!! Four-wheeler!!!*

"*Four-wheeler!*" went down well as "*Hansom Up!*" Yessir!
 When Harmony's on and Benevolence guides it,
 A Growler's a cab, just the same as a Forder, and 'e aint no
 "Cabby," true grit, as derides it.
 Cape Clubs and Rug Clubs is all very proper, and so is your Sick
 Fund and Friendly Society,
 But a friendly whip-round, with a sing-song worked in, and no
 swagger or fuss, is my favrit variety.

"A BIG, BIG 'D.'"—The *Times* of last Thursday reports that a scheme was submitted to the Chester Town Council "*for damming the river Dee*." The scheme was approved of, and the Council cried, as in chorus, "*Dee-cidedly! Dam the Dee!*" *Minute*.—That the Dee be damm'd accordingly.

DR. PARKER'S RESPECTFUL FEW WORDS TO THE POPE.—"*Parker Verba*."



SCENES AT THE UGANDA EXHIBITION OF 1900.

No. II.—The "Coster" Village was a never-failing source of amusement to the visitors!

ROUNABOUT READINGS.

I AM at Davos. Be careful about the pronunciation: put the accent broadly on the second syllable, and you have it. With me, if I may say so, it is a case of *Davos non vobis*, for I have come here not for my own health, but to act as travelling-companion to one of the best fellows in the world, who seeks health and strength in this quiet and beautiful valley. God be with him, and with all his fellow-sufferers here. Here are some notes taken on the way.

Hall of the Grosvenor Hotel, 10.30 A.M.—A mixed crowd of anxious French and English people; a sprinkling of Americans. Desperate inquiries from an elderly French lady for her box. A moment ago the box was visible, a monumental box peacefully reposing near the door. Now it has vanished. Is the box to be added to the questions pending between France and England? No; it is found—on a truck. The French Ambassador may rest in peace. On a sofa reclines a magnificent Arab, tall, stately, bronzed, aquiline, robed in a waving burnous and a turban of dazzling white. How he casts our puny, ditto-suited, cloth-capped civilisation into the shade. An almost irresistible impulse comes over me to change my ticket, break every tie and make a dash with him for his native desert, to live a free and untrammelled life, to head a successful insurrection against the French oppressor, to be laid after death in a splendid tomb with a cupola amidst the lamentations of thousands of lithe and dusky warriors.

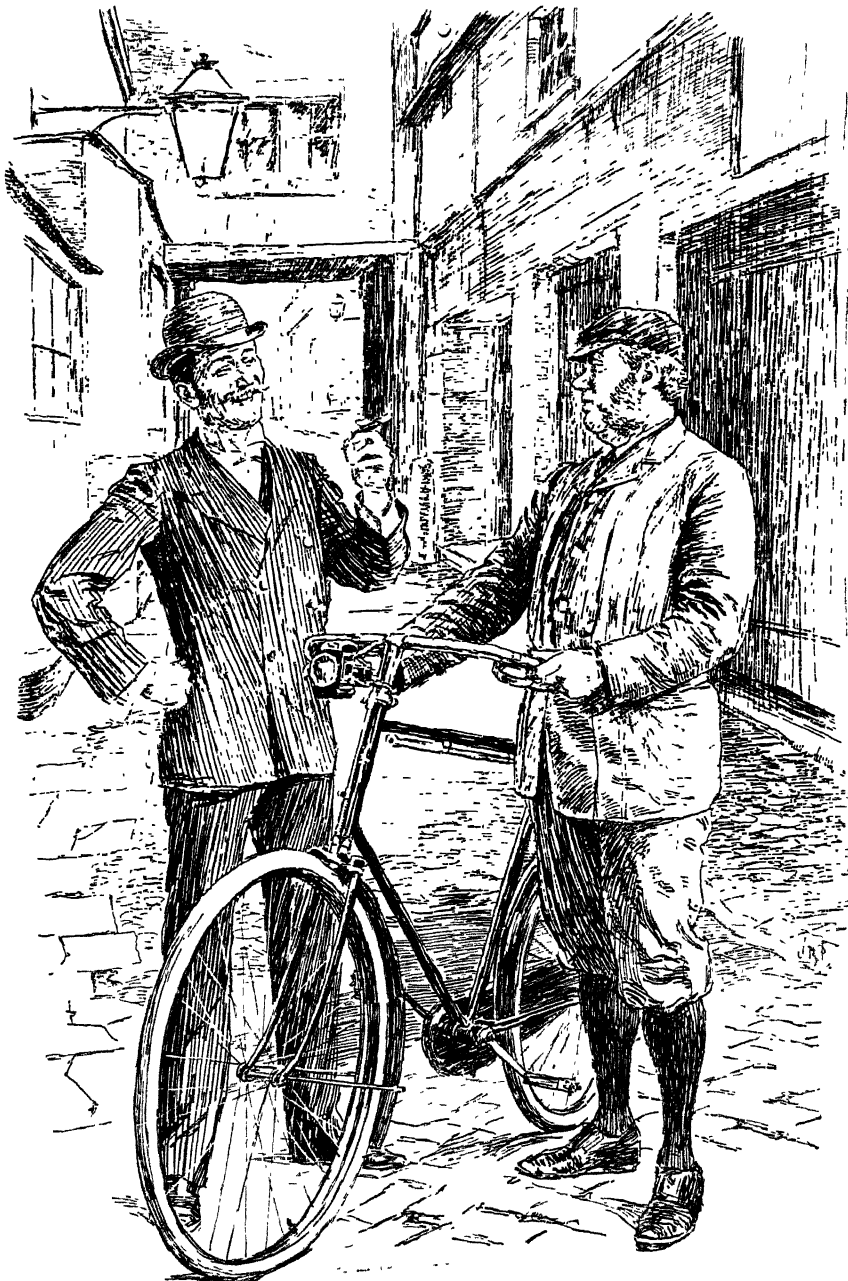
11 A.M.—We are off; handshakings, wavings of handkerchiefs. Still dreaming of Algeria, I am recalled to actuality by a stoppage at Herne Hill.

Calais.—The home of the *demi-poulet*, not forgetting the *flageolet*. Perpetual entrances of imperturbable officials with chorus "*Les voyageurs pour . . .*" Consequent series of shocks inimical to quiet eating. At last our turn comes. Each of us has bagged a *demi-poulet* in record time. Why all this hurry? At any rate we are off.

Laon, 7 P.M.—Dinner. English traveller wants whisky. "*Avez vous du visky?*" Lady of restaurant shakes her head. "*Visky Ecossais. Eau de vie Ecossais.*" A brilliant inspiration, but the landlady, protesting she can supply *eau de vie*, denies all knowledge of the Scotch variety. "Perhaps," says a helpful old lady, an English fellow-traveller, looking at the tariff-board on which the word "*rhum*" figures, "perhaps they call it 'room.'" Suggestion received with enthusiasm: "*Avez vous du room?*" Enter guard: "*Les voyageurs pour Bâle.*" Only just time to pay. Off we go again.

Bâle, 5.30 A.M.—Train stops: consultation of watches. Can't be Bâle: not due till 6.30. Another hour for sleep; turn over, when door opens suddenly and an alarmed Swiss porter ejaculates "*Mais descendez donc, Monsieur, le drain fu bartin.*" Out we go: the sky becomes dark with hats, sticks, wraps, handbags. Have we got everything? Yes—no—where is my waistcoat? Quite forgot I had discarded it at night: it contains watch, money, everything. Approach of beaming porter carrying waistcoat like a banner. Transference of silver from self to porter. He beams more and more. Unduly early arrival explained by fact that we are now under Central European time. Breakfast.

At Bâle I purchase the Paris *Temps* of to-day's date. An article on the Swiss Referendum. At last I am at close quarters with the Referendum. Question for decision was, is the sale of matches to be a State monopoly? The Swiss voter has said no by an overwhelm-



Middle-aged Novice. "I'M JUST OFF FOR A TOUR IN THE COUNTRY—'BIKING' ALL THE WAY. IT'LL BE FOUR WEEKS BEFORE I'M BACK IN MY FLAT AGAIN."

Candid Friend. "AH! BET IT WON'T BE FOUR HOURS BEFORE YOU'RE FLAT ON YOUR BACK AGAIN!"

ing majority. The *Temps*, analysing results, sees in this "a victory of the individualist spirit, and of French tradition over the German spirit instilled in the universities of Zurich, Berne, and Bâle, or brought home by Swiss writers and politicians who have studied in Germany itself." Sedan is avenged. It appears, too, that the Swiss voter is getting bored with Referendums. He has had too many of them, and on this occasion barely half of him recorded his vote. Merry Swiss voter, awaking on a Sunday morning, inquires of his merry Swiss wife, "Any voting to-day, my dear?" "Only those silly matches," replies M. S. W. "Oh, drat they matches," says merry Swiss voter (or words to that effect). "I'm not going to trouble about that," and turns over to sleep again.

Anyhow, matches are not to be a State monopoly. Long live the Referendum!

On the way to Landquart.—Sudden alarm of my companion. He clutches my arm, and points to the roof of railway carriage, saying, in an awe-struck voice, "What does that mean; why do they put that word there?" Following with my eyes the direction of his finger, I notice white dial, with moveable hand, let into roof. Plainly painted in bold letters on one side of the dial is the word "hell." On the other side, however, I see the German word "dunkel," which, of course, makes things clear. Quite natural, though, that apparatus for turning light up and down should, at first sight, be mistaken for a Salvation Army warning.

Landquart, 1.16 P.M.—Lunch. Here the toy

railway to Davos begins. We have still more than 3000 feet to climb before reaching our destination. Obtain beautifully-coloured little pamphlet with map. Learn that we are about to travel on "highest adhesion railway in Europe." Prepare ourselves to be as adhesive as possible by taking in immense amount of ballast in the shape of lunch. On consulting map, presumably drawn to scale, find that Davos is at least five times the size of London, which figures minutely in upper left-hand corner. This is delightful. Delight, however, dashed by observing that the distance from Landquart to Davos is nearly three times as great as from London to Bâle. Still, after the shock of finding ourselves under Central European time, we are prepared for most things. At last the little toy engine puffs violently, metaphorically takes off its coat, and, like *Mr. Snodgrass*, announces in a very loud tone that it is going to begin. We start! Hurrah, we adhere!!

Up, up, and still up we climb, hanging on here and there by our eyebrows to mountain precipices, and peering down into chasms on the other side. Still we adhere and the gallant little engine puffs away like mad. Amiable Swiss guard takes a paternal pride in it, in the train, in the scenery, and (after usual transference of silver) in us. Have we ever been at Davos before? No? In that case, it appears, we must prepare for pleasures before which the overrated amusements of Paris and Vienna pale and dwindle. Davos at last.

Davos.—Wonderfully hearty reception at the *Hôtel d'Angleterre*. Mr. DEMMER smiles, Mrs. DEMMER smiles, the boots, the waitress, the housemaid all smile. We smile, too, and find everything prepared in rooms of the most brilliant cleanness: dinner, and so to bed.

Conversation in Davos is of great simplicity. We are all either invalids or the friends of invalids. At first hearing it would appear as if a gigantic ball, at which nobody danced, was perpetually taking place. "Have you been sitting out much to-day?" "Yes, I sat out nine hours." "Ah, I only managed to get in seven," &c., &c. For the pure and perfect air is the main element of the cure at Davos, and in nearly all weathers the invalids are on the verandahs drawing in these draughts of new life and vigour.

On the following morning I stroll. Remember that, curiously enough, I haven't seen a single soldier since I arrived in Switzerland. Here, however, is a photographic group of non-commissioned officers of the Davos section of some infantry regiment. All their implements of warfare are drawn, a martial defiance gleams from every eye. In the centre of the group two of the most warlike cross their protecting swords in front of a tall lady, allegorically attired in cloak and scale-armour to represent *Helvetia*. I immediately abandon contemplated invasion and annexation of Switzerland.

A band is playing under an arcade of glass in front of the *Kurhaus*. They play really admirably—as good a band, as I have heard for a long time. But they are all, to a flute, dressed in black frock-coats, tightly buttoned, and black top-hats, for all the world like a provincial British municipality out for a holiday. Everything, save for the band, is wonderfully peaceful. A few cows browse in the valley, their pleasant bells drowsily tinkling. The surrounding mountains have donned their white crowns in our honour: the snowy, silent peaks glitter in the brilliant sun. In front of our hotel a retriever puppy, with an imperfect control over his paws, engages in a romp with a little white dog. He bowls over the little white dog, and, before he has quite recovered from the shock, bowls him over again. This is too much for the white dog's dignity: he bites the retriever violently in a tender part of the back. Woe, woe, the game is over, and the puppy flies homeward. In the afternoon the colony sits out again; it sits out finally after dinner. And so the quiet days proceed, for the time of toboggans and skates is not yet. It is a peaceful, a delightful spot, and on every hand are to be met hale and hearty folk who drifted hither, derelict wrecks, to be towed into haven and made sound for many a voyage. The tales of complete cures vary the conversational record of hours of sitting out. St. Luke, the good physician, is the patron saint of the little English Church here, and might well be the patron saint of Davos itself.

A COUNCIL OF WAR.—The pugnacity which tradition tells us was the chief characteristic of the Kilkenny Cat Conferences finds a parallel in a recent meeting of Aberdare District Councillors, at which, among other compliments, such as members bluntly accusing each other of falsehood, the chairman advised a counsellor to go to the — gentleman whose name is usually omitted in polite converse. The seconder of a motion proposed by a Justice of the Peace, had the following remarkable and withering invective hurled at him from the chair: "You know nothing about it, Mr. GEORGE knows but little, and you know less," while another counsellor observed, "I should show at least that I had a little brains." This gentleman is to be congratulated upon his consciousness of superior cerebral strength, and if the council possesses but "little brains" this deficiency is amply supplied by a corresponding wealth of choler and a copious flow of wrathful language.

"BONNIE DUNDEE."

THERE was something exceedingly pretty in the doings at Dundee the other day when the burghers assembled to do honour to their old Member Mr. ARMITSTEAD. In the Parliament of 1880-5 Mr. ARMITSTEAD's commanding presence was a familiar and welcome feature. Since then, having piloted Mr. GLADSTONE in successive



Bonnie Dun-dee!

journeys about the continent, his personality has obtained a wider field of recognition. When, at Biarritz and elsewhere, the population, tracking Mr. GLADSTONE, came upon this tall, straight figure, with flowing beard and kindly honest eyes, they thought he must be the Grand Old Man of whom they had heard so much. They, it is said, cheered him accordingly, leaving Mr. GLADSTONE free

from embarrassing attention. That is probably a fable. Certainly, in Dundee, where Mr. ARMITSTEAD lived and worked for forty years, there is no chance of his being mistaken for any other G. O. M. Having retired from public life, Dundee wanted to have a portrait of its most honoured citizen. That was very nice, but as acceptance of the suggestion would have involved his presence at the installation of the portrait, and the making of a speech in response to all the kind things said, Mr. ARMITSTEAD modestly shrank from the ordeal. But he managed, after all, to gratify Dundee. He sat for his portrait at his own expense, gave it to the city, and, represented to the life on canvas, felt at liberty to absent himself from the public meeting at which the Lord Provost accepted the picture on behalf of Dundee. Thus beyond the timorous Tweed do Merit and Modesty dwell together.

QUITE CORRECT.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—In your number of Oct. 5, "AN INCONSTANT TRAVELLER" quotes *Mrs. Malaprop* as saying "Caparisons are odorous." Perhaps it may interest him to know that the quotation correctly reads thus:—

"*Mrs. Malaprop*. No caparisons, Miss, if you please. Caparisons don't become a young woman."—*The Rivals*, Act IV., Sc. 2.

"Comparisons are odorous," occurs in *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act III., Sc. 5. Yours, HETTIE SETTERER.

P.S. Enclosed advertisement is from the *Willesden Chronicle*:—
YOUNG person, 23, short, dark, strict disciplinarian, wishes to correspond with gentleman between 40 and 50, with view to matrimony.

What a "strict disciplinarian" to begin in this way. And after?

A BACHELOR "BOWL'D."—What with many a "maiden o'er" and the taking of three hundred wickets in first-class matches, TOM RICHARDSON is *facile princeps* in the bowling averages of the past cricket season. Now he has "made a match" on the Matrimonial Ground, and among the numerous presents received upon the auspicious occasion that which, perhaps, is of most interest to the "fastest trundler" takes the shape of a magnificent piano, the gift of a "syndicate" of admiring friends. His favourite tune on a winter evening will, of course, be "*Tom Bowling*"; and what more appropriate, after some stirring anecdote relating to the "hat-trick," than a spirited "*Bolero*"? Then, too, music descriptive of a "leg-bye" may surely be found among PAD-BREWSTER's compositions. By the way, the Christian name of THOMAS, as shared by LOATES, RICHARDSON, and MORRIS, stands high in the annals of contemporary sport.

One strides the racing saddle and exels upon the flat,
Another proves his power, with the leather, o'er the bat,
A third is lion of the links—the Golfer's ecstasy
Thus "TOMMY" trebly triumphs in serene supremacy

"ATHELSTONE THE UNREADY."—Note from Dr. Brewer's *Reader's Handbook*: "'Unready' does not mean 'unprepared,' but 'injudicious.'" Almost everybody is angry with him. Bull-baiting is nothing to the new game of Riling RILEY, the Injudicious One! So chorus, gentlemen of the School Board, if you please, and take the air from the composer of "*Ballyhooly*,"—

Is that Mr. RILEY?	It is Mr. RILEY!
Our ATHELSTAN RILEY?	He does nothing stily,
Is that Mr. RILEY who rings the Church bell?	And yet doesn't do it remarkably well.

COVENT WINTER GARDEN.—Opera Wagnerensia in full bloom, Consule Druriolano, Magistro Lorinerio, Equite. Sir DRURIOLANUS must introduce a dance of Love-lorn Loriners.

WINTER COVENT GARDEN OPERATIC NOTES.

SIR AUGUSTUS ANGLO-OPERATICUS has done well at Covent Garden, and will probably go one better. To Miss ALICE ESTY, as *Elsa*, in *Lohengrin*, we say "*Esty perpetua*." All are good: and the houses



have been apparently as good as the company. A season of German-French-Italian Opera in English is a risky venture for a winter season; still, if successful, and at popular prices, there is in it good promise for the future. The conductors are Messrs. FELD, HENSCHEL, GLOVER, and Mr. C. HEDMOND, which sounds like an English rendering of *Tête Monté*. A *Tête Monté* can carry many a project through triumphantly where a *Tête moins Monté* would fail.

Tuesday.—Excellent *Faust*. Mr. PHILIP BROZEL, first time in English, decidedly good. Sir DRURIOLANUS thought the old opera "wanted a fillip," and so gave us PHILIP BROZEL, KATE LEE a capital nurse, and FANNY MOODY a delightful *Marguerite*. OLITZKA a pleasing *Siebel*, and conductor GLOVER, as his name implies, keeping all hands well employed,

and ready to give fits to any hand that might be "difficult." The remainder of the week "going strong."

In the interests of English opera, or rather of opera in English, we wish DRURIOLANUS COVENT GARDENSIS OPERATICUS, with *Messieurs Tête Monté et Cie.*, every possible success.

THE AMNESIA BACILLUS.

It was an alarming state of affairs. The first indications of the new epidemic were noticed in the autumn of 1895. A lady who mislaid her identity at Brighton, and failed to recover it for a whole week, had the doubtful distinction of being the initial case. Her example was very shortly after followed by a servant-girl who "lost her memory" at Three Bridges Railway Station. Not being properly labelled, there was naturally some delay before she was returned to her supperless and sorrowing mistress. Then the plague spread.

Among the first to suffer were the numerous class of persons who had been so unfortunate as to borrow money. The simple operation of transferring a half-crown or a fiver seemed to carry contagion with it. From the instant that the fatal coin was in the palm of the innocent and unsuspecting borrower, all recollection of his previous personality vanished. The unhappy victim had no resource but to start life afresh as he best could, with new struggles to face, new lenders thus to victimise him—and new capital (a paltry equivalent!) wherewith to mourn his hopeless loss of memory. It was observed that these sufferers were subject to recurrent attacks of the *amnesia bacillus*. Some scientific alienists went so far as to maintain that the complaint was no new one, but had been prevalent, in a more or less virulent form, ever since the first leather coinage was invented.

The Woman with a Past was the next to succumb. She was not quite so much *en évidence* as in the two or three previous years; still, a considerable number of her carried on a contented, if obscure and occasionally chequered, existence. She only rarely imitated the *Second Mrs. Tanqueray* in putting a violent end to her career. Then all at once she, too, caught the disease. All the romance fled out of her life, all the deep insight into masculine character, all the love-souvenirs, so interesting to herself—and to her female acquaintances. (They did not forget any of these entertaining details, however.) But as far as she was concerned, her Past completely vanished, and, poor thing, like the half-crown borrower, she had to begin all over again. It was weary work, converting her future into a Past, or series of Pasts, and if she frequently failed in her task, we must put it down to the deadly and character-destroying bacillus.

Then the New Women took it severely, and quite forgot themselves. However, they have been so completely advertised and satirised of late, that there is no necessity to describe the symptoms of this class of patient any further. We might add, though, that in some cases the *sequelæ* of the complaint aged the subject by ten or twenty years.

It was distressing to note that even the respected occupants of the Bench did not invariably escape; but they received the infection in a mild form. They fairly well managed to retain their dignity and personality, but they could not remember the names of such common objects as an "oof-bird," or the meaning of so familiar a term as "going tommy-dodd." This was inconvenient, as it necessitated the employment of rookney interpreters.

It was a case of "dunno 'oo they are" with a good many other individuals and sections of the community.

One reverend gentleman had it badly, and turned litigant on the spot. Quite oblivious of his sacerdotal functions and character, he imagined that he would be a public benefactor if he went about suing unoffending 'busses for obstructing a minute portion of their window-lights with advertisements and notice-boards. This amused the public at first, but after a while he was voted a nuisance and a bore. Then the Salvationists caught the bacillus *en bloc*. One and all they thought they were musicians, and, as such, entitled to make Sunday a Day of Riot.

Amongst other unfortunate specimens of humanity were the shop-lifters, who fancied they were shop-walkers; the burglars, who habitually mistook their home address; the quarterly tenants, who, on the other hand, forgot to remain at home at periodical intervals; and our old friend 'ARRY, who forgot his manners and his h's.

The list of victims might be indefinitely extended. Once it was thought that they were responsible for their actions; but now, thanks to the progress of medical science, the *amnesia bacillus* has been identified. It only remains for a new PASTEUR to invent some counteracting microbe.

CRAZY TALES.

THE DUCHESS OF POMPOSET was writhing, poor thing, on the horns of a dilemma. Painful position, very. She was the greatest of great ladies, full of fire and fashion, and with a purple blush (she was born that colour) flung bangly arms round the neck of her lord and master. The unfortunate man was a shocking sufferer, having a bad unearned increment, and enduring constant pain on account of his back being broader than his views.

"POMPOSET," she cried, resolutely. "Duky darling!"

(When first married she had ventured to apostrophise him as "ducky," but His Grace thought it *infra dig.*, and they compromised by omitting the vulgar "c.")

"Duky," she said, raising pale distinguished eyes to a Chippendale mirror, "I have made up my mind."

"Don't," expostulated the trembling peer.

"You are so rash!"

"What is more, I have made up yours."

"To make up the mind of an English duke," he remarked, with dignity, "requires no ordinary intellect; yet I believe with your feminine hydraulics you are capable of anything, JANE."

(That this aristocratic rib of His rib should have been named plain JANE was a chronic sorrow.)

"Don't keep me in suspense," he continued; "in fact, to descend to a colloquialism, I insist on Your Grace letting the cat out of the bag with the least possible delay."

"As you will," she replied. "Your blood be on your own coronet. Prepare for a shock—a revelation. I have fallen! Not once—but many times."

"Wretched woman!—I beg pardon!—wretched Grande Dame! call upon DEBBERT to cover you!"

"I am madly in love with—"

"By my taffeta and ermine, I swear—"

"Peace, peace!" said JANE. "Compose yourself, ducky—that is PLANTAGENET. Forgive the slip. I am agitated. My mind runs on slips."

The Duke groaned.

"Horrid, awful slips!"

With a countenance of alabaster he tore at his sandy top-knot.

"I have deceived you. I admit it. Stooped to folly."

A supercilious cry rent the air as the Duke staggered on his patrician limbs.

With womanly impulse—flinging caste to the winds—JANE caught the majestic form to her palpitating alpaca, and, watering his beloved features with Duchessey drops, cried in passionate accents, "My King! My Sensitive Plant! Heavens! It's his unlucky back! Be calm, PLANTAGENET. I have—been—learning—to—bike! There! On the sly!"

The Duke flapped a reviving toe, and squeezed the august fingers.

"I am madly enamoured of—my machine."

The peer smoothed a ruffled top-knot with ineffable grace.

"Likewise am determined you shall take lessons. Now it is no use, ducky. I mean to be tender but firm with you."

The Potentate gave a stertorous chortle, and, stretching out his arms, fell in a strawberry-leaf swoon on the parquet floor, his dual head on the lap of his adored JANE.



"HAPPY THOUGHT."—*Mem. (from note-book of careless man).* When nothing else to do, wind up my watch. It saves time.



TRAFALGAR'S TEACHING.

Nelson (receiving the wreath, October 21, ninetieth anniversary of Battle of Trafalgar). "THANKS! BUT YOUR DUTY TO-DAY IS TO SEE YOU HAVE PLENTY OF SHIPS, AND LOTS OF MEN TO FIGHT THEM!"

SCRAPS FROM CHAPS.

MOUNT THE BUTTER-TUB!—Irish butter is on its trial, it seems. It has managed to get a bad name, because some of the makers or dealers become so attached to it they won't part with it for a month or so after it is churned—and when they do part with it they pretend it's new. So the trustees of the Cork butter market suggest a "date-brand" as a means of restoring the damaged reputation of the Hibernian cow. It is quite obvious that if butter is to keep, it mustn't be kept—which sounds like a bull, but it's true. Now is the time for Irish patriots to come to the rescue of their firkins—to form a "Brand League" if necessary—and prevent the produce of Irish dairies being evicted from the markets of England.

WHY SHOULD GLASGOW WAIT?—The average time taken by a telegram to get from Glasgow to London, or *vice versa*, is twenty-nine minutes, and the cry of the Glasgow Chamber of Commerce, in consequence, is "More wires!" The Chamber does not mind if they are overhead wires; all it objects to is, overdue wires. There has been a railway race to the north; but a telegraph race seems still more wanted just now. And the worst of it is that the lordly Stock-Exchange folk are specially provided with a wire that sends their telegrams



JUMPING POWDER.

(Mr. Twentystun having a Nip on his way to Covert.)

Small Boy. "OH MY, BILLY, 'ERE'S A HEIGHTY-TON GUN A CHARGIN' OF 'ISSELF AFORE GOIN' INTO HACTION!"

in five minutes. *Punch's* advice to the Chamber of Commerce is—"wire in!"

BUMBLEDOM AND BRISTLES.—A strike of barbers has occurred at the Cork workhouse; no inmate cares to undertake the duty at the pay of one shilling a week; and the guardians are thinking of getting in outdoor relief for the chins of their paupers. Why not an "Irish Melody," to this effect?—

The barbers have struck, farewell to the shave,
And the rate-supplied soap on the cheek of the brave.

A MAGNIFICENT OPPORTUNITY.—The enormous hotel, the neighbour and, it may be, the friendly rival of the Savoy Hotel *à la Carte*,—for friendship in opposition is possible though improbable,—is almost completed; but apparently it is still "a deed without a name." What is it to be called? The board, not of directors, but of advertisement outside, says, "*This Magnificent Hotel*," &c., &c. Well, gentlemen proprietors, why not take this description as the title? It does not look bad in French, "*L'Hôtel Magnifique*." And in plain English "*The Magnificent*" is a striking title, which can become popular as "*The Mag.*" Mr. *Punch*, as General Hotel Inspector and Universal Board Adviser, offers the above suggestion.

"FINIS."

(By an Old-fashioned Novel-reader.)

OH! when we finished a tale of old,
The thing was through, and the story to'd.
But when we shut up a tale that's "New,"
There's little told, and there's nothing "through."

With neither beginning, middle, nor end,
We do not part with the book as a friend.
Finis! The word seems ironical sport,
It is not finished, but snapt off short,
Like the poor maid's nose by the blackbird's beak

In the "*Song of Sirpence*." That tale was weak,
Ending in nought, like an alley blind.
But our story-spinners appear to find
Their moral there. Their tales don't close,
But break off short—like the poor maid's nose!

Ah me! for a few of the fine old chaps
Who gave us meals, not mere dishes of scraps!

"POST OBIT."—The *Sheffield Daily Telegraph* announces that the first piece of patronage in the district which has fallen to the new Postmaster-General is now being competed for. It is that of medical officer to the local post-office. Our contemporary announces that the applications, which are said to be very numerous, have all gone in. It is generally understood that the gentleman ultimately selected to undertake the duties of the post will not necessarily be connected with the Dead Letter Department.

A CLERICAL MISTAKE.

(Fragment of a Romance found shortly after the holding of the recent Clerical Meetings.)

"You are most kind," said the guest, getting down from the dogcart and assisting the retainer to carry his portmanteau into the house.

"Not at all," was the reply. "If you are so good as to wait a moment, I will take the vehicle round to the stables and then show you your room."

The guest bowed his head gratefully, and yet with some embarrassment. Who was this retainer? He seemed to be a man of education, and yet—He had no time for further thought, as the subject of his meditations returned to him.

"I was as speedy as possible," said he; "as I knew you would like to dress. The rector dines rather early, and is sure to be punctual to-night. This way."

And then the two young men marched up the staircase, and entered together the spare room.

"There!" exclaimed the retainer, as he finished laying out the contents of the guest's portmanteau. "Now all you have to do is to look sharp and get down into the drawing-room, before the arrival of the bishop. I shall try and snatch a few moments' doze, as I have been busy from the early morning."

"I really cannot sufficiently thank you," said the guest, hunting in his waistcoat pocket for a shilling. "But if you will allow me—"

"Oh, no thank you," interrupted the re-

tainer, with a slight blush. "I really do not require a tip."

"But surely, from your multitudinous duties, you must be the butler?"

Then came the solution to the mystery. "Oh dear no! I am not the butler! I am only the curate!"

A NEW SWAN SONG.

[Miss ANNIE SWAN says—"What appears to be required is, that the wife should have something of her own, given to her freely by her husband for her own use and benefit, absolutely apart from other moneys, that she should spend it as she chooses."]

Oh! give me something of my own,
In which Man has no part;
Which I may hoard, or spend, or loan,
And it shall ease my heart.
And if you ask me whence 'twill come,
And what will be my plan,
I answer that that private sum
Should come—of course—from Man!
I'll grab it quick, I'll hold it tight,
That welcome L. S. D.,
Concerning which Man's only right
Is—just to give it Me!

PROBABLE.—New edition of "*Cornelius Nepos*," with notes by Lord HALSBURY, assisted by Mr. HARDINGE FRANK GIFFARD, *Sec. Comm. Lun.*

PROVERBIAL CONSERVATIVE PHILOSOPHY.—Sow Local Government in Ireland and it will come up Home Rule.

COLLAR WORK"; OR, THE UNAPPRECIATED ENTERTAINER.

SCENE—The after-deck of an excursion-steamer, which is on its return to Scarborough from Bridlington, where the excursionists have employed a shining hour in laying in copious luncheons at various restaurants and eating-houses. Owing to the tide, they have had to land and re-embark in small boats through a rather choppy bit of sea, the consequence being that the majority of the party—though not indisposed—are inclined to prefer meditation to moving about, probably on the principle of "letting sleeping dogs lie." After Flamborough Head has been rounded, a young man in a frock coat and a cloth cap, who has hitherto been regarded as perfectly inoffensive, suddenly brings out a pair of plush-covered tables from behind the funnel, and reveals himself in the unwelcome character of a professional conjuror.

The Young Man (clearing his throat and pointedly addressing a group of torpid tourists on the centre seats). Ladies and gentlemen, with your very kind permission, I will now endeavour to amuse you by exhibiting a few simple feats of ledger de mang to which I invite your closest attention (the persons addressed instantly assume an air of uneasy abstraction), as I find that the more carefully my audience watches my proceedings the less able they are to detect the manner in which the trick is performed. . . . I 'ave 'ere, ladies and gentlemen, a gingerbeer bottle, just a plain stone gingerbeer bottle of a pattern no doubt familiar to you all. (He produces it, and it appears to be generally unpopular, as if it called up reminiscences of revelry which some would willingly forget.) I will now pass it around in order that you may satisfy yourselves that it is what it appears to be. (To a Somnolent Excursionist in a corner.) Will you oblige me, Sir, by kindly taking it in your 'and?

The Somnolent Excursionist (who seems to be under the impression that he is being offered refreshment). Eh? gingerbeer? No, thanky, never take it. (He closes his eyes again.)

The Y. M. (to a Grumpy Excursionist on a campstool). Perhaps, Sir, you will oblige me by examining this bottle.

The Grumpy Excursionist (wrathfully). Hang it all, Sir, do you suppose I'm any judge of gingerbeer bottles; take the beastly thing away!

The Y. M. (cast down, but undeterred). Well, you are all satisfied that it is an ordinary earthenware bottle. Now I take this tin case—made, as you perceive, in two parts to fit closely round the bottle. I will just give you an opportunity of 'andling the case so that you may convince yourselves of its being perfectly empty. (He proffers it for inspection, but everybody seems willing to take it on trust.) I enclose the bottle in the case—so—I make one or two passes—hey, presto—and, on opening the case, the bottle will be found to have vanished. (It has—but nobody appears to regret its disappearance.) I close the case, which you all saw to be empty, once more, and what do I find it contain! (He pulls out yard after yard of coloured ribbon, which falls absolutely flat, but if the tin case had emitted a column of smoke and a genuine Arabian djinn, it would probably fail just now to produce any deep impression.) I shall next produce a pack of ordinary playing cards, from which I will ask you, Sir, to be good enough to select a card, without letting me see it or mentioning which it is (to the Grumpy Excursionist, who brushes him away irritably as he would a bluebottle). Madam, will you kindly—? (to the Stout Lady, who turns a shawled shoulder and feebly requests him "Not to come bothering her"). Perhaps you, Sir—? (to a Cadaverous Tourist, who intimates that he "never encourages card-playing under any form"). Thank you very much (to a Rubicund Tourist, who accepts a card out of sheer good-nature). Now I shuffle the cards again, out them, and (exhibiting a court-card with mild triumph) unless I am mistaken, Sir, this was the card you chose!

The Rubicund Tourist. Was it? I dessay, I dessay. I didn't notice particularly myself.

[Upon this the Young Man recognises that his conjuring fails to charm, and retires to the funnel in apparent discomfiture.]

Excursionists (to one another). Card-tricks are all very well in their proper place; but, when you come out for a blow like this, why . . . If it had been a little music, now, or a song, or soomat o' that sort, it would ha' been nahce enoof. . . . (With dismay.) Why, danged if he isn't going to give us another turn of it!

[The Young Man reappears, carrying two dismal old dummies with battered papier-maché heads, and preternaturally mobile jaws.]

The Y. M. (after planting these effigies in such a position as to depress as many as possible). I now 'ave the pleasure of introducing to your notice two very old friends of mine, Mr. and Mrs. JEREMIAH JORDLES. (The audience, not having energy enough to escape, submit in sombre resignation to these fresh tormentors, which goggle at them with cheerful imbecility.) Well, Mrs. JORDLES, Ma'am, and how do you find yourself this afternoon? I 'ope you're enjoying this most delightful trip.

[He bends his head deferentially for the answer, with a sympathetic movement of his own lips.]

The Female Figure (with a wagging jaw, and in an impossible fulsetto). No, I ain't enj'vin' this most delightful trip, so there. I believe I'm going to be ill in a minute. I feel that queer, I do.

The Male Figure (in a voice scarcely distinguishable from his introducer's own). Queer? And no wonder, after taking all them pickled wornuts with yer soot pudden!

[The Stout Lady's ample cheeks are contorted by a transitory spasm, and the Cadaverous Tourist passes his hand across his mouth, which the Ventriloquist construes as reluctant tributes to his facetious powers.]

Female F. Well, you needn't talk, after all them jam puffs and the prawns you swollered, 'eds and all!

Male F. Ah, I 'ad a appetite. And I 'ate waste, I do. But lor, when I see her a swallerin' down that sorcer o' cockles just after clearing out the 'okypoky barrer, I knew she'd live to be sorry for it!

The Stout Lady (to the Cadaverous Man). They didn't ought to be allowed to go on like this. Downright vulgarity I call it!

The Cadaverous Man. You are right, Mum. It's quite enough to upset anybody. If he's going to make either of them images purtend to be unwell, I shall call the Captin and put a stop to it.

The Y. M. (with a tardy perception that he might have chosen a more generally agreeable topic, and meanly throwing the blame upon the innocent dummies). There, Mr. JORDLES, Sir, that'll do. We don't care to hear what you and your good lady took by way of a relish; tell us about something else.

Male F. All right. There was a quart o' winkles, as wasn't over—

The Y. M. (shaking Mr. JORDLES up, and stopping his mouth). 'Ush, Sir, 'ush! Bayave, now, and see if you can set quiet while Mrs. JORDLES sings us a little song.

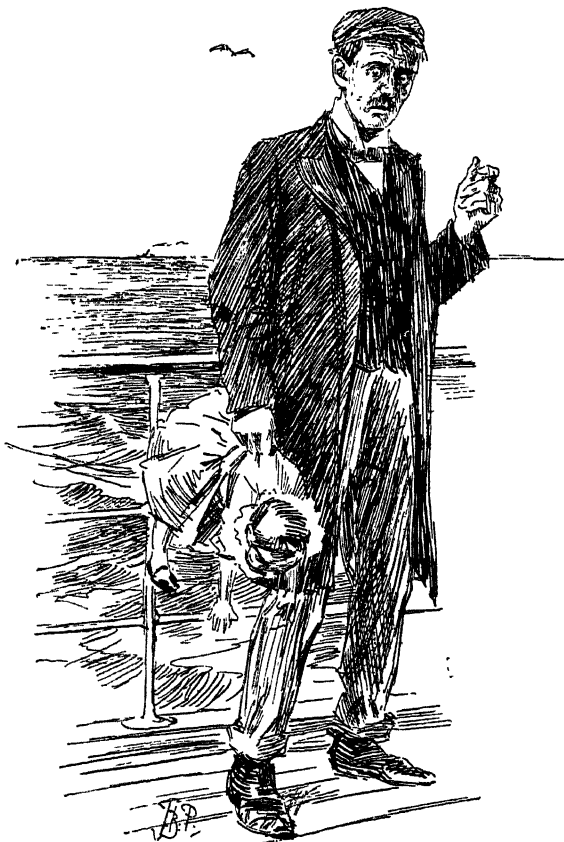
Male F. What? 'Er sing! 'Ere, chuck me overboard, will yer? I've 'eard her.

The Grumpy Exc. (in a savage undertone). For heaven's sake chuck 'em both overboard, and follow them!

Female F. Oh, dear, me sing? I'm all of a flutter like. Well, what shall I sing? Oh, I know. (Quavering.) "Where are the friends of Childood now?"

Male F. Why, in gaol, doing time!

[Mr. Jordles is reproved and corrected as before, but his senile flippancy only excites general disgust, and when he proceeds to boast that a beautiful young lady he met in Bridlington has fallen violently in love with him, the audience clearly resent the statement as an outrage to their intelligence. The Ventriloquist perseveres a little longer, though even his own belief in the dummies seems to be shaken, and at length he gives them up as hopeless, and carries them off ignominiously.]



"I feel compelled to ask you kindly to excuse me."

one under each arm. Whereupon the party breathe freely once more, only to gasp in impotent horror the next moment, as the irrepressible Young Man returns with a smaller figure, modelled and dressed to represent an almost inconceivably repulsive infant. He perches himself on the bulwark, and placing this doll on his knee, affects to converse with it, until its precocity and repeated demands for a cheese-cake render it an object of universal loathing and detestation. However, its pertness suddenly begins to flag, as beads gather upon the Ventriloquist's pallid brow, and allowing the figure to collapse in a limp heap, he rises unsteadily to his feet.

The Y. M. (in fullering tones). Ladies and gentlemen, such a thing has really never happened to me before in the 'ole course of my professional career; but I feel compelled to ask you kindly to excuse me if I break off for a few minutes, 'oping to resume—and with your kind indulg—

[Here he staggers feebly away and is seen no more, while a faint smile may be observed for the first time to irradiate the faces of the company, as they realise that their sufferings are more than avenged.]

CABBY; OR, REMINISCENCES OF THE RANK AND THE ROAD.

(By "Hansom Jack.")

No. IX.—PECKERS-UP!—ANTI-PRIG PHILOSOPHY—"TOMMY THE THUMPER"'S TALES—THE HAUNTED CAB.

A CABBY may be this or that; 'e's a chap as the world is much given to slang or to chaff;

But there's one blessed boon as is usually 'is, 'e can do—what your prigs seldom can—a fair laugh.

I 'ave known a good few of all sorts in my time; some scarce fit for to tool a old SAWBONES's gig,

Some as smart as they're made; but I never yet met a true Cabby as answered percisely to "prig."

You look at a rank at a time fares is off, and the nosebags is on, and you find the chaps all

A'anging around with their 'ands in their pockets, 'ard by their pet pub, or close under a wall.

They're looking about 'em, and passing the patter, and doubling sharp up at a wheeze or a joke;

They may look on the lollop, but not on the sulk, nor they don't 'ang their 'eads like a ill-tempered moke.

But life's not all laugh with 'em give you my word; summer's not all a beano, while winter is worse,

"Sort o' parson one time, if all stories is true."

And many a chap must drive 'ard through a sleet-storm when fur better fitted for blankets and nurse.

Your fare snugged inside may be grumpy and growly, a crack in the winder will give 'im the 'ump;

But you mustn't ouss, though you're soaked to your socks, and the rheumatiz racks your poor back at each bump.

Stillsomever to take the lot smilin' 's our motter, though sometimes the smile sets a mossel askew.

Old "TOMMY THE THUMPER"'s just left me. Queer egg! Sort o' parson one time, if all stories is true.

But rum 'ot and religion don't mix none too well, as tomater-nosed TOMMY 'as reason to know.

Still 'e 'as got the gift o' the gab, and no error, 'is yarns when 'e's on, make yer creepy and low.

TOMMY is one o' that mildewy sort as are gen'rally gloomy and down on their luck.

'E will tip you 'is graveyardy tales of old times, till you stand 'im a nobbler, or give 'im the chuck.

Remembers the old body-snatchers, Tom does, and the BURKE and HARE yarns make you cold as a dab;

But what 'e reeled out o'er 'is rum-'ot to-night was a gospel-true tale of a old Haunted Cab.

"Gospel-true, on my davy," is TOMMY's pet clincher. "Ah, JACK," 'e grumped out, as 'e stoppered 'is bowl

With a forefinger brown as a rusty old spike; "you young chirpers ain't go neither fancy nor soul.

Hagnotical lot, you smart 'Ansoms, as think you are HUXLEYS on wheels, I 'ave not the least doubt,

But why ain't a cab just as like as a castle to 'ave its own ghost? Tell me that, 'GINGER GROUT'!"



"GINGER" shook 'is red 'ead and said nothink. Says TOMMY, "Old 'BARNEY THE BUNCH' was the sulkiest sort, 'E 'adn't no heart for a pal in distress, and 'e never liked 'parting' for friendship or sport.

But what 'e most shirked was all haccident cases. Well, Cabbies don't cotton to them, as a rule,

But 'BARNEY THE BUNCH' was a bit extry-brutal; a reg'lar old flint-hearted, foxy-eyed fool.

"Bunched up on 'is box all alone one cold evening, when not a four-wheeler, 'cept 'is, was in sight,

Old BARNEY was 'ailed by a poor shrieking creetur as 'eld a small girl in 'er arms, taller-white,

With a small crimson cut on 'er poor little temple, arf hid by 'er goldian ringlets shook loose:

'The orspital—quick—for 'ev'n's sake!' pants the mother; 'Oh! don't lose a hinstant.' Lor, 'twasn't no use!

"BARNEY whips up 'is 'orse, and trots off, most deliberate, grunting as 'ow that 'is cab worn't a 'earse.

Most superstitious old griffin the 'BUNCH' wos. Well there, the child died. But if ever a curse

'Ung over a cabby and cab it wos 'isn. Oh yes, you may grin o'er your corfee and toast

In this 'ere cosy shelter. But strange fares, at night-time, do not like to r'ide number two—with a ghost!

"All fancy? Then wy did all talk of a kiddy with goldian curls, and of wild-woman cries?

And wy did fares pull BARNEY up on the sudden, and scuttle with shuddersome looks and skeart eyes?

And wy did old 'BARNEY THE BUNCH' take to boozing, and wy wos e found stony-stark in 'is cab

With eyes fixed on—nothink? Yus, nothink, of course! 'TOMMY TRUMPER' 's a fool to you young 'uns to blab."

Shut up like a rat-trap, and trotted off twist-ways, the "THUMPER" did, huffed in 'is boozy old style.

A ghost-seer's dignitude does stand on end if 'e twigs that 'is cackle is met with a smile.

But I didn't grin—not contemptuously, leastways; I've seen fur too much to be big on the boast,

And this I do know, that your 'ard-'earted hunks will one day git 'is gruel—if not from a ghost.

Conscience, I tell you, can build spooks like Guy Foxes, or as the jim-jams makes green rats or snakes.

Real? Wot's "real"? Who's goin' to be cocksure wot's actual facks and wot's fancy's queer fakes?

Only your rignerant, stuck-uppish shallerpate. I never shirk no true orspital case;

And if any ghost should make free with my Forder—I 'ope I could look the spook fair in the face.

I 'ave saved lives by a hopportunity hurry-up; so I imagine 'ave most of my mates.

'Ansoms are everywhere, like London sparrers, and five minutes' start sometimes dodges the fates.

Gratitude don't grow on every gooseberry bush, and to 'ave just saved a life or a leg

Mayn't mean a fiver, or even a fare, but wot flavoiur it gives your next corfee and hegg!

I 'ave one "regular," crippled but rich, as I saved—so 'e says—from a fur worsen fate.

Only a fluke, as I tell 'im each Christmas, but somehow 'e won't wipe that job off the slate.

Many a nice little extry it lands me; and as for 'is daughter, a brown-eyed young dove,

Well, she is a fare as I'd not lose for somethink, though bob-less; I'd much sooner drive 'er for love!

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At the Aquarium the highly trained and well-educated horse, Alpha, finishes a wonderful performance by being dressed up as a nurse, and wheeling a pony, Little Beta, about in a perambulator.

Clever Alpha shouldn't be allowed to end by making such a donkey of himself. One of these days he'll be beaten by little Beta.

Mrs. R.'s nephew writes from Harrow that his aunt on returning from Homburg, observed cheerfully, "My dear, I feel as jolly as a sandbag."



"She is a fare as I'd not loose for somethink."



SMALL SOCIAL AGONIES.

Hostess. "It's BUT A POOR LUNCH I CAN GIVE YOU! BUT MY COOK HAS GOT INFLUENZA!"
Enfant terrible. "Oh, MUMMY, YOU ALWAYS SAY THAT!"

NOW AND THEN.

A Morality (after Morris) in Hyde Park.

"O, GIVE me the sweet shady side of Pall Mall!"

Sang Captain CHARLES MORRIS. But he was a swell,
 Filled with cockney, no doubt anti-democrat,
 spleen,
 At "an ass on a common, a goose on a green."

But what had he said had he lived in our days
 Of the scenes that Hyde Park in the season
 displays?

Where the "goose on the green" is a Socialist
 scamp,
 And the "pig on the dunghill" a somnolent
 tramp.

O sweet *rus in urbe*, our London delight!
 A Ghetto by day, a Gehenna by night!
 Who cares for the meaningless trill of a lark,
 When the shriek of the spouter is heard in
 Hyde Park?

"In London the spirits are cheerful and
 light,"

O MORRIS, your lyre is not up-to-date—quite.
 You knew not how coarse *Boanerges* can bawl,
 Saw not on the turf filthy vagrants asprawl.

In Liberty's name what strange license is
 shown

To the scoundrels who swear, and the zealots
 who groan;

On turf that is tender, 'midst leaves that are
 green,

The sights are repulsive, the sounds are ob-
 scene."

Yes, MORRIS, that's what we now make of
 our Park;

And as to the deeds that go on after dark,

They would be far too gross for *your* liberal
 Muse,
 And to sing them e'en satirists now must
 refuse.

You fancied each object in town a fresh treat;
 Had you seen a tramp huddled upon a park
 seat,
 You might not have felt so "revived by *that*
 whim,"
 And you certainly had not sat down after *him*!

Full many a trait of the times of gross GEORGE
 Makes humanity shrink, raises Liberty's
 gorge;
 But certain things now that to Park and Pall
 Mall come,
 In Freedom's name, truly are more free than
 welcome.

In a Park that is spacious, umbrageous, and
 green,
 Seats, sprawlers, and speeches, at least, should
 be *clean*.

And oh what avail that 'tis fragrant and
 floral,
 If loungers are frowsy and manners immoral?

"In London, thank heaven! our peace is
 secure"

You sang; and your London you knew, to
 be sure.

But whether by daylight, or whether by dark,
 Our peace is by no means secure—in Hyde
 Park!

Ah, MORRIS, we're freer, more human, more
 kind,

Since you found your London so much to your
 mind.

But, though to your days we've no wish to
 [return,
 In the art of park-keeping we've something
 to learn.

THE POST-LAUREATE STAKES (*by "Our Special Commissioner"*).—There is not much to choose between the competitors for the above unimportant fixture. Ever since the publication of the weights *Sir Edwin Arnold* has held the position of first favourite. He appears to have derived no harm from his recent journey to "India"; indeed, on visiting him at his new quarters in "the Tenth Mews" we found him in the pink of condition. Although *Mr. Austin* has, owing to a strained cesura, and consequent restriction to walking exercise, gone back in the betting, he is, nevertheless, looked upon in some quarters as a likely candidate; while *Sir Lewis Morris* is very much fancied—by himself. A somewhat sensational wager of £3000 to £10 was booked against *Sir Lewis* and *Mr. Henley* "coupled."

CAUTION IN RIGHT DIRECTION.—Dear *Mr. Punch*,—The direction written, by a correspondent, on an envelope I found on returning from a short trip, suggested to me exactly the description of a sly puss (which I am not) of a young lady (which I am) who would be a perfect model of propriety ("that's me") in her own domestic circle, but

"Forward if away from home!"

There's a nice description! So misleading! I mention this as *something to be avoided* by any one writing to a nice girl of his, or her, acquaintance, and placing *special posting directions* on the envelope.

Yours ever, LALAGE.

COWARDLY ACTION ON THE PART OF A SOLDIER.—To "strike a tent."



RESCUE!

BLUEBEARD . . . TURKEY, FATMA . . . ARMENIA, THE THREE BROTHERS . . . ENGLAND, RUSSIA, FRANCE,

THE PROBLEM PLAYWRIGHT'S VADE MECUM.

Question. Has the Problem Play a solution?

Answer. Certainly; it answers the purposes of the author and the manager.

Q. From this I take it that it is invariably successful?

A. Well, it is never a failure; or, rather, hardly ever.

Q. Can you make your meaning a little plainer?

A. If it is not invariably a triumph of coin, it is a success of esteem. The house is crowded for a couple of months.

Q. And after?

A. The Problem Play is not expected to have an after.

Q. What is the essence of such a creation?

A. The unconventional treatment of the conventional.

Q. Give an example?

A. Two men tossing up for a lady. In *Box and Cox* the transaction was conducted with the assistance of a sixpence in the politest fashion imaginable; in a later version the affair could not be arranged without a pack of cards and much forcible language.

Q. Was the scene the same in both, like the situation?

A. No, in *Box and Cox* the spot was a second-floor back; in the other, the interior of an observatory on the summit of a mountain.

Q. Can you mention any other characteristic of the Problem Play?

A. The dramatist should be daring. People should say of his work that it would have surprised their parents and startled their grandmothers into fits.

Q. How can this desirable end be attained?

A. By the playwright causing his heroine to throw a pocket-bible into



"DON JOSÉ."

J-E CH-MB-RL-N, IN SPAIN, AS "THE TORY-ADOR."

the fire, or perform some other act of parallel eccentricity.

Q. Should the heroine have any peculiarity?

A. As a rule she should be a woman with a past.

Q. But has not this type been worked to death?

A. It has certainly seen much service, so that the newest kind of heroine is to be preferred.

Q. What is the newest kind of heroine?

A. The woman who, without having a past, has, under the influence of drink, seriously damaged the possibility of enjoying a future.

Q. When does the leading situation arrive?

A. At the end of the second act. What goes before and comes after that climax is, to a large extent, immaterial.

Q. What is the customary fate of the heroine after the leading situation?

A. On rare occasions, suicide "off." But the usual exit is a retreat in rear of the clergy.

Q. What is the customary effect of the Problem Play?

A. That for a considerably longer time than nine days it is a wonder. Every one talks about it, and many see it during that period. When the wonder is exhausted according to precedent the cause of the amazement is forgotten.

Q. And, when this last season arrives, what does the author do?

A. A dramatist, having written one Problem Play, usually writes another.

PROFESSIONAL AND JOURNALISTIC.
—The Editor of an illustrated paper says that his only difficulty with his artists is "the Initial Difficulty." He now has on hand an illustrated alphabet ready for all emergencies.

THAT TUNE!

(Sad Story of a Victim of "D—d Iteration.")

Tum-tum-tum-tiddle-um-tum-tum!

'Tis ground out twelve times over!

My nerves all twitch, my brain seems numb,

Faith! I'm a music-lover;

But that infernal organ-grind,

With hideous iteration,

Is driving me out of my mind,

Into sheer desperation.

Tum-tum-tum-tiddle-um-tum-tum!

Tum-tum—O this is maddening!

It may be in some gloomy slum,

The organ-grinder's gladdening.

But to a poor suburban scribe,

Intent on scribbling copy,

'Tis torture! Shall I try a bribe?

Or seek oblivion's poppy?

Tum-tum-tum-tiddle-um-tum-tum!

Tum-tum-tum-tiddle—Gracious!

Those "tums" will split my tympanium,

Eternally sequacious.

Free country? Bah! When an organ-

strain

May blast, and blight and bore you,

Till you get "tum-tum" on the brain?

Ah! There's a picture for you!

Tum-tum-tum-tiddle-um-tum-tum!—

(The writer, once thought clever,

Is now at Hanwell, doomed to hum

That hideous tune for ever!)

A STORY ANENT THE NORTH.—According to the *Dundee Advertiser*, Colonel NORTH has paid cash to the King of the BELGIANS, not for concessions of land near Ostend, but for similar advantages on the Congo. It has been rumoured that the purchase-money was ostensibly (or should it be Ostensibly?) handed over for the possession of the former, and not the latter. But the rumour must be taken with reserve. Perhaps the report may have arisen from the fact that the Belgian watering-place is situated on the North Sea—a locality naturally associated with the name of the King of the Nitrates. Be this as it may, the gallant Colonel is certain to command the confidence of volunteers in the future as in the past. So far as he is concerned, shares (plough and other varieties) will be as popular as bayonets.

Stones in Sermons.

"SERMONS in stones," the poet says; and when
Smelfungus scolds, and rails, and girds,
and groans at us,
We feel that worst of sermonising men
Is—throwing stones at us.

Mrs. R. observes of a respectable young man among her acquaintances, that she was sorry to hear he was incriminated in a recent swindling case.

BIKE v. BICYCLE.

Some Tennysonian Bouts-rimés.

[Mr. ERNEST SHIPTON, Secretary of the Cyclists' Touring Club, protests against the term "bike" as being unmitigated slang.]

BIKE, bike, bike,

By your leave, oh C. T. C.

Quite too long for my tongue to utter

Is "bicycle"—bike for me!

O well for the slang-loving boy,

That he "bikes" with his sister at play!

O well for the lass or lad

Who don't Mr. SHIPTON obey!

For, in spite of him, "bikes" go on,

Thus called, over dale and hill;

And "bicycles" soon will be vanished, and

The voice of the pedant still.

Bike, bike, bike,

Mr. PUNCH says, oh C. T. C.

And the tender grace of a term that is dead

Will never come back to me!

To SQUIRE PUNCH.—SIR,—I don't quite know how to spell the gentleman's names, whether its "TYCHO" or "TYKEO BRAHE," but, anyhow, he was a sharp chap, and all I want to learn for certain is, was he one of the good old genuine "Tykes," and a Yorkshireman?

Yours,
JOHN BROWDIE'S GRANDNEPHEW.



THE LATEST LITERARY SUCCESS.

"THE WOMAN WHO WANTED TO."

A ROMANCE OF THE FUTURE.

CHAPTER I.

THE great reform had been effected. Thanks to the Matrimonial Tripos Act, passed a few years previously, it was no longer left to blind chance to decide what women should receive the privileges of matrimony. All those who aspired to them had to enter for the Tripos held once a year under the supervision of the State, and to pass a rigorous examination in Household Arithmetic, Domestic Economy, Etiquette, and other subjects. Only those who obtained a first class were allowed to marry noblemen or millionaires, those who got a second might mate with a peer's younger son or a baronet, while those hapless ones who failed to get a third were absolutely prohibited from matrimony, although occasionally one or two who narrowly missed taking honours were allowed a detrimental by the examiners. And no maiden was permitted to enter for the examination more than three times in all.

It was the knowledge of this last fact which cast a shade of troubled anxiety upon the faces of STREPHON SMITH and AMARYLLIS JONES as they paced up and down the garden on the eve of the annual examination. Their engagement had been a long one, for twice had AMARYLLIS entered for the Tripos, and twice had been hopelessly ploughed. Should she fail once more on the morrow—

"Nay, my AMARYLLIS," cried the faithful STREPHON, "look not so downcast. Failure? it is impossible! Have not I coached you carefully in all the subjects? Come, repeat once more, to give you confidence, the formulæ of poultry-rearing."

AMARYLLIS smiled sadly. "It is unnecessary," she replied; "I remember them well. And yet my mind misgives me. Should that hateful MELIBORUS BROWN foil us once again—"

"Speak not his name!" exclaimed STREPHON, grinding his teeth. "True that he has vowed that we shall never marry; true that at your first attempt, under the mask of friendship, he inscribed all the wrong dates upon your dainty cuff, while on the next occasion he bribed the candidates sitting next to you to jog your elbow and to upset the ink over your papers; but on this occasion he will be powerless. With the knowledge which, thanks to my assiduous

coaching, you now possess, you are certain to pass. A month hence, my AMARYLLIS, and we shall be wedded."

AMARYLLIS flung herself into his arms. "If only I am not ploughed! But, darling STREPHON, I have a request to make of you. I implore you to sit in the gallery to-morrow throughout the examination, and so, looking up to your face, I shall gain fresh courage."

"Sweet, I will do so," cried STREPHON. "And—you know the deaf-and-dumb alphabet, I think? If so, and an answer has slipped your memory, perhaps—"

"Nay," said AMARYLLIS, firmly. "'Tis unnecessary. And we must run no risks."

CHAPTER II.

THE great examination had begun. Ranged at the long rows of tables sat the fairest of England's maidenhood; some conning the paper with painful perplexity, while others scribbled down the answers with feverish haste, or gazed imploringly up to the gallery whence their anxious lovers regarded them. Amongst these was plainly visible the heroic form of STREPHON SMITH.

Seated on a dais at the end of the room was Professor PLUMBOSS, the chief examiner, the same who had ploughed no fewer than 5428 candidates at the last examination. Perhaps it was the effect of the constant terror of assassination in which he lived, but on this particular morning the Professor seemed ill-at-ease. Ever and anon he pressed his hand firmly on his head, as if he wished to retain a wig in its place; now and then he fumbled mysteriously with his beard. Could it be a false one?

But AMARYLLIS had no leisure to observe such trifles. With unfaltering pen she dashed off the answers to all the questions without a moment's hesitation, and she had finished a good half-hour before the appointed time. With all her wondrous grace of movement she tripped lightly up the room, and handed over her papers to the Professor. Surely there was an ill-disguised twinkle of elation in his eyes as he took them. And then, when AMARYLLIS had left, with her papers in his hand, he edged nearer and nearer to the fire-place. As if by accident, he prepared to drop them into the flames.

Little had he recked that the eagle eye of STREPHON SMITH was upon him. With a single bound that intrepid hero leaped from the gallery to the floor, rushed upon the Professor, with one resolute sweep of his hand knocked off his wig, spectacles and false beard, and disclosed the pale and trembling features of his hated rival, MELIBORUS BROWN!

CHAPTER III.

AND so the plot was discovered just in time. The nefarious BROWN had kidnapped the Professor on his way to the hall, had stolen his robes, and disguised himself so as to play the part of the examiner himself. Another minute, and his wicked plan would have succeeded, AMARYLLIS's papers would have been burnt, and she and STREPHON would have been separated for ever. Thanks to the latter's courageous action, the impostor had been detected, and was subsequently sentenced to several years' imprisonment.

When the real Professor had been liberated and came to look over AMARYLLIS's work, a slight difficulty arose. The law insisted that one who had answered with such perfect correctness must marry a peer, while STREPHON was but a humble commoner. However, a grateful nation rescued him from this dilemma by awarding him a dukedom.

A TRIO.

AIR—"Three Blind Mice."

THREE new peers!

Good ev'ry one!

A. BORTHWICK, PLUNKET, H. DE WUMS,

Are all conservatively chums,

We hail with cheers in our col-ums

The Three New Peers!

QUERY FROM A CORRESPONDENT. — Please, Sir, can you tell me where I can obtain a work entitled "*Balmy on the Crumpet*"? I have heard it frequently mentioned, but up to now have searched the lists at the British Museum and (with the exception of the works of one "*Balmes, a Theologian*,") all in vain. I presume the work in question is a treatise on some department of the baking industry. Is there also another work entitled "*Balmy on the Muffin*"? In fact, I should very much like to collect all the treatises of this author on bakery. — Yours, OLD ROWLEY.

"OVER!" — At last "GRACE before wicket" has received his five thousand pounds' worth of shilling testimonials, and has returned thanks to the indefatigable Sir EDWARD LAWSON, who initiated and carried out the idea in the *Daily Telegraph*. Your health, Dr. GRACE, and song, which of course would be "*Sing O the Green Willow!*" And his motto, "*There's nothing like leather!*" Will the celebrated batsman give a ball to celebrate the occasion?

ROUNABOUT READINGS.

A STRANGE report reaches me, a rumour which (if such a course may be predicated of a mere report) opens up illimitable vistas. The dramatic critics, it would appear, have been for some time past in a state of dissatisfaction. A newspaper proprietor has been turned into a peer; editors in profusion have journeyed down to Windsor as very plain misters, and, having been tapped upon the shoulder with cold steel, have returned to the bosoms of their families as knights; a novelist, a mere teller of stories, has undergone the same process, not, it is well understood, for his own glory, but for the greater honour of Literature (capital L please); and, worst of all, an actor has survived the blood-curdling ceremony of the *accolade*, and has received the congratulations and gifts of other members of his profession.

QUE cum ita sint, the dramatic critics have been very naturally asking one another why they alone should toil and moil (the "mid-night oil" irresistibly suggests itself as a pleasing and perfectly appropriate rhyme) without any recognition beyond the vulgar one of a money-payment, sufficient, no doubt, to keep them in bread and beer, ties, clothes, collars, and cuffs, but utterly inadequate when considered as a reward for the services they perform on behalf of Art and the Drama. One thing led to another (it generally does); there were conversations, interchanges of ideas, meetings, and so forth; and eventually matters came to a head in the formation of a society, the members of which pledged themselves to promote by all legitimate means the claims of dramatic critics to knighthoods, baronetcies, privy-councillorships, peerages, and other rewards.

THE final meeting, at which the rules were discussed and passed, and the officials appointed, began harmoniously enough. Mr. CLEMENT SCOTT, proposed by Mr. ARCHER, and seconded by Mr. A. B. WALKLEY, was unanimously voted to the Chair. His opening speech was marked by great fervour. For years, he said, dramatic critics had been engaged in the thankless task of educating the public taste, and of instructing dramatic authors in the true principles of the construction of stage-plays. At last, thank heaven, they were beginning to be appreciated at their proper value. Their names were becoming household words. The average reader, when he opened his *World*, turned first to the article signed "W. A." The same, or a similar person, rushed breathlessly through *The Speaker* until he was arrested by the magic initials "A. B. W." At this point Mr. ARCHER intervened with the remark that for himself, he might say there was only one article, the dramatic, in the *Daily Telegraph* that absolutely fascinated him; and Mr. WALKLEY, rising immediately afterwards, observed that, having studied the essays of M. LEMAITRE, he had no hesitation in saying that the pungent critiques of the *Telegraph* were equalled, he would not say surpassed, by the masterly *aperçus* of stage-craft to be found in *Truth* and the *Illustrated London News*. Mr. CLEMENT SCOTT was visibly affected, and having with difficulty mastered his emotion, proceeded to shake both his colleagues by the hand, and in a voice broken with sobs thanked them for their tributes. He himself, he added, had endeavoured to make the stalls and the dress circle fit places for the flower of English maidenhood, for those beautiful, blushing British girls who were at once the joy of their families and the pride of our race. He then called upon all the members present to state what titles they preferred, intimating that, by the express desire of the committee, he himself was willing to become a Duke.

MR. ARCHER and Mr. WALKLEY having declared their preference for Marquisates, Mr. MOY THOMAS said that an Earldom would satisfy his modest needs. Mr. BENDALL thought Viscount sounded attractive, and chose that title; while Mr. A. E. T. WATSON intimated that all he wanted was to be a Baron—Baron BADMINTON OF BEAUFORT. Mr. BERNARD SHAW stood by his life-long principles, and declined everything except a Privy-Councillorship. Various other gentlemen having spoken, and a complete list of titles having been arranged, the meeting was about to adjourn, when Mr. CLEMENT SCOTT rose again to make a few parting observations.

"Mr Lords," he began amidst deafening applause, "it only remains for me to state briefly the principles by which we shall be guided. We shall not truckle to the nauseating rubbish purveyed by any Norwegian charlatan." What else he would have said must for ever remain a matter of guess-work, for at this point he was immediately set upon by Lord ARCHER, and torn forcibly from his chair. Baron BADMINTON, however, gallantly came to His Grace's assistance, and a scene of indescribable confusion ensued. Strawberry leaves were torn to tatters, and several handsome property coronets were ruthlessly trampled under foot. Order was, however, at last restored by the arrival of Sir HENRY IRVING with a strong force of dramatic authors armed with problem-plays. In the conflict that followed many heads were broken, but eventually the hall was cleared. It is understood that, notwithstanding this deplorable incident, the agitation is to be vigorously pursued. I shall publish any further information that may reach me.

SIR E. CLARKE AND THE BAR—AN EXPLANATION.

SIR,—The paper you edit with so much advantage to the public is the recognised organ of the legal profession. This being so, I appeal to you on behalf of the Bar. Sir, it will not have escaped your attention that on a recent occasion Sir EDWARD CLARKE, in returning thanks for his colleagues of the Law List, referred to the custom observed by some counsel of accepting briefs indiscriminately. The ex-Solicitor-General (shortly, I trust, to become "Mr. Attorney") related an anecdote concerning the last of the Barons—Mr. Baron

HUDDESTONE

—to the follow-

ing effect. You

will remember

that Sir ED-

WARD, when

only a stuff-

gownsmen, was

"with" the

eminent Ben-

cher of Gray's

Inn in a case.

"I trust, Mr.

CLARKE," said

the coming Bar-

on's assistant

to the then pro-

misising Junior,

"that you will

be able to at-

tend to it if

Mr. HUDDE-

STONE fails to

put in an ap-

pearance." "I

suppose," re-

plied the future

Sir EDWARD,

"that Mr.

HUDDESTONE

is not coming."

"Well, he may

be away," was

thereby, "be-

cause to-day he

has briefs in

thirteen other

actions." Then

Sir EDWARD

wittily ex-

plained that

the fault lay

with the public.

Suitors could

select their own

advocates, and

there were plenty

of men practising

at the Bar who

would gladly

accept a brief,

for a very moder-

ate fee, should

the services of

a better-known

colleague be

retained in some

other matter.

Mr. ex-Solicitor

is perfectly right.

There are such

men. For instance,

I myself, should

Sir EDWARD

wish it, would

willingly assist

him. If he has

an overflow of

pink-tape tied

parcels, let

him send them

to me, and I

will give them

my best atten-



at the Bar who would gladly accept a brief, for a very moderate fee, should the services of a better-known colleague be retained in some other matter. Mr. ex-Solicitor is perfectly right. There are such men. For instance, I myself, should Sir EDWARD wish it, would willingly assist him. If he has an overflow of pink-tape tied parcels, let him send them to me, and I will give them my best attention. I shall be delighted to pick up, so to speak, the documentary crumbs that fall from his brief-encumbered table. But that is a matter which chiefly concerns Sir EDWARD and myself. It is not entirely with a view to making the above suggestion that I address you. No, Sir, I have other than personal interests at heart.

I am convinced that, although every counsel has the right to be "retained" in every case, but a comparative few exercise the privilege. I have known the late Sergeant PARRY (with whom I have had the honour to act—while taking a note in the temporary absence of a learned friend—on more than one occasion) return his brief, with its accompanying honorarium, when unable to attend to the former, and thus earn the latter. Speaking for myself, I made it a rule, shortly after I was called, never to "devil" in two places at once. But to come to the point. As a matter of fact—and a grain of true testimony is better than a ton of theory—I can deliberately declare that, during a long forensic experience, extending over several decades, I have never had two cases on the same day. And what has been my experience no doubt has been the experience of many others. I would not for worlds have it thought that I neglect my duty because I have a plethora of professional work. And here I must stop, as I have to give my most careful attention to a consent brief, which appears to me to bristle with technical difficulties. However, as I am desired to acquiesce, I shall no doubt carry out my client's instructions with the customary formalities.

Pump-handle Court, Oct. 21.

(Signed)

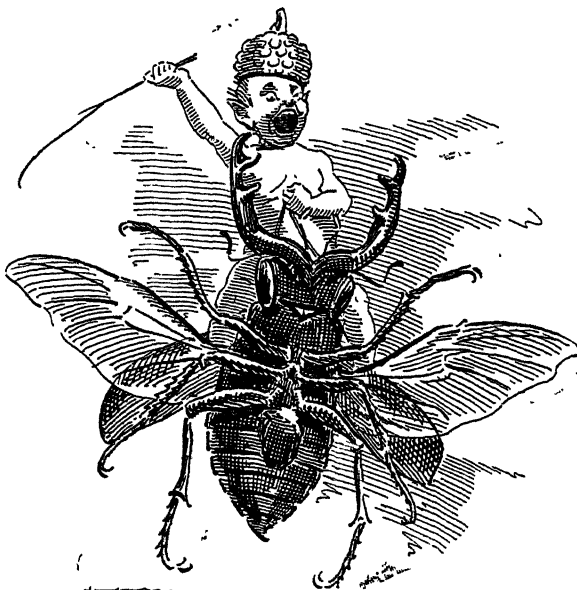
A. BRIEFLESS, JUN.

HOW KIPPER SLEW THE NEW FOREST HORNET.

CHAPTER I.—*The Recluse.*

ONCE upon a time there was a little goblin called KIPPER, who lived the life of a hermit in a hollow oak-tree in the New Forest. He never made merry with the elves, and had a positive dislike to fairies; and, if any of them presumed to address him, he would curl himself into a ball like a hedgehog, and refuse to straighten himself until he was left alone again. Various rumours were current in Fairyland as to the reason of KIPPER's moroseness. Some said that he had been robbed by an unscrupulous brother of a valuable mine, situated under Hergistbury Head; others, that he had been crossed in love; while there was a third party in Fairydom which stoutly maintained that he had been expelled from Goblinland on account of his desire to upset the king and queen, and establish a republic. Be that as it may, KIPPER was no favourite in the country of his exile. Not that he need have been unsociable, for, when he first arrived, the greatest attention was paid to him by his neighbours. The most important personages in Fairydom called upon him, he received invitations to the Court balls, and he was bidden to several jolly bachelor parties given by the elves on the sward which surrounds Rufus's Stone.

But KIPPER made no response to these advances. He showed that he meant to be unsociable, and, little by little, the notabilities and landed gentry ceased to take any notice of him. Occasionally some of the sportsmen of the Court, when out hunting the slow-worms and the bumble-bees, would come across KIPPER, mounted on a huge and vicious-looking stagbeetle, which he managed with considerable address, but he never deigned to respond to their salutations, but passed on his way with a malevolent grin. Even the forest pigs and ponies took a dread of him at last, and would scamper away through the bracken directly they saw him approach. As to the deer, the pheasants, the rabbits, and the hares, they would just as soon have faced a poacher. It will be seen, therefore, that KIPPER was not the sort of person to whom an elf or a fairy would appeal in case of distress. If he had a heart at all, it was like that of an artichoke, all choke—and very little art. As far as human beings went, KIPPER had a lofty disdain for them and their ways. He smiled contemptuously when the stagbeetle told him how the elves had stolen this cottager's milk, or robbed that verdere's garden of its gooseberries. And his sarcasm was equally



"He thought nothing of taking a clump of dock leaves."

pronounced when he heard how a fairy orchestra had serenaded the parson's pretty daughter on Midsummer Eve, or that some good-natured fays had collected the swarming bees of a hard-working farmer, and driven them home against the wishes of their queen. KIPPER looked upon men, women, and children as wretched beings, who worried themselves without any necessity—poor creatures, whose only object in life appeared to be to endeavour to make one another miserable, and discontented with their very existence. Therefore he regarded them no more than he would newts and lizards. Indeed, he often told the stagbeetle that he had far more respect for a newt, because he could develop an orange waistcoat, whereas a man could not keep his chest warm without robbing another animal of its skin or wool. As to the lizards, they only came out when they could bask in the sun; whereas a man had to pick up and kindle sticks to keep his ugly body warm, and cook his poisonous food.

Now if KIPPER could be said to enjoy anything, it was the leaping of big obstacles when mounted on the stagbeetle. He thought nothing of taking a clump of dock leaves, or of flying or sailing over a thick bush of prickly gorse. It cannot be said that the stagbeetle enjoyed the jumping as much as his master did; but inasmuch as the gnome had broken him in at an early age, and never rode without a pair of stout hawthorn pricks on his heels and a bramble switch in his hand, the coal-black steed had to make the best of a bad job. One fine day, however, when KIPPER had partaken somewhat too freely of some fine wild honey, which he had found in an old oak, an accident occurred to the reckless, rash rider. On his way home he had to pass by Stoney Cross, and it so happened that the road was being mended, and a huge heap of granite lay by the wayside. Nothing would satisfy KIPPER but that he must leap this mound, and so he told the stagbeetle to put forth all his strength. The poor creature besought his master not to risk both their lives, but KIPPER was as hard as a pond after a six weeks frost. Gathering his rush-reins in his hands, and ramming the hawthorn pricks into the sides of the stagbeetle, he cried, "Hi! over," and went for the granite. The stagbeetle did his best, but just before he made his effort he faltered in his stride. The next moment he was kicking out with his hind legs, and his horns were sticking between two great stones on the top of the hard hillock; while a yard on the other side, among the moss and wild thyme, there was lying quite still the body of the luckless KIPPER.

(To be continued.)

THE ONE THING WANTING.

A YEAR ago my hand I tried,
I wrote for you a verse or so,
To sing your praises far and wide
A year ago.

And, though your nature scarce could grow
More sweet, in you I then espied
An incompleteness. I was slow
To comprehend the thing denied
To make you perfect. Now I know—
A bicycle you did not ride
A year ago!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.—"*Boconnoc.*" What a name! It is a "*Romance of Wild Oatcake.*" It might almost be of Mild Oatcake. It is the story of an unprincipled boy, a flighty young married woman, and a sottish husband. The first third of the book is somewhat interesting, and pleasantly written. The second third is dull; and the last revives the reader's interest just a bit. But, on the whole, to quote *Sir Charles Coldstream*, in *Used Up*, "There's nothing in it." It is disappointing to those who expect much more than this from the author.—B. DE B.-W.

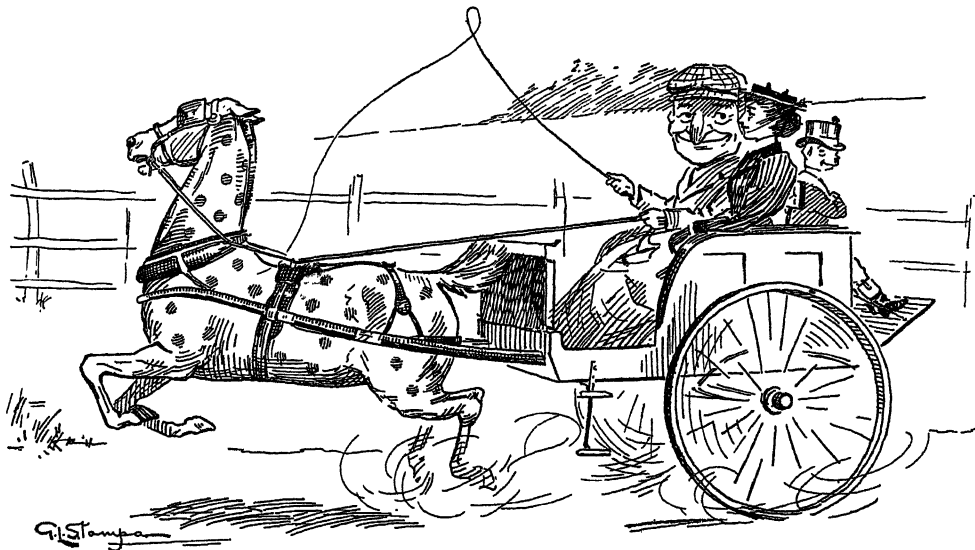
THE school-boy of to-day—what, after all, is Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba?—is no longer to waste his time in poring over the musty classics! "He is to take an intelligent interest in other subjects than the dead languages," says *Truth*, which proceeds to give "as well worthy of being held up as a model for imitation elsewhere," the contents of an up-to-date examination paper, upon current events, recently set at Rugby school. This modern move is, doubtless, an excellent thing, but one which may be carried too far; and it would, we venture to think, be a pity if schools were to be, in the words of *Mercurio*, "too much afflicted with these new tuners of accents, who stand so much on the new form that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench." What if PINERO and ZANGWILL were substituted for PLATO and XENOPHON?

TRIFLES LIGHT AS "EYRE."—The trustees of a St. John's Wood property may certainly be said to be "after the brass." If, however, their learned counsel is successful in obtaining the colossal amount claimed, he might then say, with HORACE, "*Ezegi monumentum Eyre perennius.*"

"UNPLEASANT LITTLE INCIDENT."—So the *P. M. G.* styled it. As the GERMAN EMPEROR and EMPRESS were passing through Metz, somebody, from a café window, shouted, "*Vive la France!*" Several arrests were of course made, but apparently nothing more was heard of the *Vox et prætereia nil*. This recalls a similar incident that occurred during the trial of *Bardell v. Pickwick*, "Put it down a 'we,' my Lord!" a voice in the gallery exclaimed, aloud. Search was made. Nobody. "If you could have pointed him out," said little *Mr. Justice Stareleigh* to *Sam Weller*, "I would have committed him instantly." Whereat "*Sam* bowed his acknowledgments," and the incident ended.

"FALLS OF FOYERS."—A correspondent writes:—"I have seen a good many letters in the *Times*, headed '*The Falls of the Foyers.*' Here and abroad I have seen many Foyers, and only fell down once. This was at the Théâtre Français, where the Foyer is kept highly polished, or used to be so. If the Foyers are carpeted or matted, there need be no 'Falls.' Yours, COMMON SENSE.

"WINTER Comes" as a companion picture to "*Autumn Leaves.*"



"WEATHER PERMITTING,"—MR. PUNCH DRIVES TO THE FIRST MEET.

TOOLEIANA; OR, THE MOOR THE MERRIER.—At the Lyceum Theatre, Edinburgh, in answer to calls for a speech, at the termination of his visit with *Thoroughbred*, Mr. J. L. Toole presented himself to the audience "habited in his sables" as the nigger minstrel. *Mr. Punch's Own* Popular Comedian was in excellent health and in his best, i.e., his own, "form." He explained that, despite appearances which might lead to such a conclusion, he was not about to join the Christy Minstrels. However, it was probable, but not yet definitely settled, that in the next revival of the Shakspearian tragedy at the London Lyceum, he might impersonate *Othello* to the *Iago* of his friend Sir HENRY IRVING. We hope so. What crowded houses! Booking-office should open at once.

THE MINISTER OF FINE ARTS.

(From a Newspaper of the Future.)

MANY years ago, in 1895, our esteemed contemporary, the *Daily Graphic*, suggested the appointment of a Minister of Fine Arts. This seemingly admirable scheme was soon after carried out. The first Minister was a cautious man. His one great improvement, which met with universal approval, was to remove all the statues and fountains from every part of London, and to place them in a row on Romney Marsh, from Dungeness to Hythe, where they would undoubtedly scare away any French army endeavouring to land. The second Minister tried to introduce the so-called "Queen Anne," or Dutch architecture, and prepared a scheme for altering the whole of London. As a beginning, the north side of Oxford Street, from Holborn to the Marble Arch, was completely transformed. Along the whole distance stretched a fantastic row of red-brick buildings, the surface of which was diversified at every possible point by useless little windows, and little arches, and little projections, and little recesses, and little balustrades. These had risen to the level of the second floors, when a change of Government brought in a Minister who believed only in English architecture of the fifteenth century. Under his directions the new buildings were therefore continued in stone, in imitation of the Houses of Parliament, but the work was stopped by his death. His successor, though of course one of the Gothic party, preferred the Gothic architecture of Italy, and the upper parts of the houses were therefore finished in that style. As at that time the reduction of the Budget was urgently needed, it was decided to use painted stucco instead of real marble, as in Italy.

When the next Government came into office all the houses on the South side of Oxford Street were pulled down, and everyone said that at last we should have an imposing row of buildings. Unfortunately a difficulty arose. The new Minister of Fine Arts was only interested in gardening, and hardly knew one style of architecture from another. He could not therefore decide the great question whether the new houses should correspond with the opposite ones, and, if so, whether they should be "Queen Anne," or Italian Gothic, or English Perpendicular in style. The controversy raged for months. Every person interested said, or wrote, what he thought, or knew, or did not think, or did not know, about architecture, and taste, and art in general. The Academy of Arts, the Society of Antiquaries, and the Institute of Architects, hitherto sedate bodies, became so excited that free fights occurred almost daily in the neighbourhood of Burlington House, and on the waste land in Oxford Street. In every newspaper "The Improvement of Oxford Street" was discussed vigorously. Suddenly the current of public opinion was turned in another direction by a lamentable event. The Minister of Fine Arts, returning from his weekly inspection of the maiden-hair ferns on Wormwood Scrubs, was killed in a cab accident in Vigo Street, a miserably narrow turning, which had escaped the notice of everyone but the cabmen, who always prefer the narrowest streets.

At once there arose a universal cry that safety and space were more important than style. The new Minister was beginning to widen some of the narrow thoroughfares, when his party went out of office.

The work has not been continued by the present Minister, who is considering a scheme for the improvement of London by the erection of fountains and statues. Meanwhile the Oxford Street site is still vacant, and no improvements are attempted elsewhere. Half of Vigo Street has been made the same width as Burlington Gardens; the other half remains, as before, about fifteen feet across from house to house.

Our esteemed contemporary, the *Daily Graphic*, always alive to the artistic needs of the age, remarks that it is impossible to regulate art by Acts of Parliament, or to improve London by party government, and therefore suggests that the Ministry of Fine Arts should be abolished.

SCRAPS FROM CHAPS.

BOARD AND RESIDENCE.—Here is a gem from the Bandon Quarter Sessions. Their Medical Officer of Health, Dr. MAGNER, was suing the Guardians of the Clonakilty Union for failing to erect a fence round the Dispensary residence:—

Counsel argued that the true cause of all this was that Dr. MAGNER happened to be a gentleman of independent mind, who had not, like others in the same position, the *savoir faire* to coddle guardians.

His Honour. Do you mean to say that any unfortunate medical officer has to coddle boards of guardians? A very unpleasant duty certainly.

Mr. Powell. Well, they had to attend the meetings, and, perhaps, stand drinks, and things of that kind. (*Laughter*.)

Who would not be such a Medical Officer,
Practised in keeping his Board well in hand?

D'you think that he offers them cocoa or coffee, Sir?
No; but it's whisky he's called on to "stand."

Paupers fall ill, and his task is to cure 'em;
In fights with infection he comes up to time;
'Gainst bad sanitation he's paid to secure 'em;
His drains may be poor, but his "drinks" must be prime.

Is any Guardian cantankerous? He "cuddles" him
(So did a Counsel obscurely declare);
And should this fail, then his "Irish hot" fuddles him;
For what is a doctor without "*savoir faire*"?

THE WATER-BANDITS AGAIN!—Not content with spoiling the Falls of Foyers, the Aluminium Company now threatens an attack on the Falls of Clyde. Oh, what a Fall is there, my countrymen! exclaims the patriotic Scot. The Co. that dares to lay its hands on Clyde, save in the way of kindness, is a willun, and should be wound up instantan. Says the *North British Daily Mail*—

The times are distinctly utilitarian and prosaic, and yet we have not all progressed up, or down, to the level of the man who sees nothing in a grand cataract beyond so much horse-power running to waste.

Neatly put, and even from a utilitarian standpoint it may be well to remember that as much money may be brought into Scotland by a thousand tourists wanting to view the Falls, as by a single company wanting to ruin them.



A THIN DISGUISE.

The Russian Bear (in Chinese costume, only more like himself than ever, slyly circulates as he crosses Manchuria). "AHA! THEY WON'T KNOW ME NOW!"

(See Special Communication to "Times," October 25.)

THE ENGLISH WIFE.

[MAX O'RELL says that the English wife sits opposite to her husband at the fireside in the evening with her curl-papers in her hair.]

ATR—"She wore a Wreath of Roses."

SHE wore a wreath of roses,
The night when first we met;
Her hair, with careful oiling,
Looked shiny, black, and wet.
Her footsteps had the lightness
Of—say a mastodon;
And oh! she look exceeding smart,
Though high of hue—and bone.
I saw her but a moment,
Yet methinks I see her now
With the slimness, style and lightness
Of—say a Low Dutch Vrow!

A wreath of orange blossoms
When next we met she wore,
The spread of form and features
Was much greater than before.
And standing by her side was one
Who strove, and strove in vain,
To make believe that such a wife
Was a domestic gain.
I saw her but a moment,
Yet methinks I see her now,
With her big front teeth projecting,
A queer blend of horse and cow.
And once again I see that brow—
No bridal wreath is there—
A ring of curl-papers conceals
What's left of her scant hair.
She sits on one side of the hearth,
Her spouse, poor man, sits near,
And wonders how that scarecrow thing
Could once to him be dear!

I *wondered*, and *departed*,
Yet methinks I see her now,
That type of British wife-hood,
With the corkscrews round her brow!

LETTERS FROM A FIANCÉE.

MY DEAR MARJORIE.—Since I wrote to you last, ARTHUR has developed unmistakable signs of acute jealousy. *Bluebeard* was mild in comparison with him; *Othello* childishly unsuspicious. At first, I liked it, and was flattered; but it is now beginning to be a little wearing. Also, I find that it has the effect of making me ridiculously and unjustifiably vain; catching, as it were, from ARTHUR, the idea that everyone I meet must necessarily admire me, and would like to take his place. A quite absurd instance of this has just happened, of which I am rather ashamed. My cousin FREDDY, who is staying with us in the country, has a musical friend, called PERCIVAL, for whose talents and accomplishments FREDDY has the greatest possible admiration. Having got permission to bring him down, FREDDY instantly dragged him to the piano and insisted on his playing and singing a song which went like this:—

"The people call me DAISSY,
Little DAISSY, with the dimple,
And all the boys are fond of me
Because I am so simple," &c.

We were all charmed, except ARTHUR, and except PERCIVAL himself. PERCIVAL composes songs, called "*Dreaming Eyes*," "*Far from Thee*," "*Ever*"; besides, he can play WAGNER, and MASCAGNI, and TOSTI, and all kinds of real classical music, and didn't quite like to be treated as if he were a mere music-hall singer. He is a gentle, amiable creature, without any pose, and with (as I know now) not the very smallest intention or desire to steal the heart of one who belonged to another. It would be difficult to find anyone less likely than PERCIVAL to break up—let us say, for



THE GREAT PRIZE FIGHT.

Johnnie (who finds that his Box, £20, has been appropriated by "the Fancy"). "I BEG YOUR PARDON, BUT THIS IS MY BOX!"
Bill Bashford. "OH, IS IT? WELL, WHY DON'T YOU TAKE IT?"

instance, a happy English home. ARTHUR thought otherwise; to ARTHUR, PERCIVAL seemed a *Don Juan*, a gay *Lothario*, a very *Lovelace*, the most dangerous of young troubadours. And he glared—really, glared is the only word—so much while I talked to poor young PERCIVAL that I, also, actually began to think there must be something in it; and, from mischief, I talked to him the more. After dinner, we danced. To tease ARTHUR, who was snubbing everyone and looking sulky, I couldn't resist sitting in the conservatory a little while with FREDDY's friend. True, my conversation with this reckless *Rizzio* might have been, word for word, carried on between two provincial old ladies: and yet, the knowledge that ARTHUR wouldn't have believed it, gave a sort of imaginary romantic wickedness to the whole thing. He asked me if I had read *Trilby*, and said he had, curiously enough, never seen the *Shop Girl*. We agreed, that though we didn't much like the winter, still it was certainly a nice change after the summer. We had reached this point, when ARTHUR came into the conservatory; I rose, so did PERCIVAL, and at the same time he handed

me a little piece of paper on which he had, while he talked, been writing something in pencil. . . . I walked away with ARTHUR, mechanically squeezing the little bit of paper in my hand.

"What," he said, furiously, "was that letter that young fool gave you?"

Becoming frightened, I denied that he had given me a letter, slipped it into my mouth, and slowly ate it. . . . We had a scene. I cried; we made it up, and he gave me a new brooch afterwards.

The next day I seized an opportunity to tell PERCIVAL that he *mustn't* do such things, as it made ARTHUR very angry, and also to ask what was on the piece of paper. He looked at me. "Why, Miss GLADYS," he said, "didn't you show it to your future husband?"

"What was it?" I asked, timidly.

"It was my publisher's address. You said you would like to have some of my songs, and—" Thank heaven, he has gone away now, and as FREDDY is always cycling, there is peace again.

But advise me what to do about ARTHUR.
Your affectionate friend, GLADYS.

CABBY; OR, REMINISCENCES OF THE RANK AND THE ROAD.

(By "Hansom Jack.")

No. X.—COMICALITY IN CABLAND—"CARROTTY CHOLLOP"
—A TALE OF A "TENNER."

LONDON is not *only* gloomy and ghostish, at least Cabby's London is not, by a dollop, But chock-full of fun. Wot is fun you may ask. Well, I'd like to refer you to "CARROTTY CHOLLOP"!

Spot arf-a-dozen of street-boys or gutter-snipes doin' a skylark or slum double-shuffle,

And you'll find *one* of 'em a native born comique who'll make you crack sides with a kick or a snuffle.

Same with a cab-rank! There's mostly one cove with a mug like a clown's, needing no chalk or scarlet;

"CARROTTY CHOLLOP" 's a natural grin-maker; don't seem to *try*, the mischievous young varlet.

Trying's no good, for you can't *learn* the comic; it comes, like a knowledge of 'osses, spontaneous.

And if without props, with the flags for a stage, you can make people *laugh*—well, that's wot I call janyus.

ROBERTS and PENLEY theirselves can't do *more*. Tell you "CARROTTY CHOLLOP" can "gag," and no error.

To bumpious 'bus drivers and 'igh-'anded

bobbies and fussy old toffs 'e's a fair 'oly terror.

Never says nothink offensive—not CHOLLOP!—'e's far too hartistic,

'is voice soft as gruel;

But still 'e can make puffy Crushers ge purple with just one tongue-snack as goes 'ome and stings cruel.

Can't score off CHOLLOP. "E leaves nothink on," says our

champion one-'andler, "JOHNNY THE JIGGER."

'E can make fun out of anythink, CHOLLOP can, jam-full of jokes,

if 'e just pulls the trigger.

Bang goes 'is charge, sweeping like a machine-gun; old "CARROTTY"

ramming 'is 'ands in 'is pockets,

And cocking 'is queer ginger-sorub of a chin, while the wheezes fly

round 'im like crackers and rockets.

Fussy young coppers fight shy of 'im mostly, for 'e knows the ropes,

and 'e can't be caught napping.

No "two-and-six-and-two" (fine and costs) knock 'im at Marlboro'

Street, 'long o' loitering or lapping.

Sharp as a weasel, and slippery as jelly, 'e's got such a manner of

landing 'is wheezes

As makes the most wooden-chumped constable snigger behind 'is

own cuff; *then* it's go as 'e pleases!

Actor? 'E's good as a pantermine, CHOLLOP is. 'E can play simple

and soft as a babby;

Make you emagine 'e's some gawping chawbacon 'stead of a hartful

and up-to-date Cabby.

Struck a bright once. At the risk of 'is life stopped a runaway

carriage. Old gent, name o' JENNER,

Told 'im to call at 'is 'ouse the next day; and, when CHOLLOP turned

up, old gent *tipped* 'im a tenner!

'E set some store on 'is life, that old codger did. Many a swell,

whose sole mottor seems "collar,"

After a sharp risky service like that, would 'a' thought a mere

Cabby well paid with a dollar.

Many a charge against Cabbies is cackled, and many a bit o' sharp

practice recorded,

But 'onesty don't come as sweet as it should when you know wot

some mean by the words "well rewarded."

Wealth 'as rum notions of *wages*—sometimes. I once 'ad a case as

tots up in this manner:—

To saving a bosky old toff from two footpads, and drivin' 'im 'ome

(two miles) two-and-a-tanner!

Watch they were grabbing was worth fifty quid, and *he*—I persoom

—was worth *somethink*, to someone,

Though I wouldn't buy such at tuppence a stun. In the matter o'

meanness this world is a rum one.

CHOLLOP was luckier. "JACK," 'e says, rubbing 'is rhububy chin,

like a old nutmeg-grater;

"JACK, I was fair discomfuddled that 'ourney. 'Ardly knew wih

And wish my North Pole. Left my 'at on the 'arthrug, and tried to shake 'ands with the mortar-haired flunkey! Scott! if you 'd seen 'im dror back with a shudder! 'Twould fetch a fair grin from a blessed brass monkey.

"A tenner! The fust my ten fingers 'ad 'andled. As crisp and as clean as my Sunday-best dickey.

Wanted to change it right off; 'fraid o' losing, or lighting my pipe

with it. Paper's so tricky;

Popped in a shop for a ounce o' best shag and a sixpenny briar.

But when the old codger

Clapped heyes on the flimsy in *my* bunch o' fives, wy 'e set me down,

strite, for a fair Hartful Dodger.

"Where did you get *this*?' 'e croaked, down 'is throat, like a

pompous old Beak bullying a Cabby;

'Lawks, 'ere's a lark on!' I sez to myself. 'Hay? *Git* it?' I

drawls, making heyes like a babby.

'Found it, perhaps?' sneers the Josses. 'Ah! p'r'aps so,' sez I,

'or maybe, dontcherknow, it was *guv* me.'

Lor, 'ow 'e bossed at me over 'is barnacles. Tenner, 'e thought,

looked a long cut above me.

"If you can't give more straightfarrard account of 'ow this ten-

pun note came into *your* possession,

Wy, I shall detain it, and send for a constable,' snorts 'e, a-thinkin'

'e'd made a himpression.

'Well,' sez I, 'umble, 'a gentleman guv it me, if you *must* know.'

Then 'e wagged 'is old pow-wow

And sez, 'I must 'ave that gent's name and address, and see *into* the

thing, as I think sounds all bow-wow.'

"Well, shall I take you to see 'im,' I asks, mild and mealy and

timersome-like. Sniffin' orty

'E pops on a topper, and *jumps in my cab*. Then I *druv* 'im,—no,

not to a 'undred and forty

In Topsawyer Square, but to Scotland Yard, strite! Then I alters

my part, playing up hinjured virtue.

'Now charge me!' I sez. 'E went squeelch like this hegg. 'Look

ere, Cabby,' 'e starts, 'I've no wish for to 'urt you—'

"Larf? 'Ow the bobbies and me did a chortle to see 'im cave in

and squirm round and skedaddle.

'Hi! Stop, Sir!' I shouts. 'For a fourteen-stun lump of fat

helderly fuss, you *are* prompt on the paddle.

But—fare, if you please,—from your shop to the Yard! Eighteen-

pence, Sir, to *you*, though it *should* be two shillin'.

That fare knocked 'im silly, at fust. But 'e parted; and I never

took a fare's money more willin'."

CHOLLOP should go on the boards, so I tell 'im. I've 'eard 'im

change patter with regular pros.

Hegged on by their lydies to take the shine out of 'im. When they've

squared up, 'tis but little 'e owes.

Ah! the world's tenners are sprinkled unreglar; but talent does not

always follow the money,

And many a comique at ten quid a week, though much fatter than

CHOLLOP, is not arf as funny.

NOTE FROM THE OPERA.—Dash my LUDWIG, but this artist is

mighty good as the *Flying Dutchman* at Covent Garden. Likewise

Madame DUMA, as *Senta*, enthusiastically applauded and showered

with bouquets. And that DUDLEY BUCK, too! Delightful name for

a lady-killing lover is the Deadly BUCK, who appropriately played the

forester *Erik* in love with *Senta*. Capital performance and first-

rate house. Conductor, Mr. FELD. Recognised his style of con-

ducting at once. Merely saw his back, and exclaimed, "That's FELD

to the ground!"

CONCERNING THAT LITTLE PARTY.—A correspondent objects to the

suggestion made in these columns last week that Dr. GRACE should

give a dance in honour of his recent cheque from the *Daily*

Telegraph without consultation with the representative of domestic

Home Rule. "It is possible," writes the scribe, "that were such

an appeal made to such an umpire, the verdict might be 'no ball,'

and cause some confusion." Were such a thing to happen, the

champion cricketer might be "put out"—a contingency so highly

improbable, that it does not merit a moment's consideration.

SHAKESPEARIAN QUOTATION FOR MIDLAND RAILWAY.—"My word,

we'll not carry coals!" (*Aside*.) But we must, and not on our own

terms. (See *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I., Sc. 1.)

SHORTLY to be published, in illustrated form, by the Punch Press,

"*Historic Peeps's Diary*."



OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Chronicles of Count Antonio, by ANTHONY HOPE. "Delightful," quoth the Baron; all colour laid on artistically, yet in bold slap-dash style. Broad effects as in scene-painting. He is the Sir JOHN GILBERT of romancers is Count ANTONIO HOPE HAWKINS.



The *beau cavalier* wins his lady against all odds. It is WALTER SCOTT, G. P. R. JAMES, LEVER, AINSWORTH, DUMAS, Drury Lane drama, ancient Astley's Amphitheatre, essenced; the whole thing done in one readable volume! Genuine romance: all "movement": interest never allowed to flag: drums, alarms, excursions: obstacles everywhere only to be surmounted: dramatic finish and final tableau magnificent! Curtain: loud applause: and calls for author. Great success.

Hugely content is the Baron with a book published by SMITH, ELDER & Co., and writ by one "JACK EASEL," some time a frequent contributor to *Mr. Punch's* pages. The title of the work is "*Our Square and Circle*." All is written "on the square," and that the

matter is "non-contentious" is evident, as otherwise the author would be "arguing in a circle," which is absurd; or "in a vicious circle," which would of course utterly take away the reputation of his quiet square for eminent respectability. That it is pleasantly written, the reader will find out for himself; that it was a labour of love, and therefore Easel-y writ, goes without saying. The Baron joins issue with him on certain details as to the table, the wines, and dinners generally; though up to now he should have thought himself at one with him [or "at 7.45 with him," which is the more likely hour] on all such important points. The Baron gives the book his "Imprimatur," says "Pass JACK EASEL," and is the author's and everybody's B. DE B.-W., THEIR OWN BOOKING OFFICER.

PLEASURE AND PROFIT.

[It has recently been suggested in the *Author* that novelists should take the management of their books entirely into their own hands.]

HAPPENING to call lately on my friend SNOOKS, the eminent novelist, I was rather surprised at the change which had come over the appearance of his drawing-room. The books, which had been scattered over the table in former days, were now methodically arranged along the shelves which covered the entire walls, and in the corner, where a china cabinet had formerly stood, there now figured a sort of counter, behind which stood SNOOKS himself, arrayed in his shirt-sleeves.

"Ha!" he exclaimed, as I entered, "what can I have the pleasure of showing you to-day? Romances, poetry, travels—"

"Why, SNOOKS," I said, "don't you remember me? What on earth are you doing?"

SNOOKS's face fell somewhat. "Oh, it's you, is it? I thought it was a customer. You see that I've taken the *Author's* advice, and am managing my own affairs."

"Indeed? And how in the world—"

"Hush!" the novelist interrupted. "Here are some customers." And as he spoke four or five people entered the drawing-room, and marched up to the counter.

"A nice novel, Madam," said SNOOKS, just like one of Messrs. MARSHALL AND SNEEGROVE's young men. "Certainly. Kindly step this way, please. Here is my *Love's Dilemma*, very sweet, I assure you. Yes, only four-and-six cash. Thank you. . . . Can I show you anything, Sir? This is in the latest style—*The Decree Nisi*—or I could write you something to order, if you prefer it. . . . Hymns, Madam? No, I am afraid I've none in stock, would a devotional sonnet do? Of course, I could make any number you require at the shortest notice. . . . Thank you, seven-and-sixpence change. They shall be delivered to-morrow morning. Evangelical, I think you said? . . . To suit a young lady—not advanced? Certainly, Sir; I can offer you my *Milk and Mayblossom*, published at six shillings; reduced to half-a-crown. . . . You didn't like *Murder and Sudden Death*, Sir? Well, I am surprised, it's one of my favourite productions; but I can sell you a rather milder blend, if you prefer it."

And so the conversation went on, until all the customers had been satisfied, and SNOOKS wiped his heated brow and turned to me. "There, you see how it works; splendid system, isn't it? No trouble with publishers or booksellers, entirely a ready-money trade, done over the counter in one's own drawing-room."

"Then all these books are your own work?" I asked.

"Of course; you don't suppose I'm fool enough to sell other people's goods? Of course I keep a large ready-made stock, and turn out others to order as required. And, as you're here, do just buy—" At this point I fled.

N. B. IN N. B.

If you'd make them feel "Big Pots,"
Then by all means call them "Scots."
If you'd make their tempers hot, hot, hot,
You may coolly call them "Scot-tish."

But, if wise, be on the watch
That you never call them *Scotch*
True it is that BOBBY BURNS
Uses all these terms in turns.
(Such, at least, appears the boast
Of the northern *Yorkshire Post*.)
But if you essay the three
You'll soon find you're not—R. B.

SPORT PER WIRE.

[An international revolver match by cable is arranged to take place shortly between English and American teams.]

"Good morning," said a representative of *Mr. Punch* to the Chief Umpire of a well-known Telegraphic Agency; "I have come to ask if you would kindly favour me with some details of your new Sporting Department."

"Certainly," he replied. "It has a great future before it. We intend to revolutionise sport in all its branches."

"For instance?"

"Well, as it's in season, take Football. In fact, I've just finished umpiring in an Association match between England and America, which, in my unofficial capacity, I'm happy to say we've won—for a change."

"Where was it played?"

"Why, at this desk, of course. You see, we cable over to the Associated Press full particulars of the imaginary kick-off, and they look it out in the Code—which doesn't generally take more than ten minutes—and wire back their return kick (also imaginary), with name, age, weight, and address of the kicker. This is generally repeated as a security against the risk of error. The charge for repetition is one-half the charge for transmission, any fraction of one penny less than a halfpenny being reckoned as one halfpenny, according to the admirable wording of the Post Office rules."

"And then?"

"We wrangle for the rest of the time. This is quite in keeping with the modern spirit of football, the game now having developed into a kind of Hibernian debating society."

"But how was it you won to-day?"

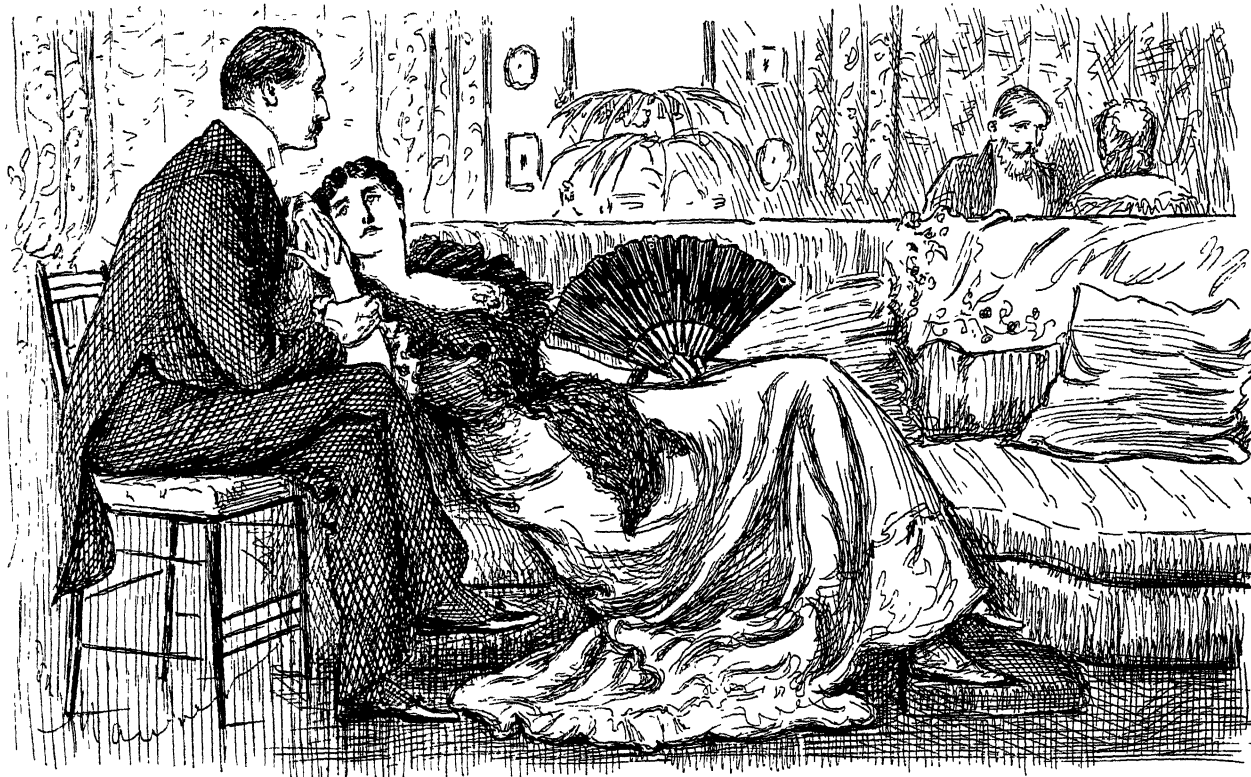
"Oh, we had the last word before 'Time' was called, which enabled our Sporting Editors to prove conclusively that the first kick scored a goal, and was not 'offside.' Our American colleagues, however, have appealed to the Central International Committee of Football Referees, so that the wires will be kept warm for the next half-year on the subject in the most sportsman-like manner."

"Capital! And have you any other telegraphic developments?"

"Oh yes! There's our Ladies' Inter-Varsity Stay-at-Home Hockey Contest—that's played over there in the corner every afternoon by sixpenny telegram. The Dramatic and Novelist Editors attend to that, in order to acquaint themselves with the workings of the feminine mind. The Golf Department is in charge of the Scottish Editors. They have an anxious time of it, as most of the language used is not fit for transmission, and bunker them badly. . . . That's the River Editor, hard at work in that arm-chair, rowing against Yale by cable. And there you see our Racing Authority, busily engaged over a Horseless Derby with the French Staff. . . . My Second-in-Command is now arranging the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight, which will take place at last by telegraph on opposite sides of the Atlantic. . . . We do a bit of Comic Volunteer Manœuvres as well, but I'm sorry to say that our Shouting Editor, whose idea of humour is somewhat noisy, has just broken the telephone with one of his ejaculations. . . . But I must ask you to excuse me now, as I have a billiard tournament, a yacht race, and a cricket match with all Australia to manage simultaneously, and the spectators—I mean newspaper readers—are getting impatient."



REWARD OF MERIT.—SIR FRANK LOCKWOOD, Q.C., M.P., having been M.P.owered to appear for the M-P-ire before the L. C. C. licensers, and having successfully scored all his Imperial Pints, is to be decorated with an Order [not admitted after eight], and allowed to practice at any of the Bars of the Empire. The restriction of "No Fees" is not in accordance with Imperial practice.



COMPENSATION.

The Future Bridegroom. "WELL—IN ANOTHER WEEK I SURRENDER MY LIBERTY!"
The Future Bride. "AND I GAIN MINE!"

They dissemble their joy.

THE OLD DOCTRINE NAMED AFTER MONROE.

(*A New Yankee Song to an Old Yankee Tune.*)

AIR—"Old Rosin the Bow."

I'm the Yankee, to whip all creation,
 And own all creation al-so;
 If rivals should seek explanation,
 I tip them the name of MONROE;
 I'll tip them the name of MONROE.
 The doctrine called after MONROE; [rising
 And 'tisn't surprising that I should keep
 Whilst holding that doctrine MONROE!

Of the universe I'll be director.
 That's quite in accord with MONROE;
 And if there's no room for the others,
 The others, of course, have to go.
 When I tip them the name of MONROE,
 The doctrine named after MONROE;
 Though to them abhorrent, with me it is
 current,

Then hurrah for old Snap-up MONROE!

From the President's chair it was stated,
 Like rooster our Eagle will crow;
 And if lesser fowls kick up shindies,
 We'll tip 'em the name of MONROE.
 The magnanimous name of MONROE,
 The doctrine named after MONROE;
 O'er world-wide dominions a-waving its
 pinions

Our Eagle will squeal—for MONROE!

Thus I'll blow myself out, and my fixings
 From ocean to ocean shall go.
 And from pole to pole also; all hemispheres
 Pan out for me,—ask MONROE!
 Ask octopus-handed MONROE!
 The doctrine—improved—of MONROE!
 Some folk think his way hard, but I shall
 tell BAYARD
 To stick to the text of MONROE!

Our ambassador must be—in London—
 A smart go-a-head plenipo,
 And, if SALISBURY does out up didos,
 Must tip him the name of MONROE;
 Explain to him Mr. MONROE,
 And the doctrine called after MONROE.
 Then, if things look squiffy, buck-down in
 a jiffy,
 And drop—for the present—MONROE!

THE MUSIC HALL AS OTHERS WOULD SEE IT.

(*With compliments to those it may concern.*)

THE entrepreneur had conducted the visitor here, there, and everywhere. He had shown the stage, the auditorium, and the tea and cake-room. Every feature of the reformed scheme had been duly explained.

"No singing allowed in the entertainment?" queried the visitor.

"None at all," was the reply; "we consider that music is a mistake. Of course some songs are good, but as others are bad it is better to prohibit them altogether, and thus escape the risk of a mistaken choice."

"And no dancing?"

"Of course not. That would be entirely contrary to our principles. If people require exercise they can walk or run."

"But how about the poetry of motion? How about the grace of movement?"

"We desire to have nothing to do with either," returned the entrepreneur. "You see our object is to have an entirely new entertainment, and consequently we reject all items that have figured in other programmes."

"Well, well," murmured the visitor; "you may be right. But I should like to see the result. I will wait until the performance is given, and judge for myself."

"I am sorry I cannot assist you to carry out this scheme," declared the Manager of the Progressive Music Hall, "because we are not going to have an entertainment."

"No, of course not. Of course it won't be an entertainment in the usual sense of the word. It can't naturally be an entertainment—I should have said a performance."

"But we give neither entertainment nor performance." "Why not?"

Then came the answer, which was more convincing than surprising—"Because, my dear Sir, we can't get an audience!"

THE NEW HOTEL ON THE EMBANKMENT.—Our Dear *Daily News*, in a recent note, says that the "Hôtel Magnifique" (as it ought to be called, reminding us as the D. D. N. justly observes of the *Hôtel Splendide* in Paris) has been already styled by its proprietors *The Cecil*. "The Cecil!"—"There is only one in it," observes bluntly a certain well-known comedian, quoting the song "There's only one in it, that's me!" And pleased is ARTHUR CECIL with the gratuitous advertisement. But *The Cecil*! Good name for club, not for hotel. *The Sarum* sounds too ecclesiastical; so we return to *The Magnificent*, which can be familiar in our mouths as "*The Mag.*" "*Omne ignotum pro magnifico.*"

"Odd notice!" observed a short-sighted man, who had been cursorily inspecting a card stuck up in a restaurant. "What is?" inquired his friend. "Why this," was the short-sighted one's reply, pointing to the notice; "*No charge for changing plates.*" Who ever heard of—? But here his friend broke in, "Why, you noodle, you've been reading a photographer's advertisement!"



A SIMPLE DEFINITION.

MASTER JOHNNY BULL. "MONROE DOCTRINE! WHAT IS THE 'MONROE DOCTRINE'?"

MASTER JONATHAN. "WA-AL-GUESS IT'S THAT EVERYTHING EVERYWHERE BE-LONGS TO US!"



A NICE DISTINCTION.

Porter. "TRAIN'S AWA, MAN. YE SHOULD HAE RAN FASTER."

Passenger. "RAN FASTER! DOD, 'A RAN FAST ENOUGH, BUT 'A SHOULD HAE STARTIT SOONER."

ANOTHER CONFERENCE OF WOMEN WORKERS.

(Not held at Nottingham.)

SCENE—The garish but unsavoury "Saloon Bar" of a "South-side Pub." A group of "Daughters of Toil" sipping and gossiping.

Laundress (throwing down newspaper). Wot's this 'ere National Union of Women Workers there's so much cackle about?

Step Girl (sullenly). Dunno, I'm sure. We're not in it, anyhow.

Workman's Wife. Ho no! We ain't women workers, I suppose, we ain't!

Laundress. Then I should like ter know where they find 'em. (Steps "white satin" and sniffs.)

Shop Girl (to Sempstress). 'Ere Miss MIVVINS, you're no hand of a scholar, and know all erbout everythink. Wot is this Nottingham Goose Fair, anyhow?

Sempstress. Well, it is not a goose fair, exactly EMMA—not in the sense of the old song, at any rate. Seems to me it's a meeting of ladies of title, who don't know what work is, to talk about women of no title who have to do it. (Sighs.) But I suppose they mean well, poor dears.

Young Machinist (pallid and cramped). Well, Miss MIVVINS, no doubt as they do. But oh dear me, what good are they going to do the likes of us? My knees crackle, my back aches, and my head swims. Thanks, yes, I don't mind if I do. (Drinks.) Ah! that warms and straightens one out a bit! But if, as you say, these ladies don't know what work is, one of 'em should do my little bit at the warehouse for a week.

Laundress. Ah! or mine at the wash-tub.

Workman's Wife. Or mine at the wash-tub and all over the shop as well, as I'olds is the 'ardest of all, seeing as how it ain't never done.

Sempstress (mildly). Ah, yes; but you have your husband and children for company, whereas I— Oh, the long, dreary loneliness of it!

Tailoress. Lookee 'ere, LIZ, don't you talk about the old man being cumpny, not till you know wot sich "cumpny" is. You

never got a black heye like this; and do you 'appen to know 'ow a kick from a 'obnailed 'ighlow feels in the ribs?"

Sempstress (gently). Well, no, my poor soul; and perhaps I'm ungrateful to grumble.

Flower Mounter. Yes; but what might these topping Nottingham Lydy-Workers talk about when they do meet?

Sempstress. Well, you see—

Laundress. 'Old 'ard a minnit, LIZ. Before you begin, let's drink up and 'ave another all round. Torkin's dry work, as I dessay the Nottingham spouters found it.

[They toss off, and replenish.]

Sempstress (continuing). Well, I see, one of their papers is on "The Ethics of Work."

Step Girl. Lor! wot's that, Miss MIVVINS?

Sempstress (hesitating). Well—you see—I suppose it means the morals of work, or something o' that.

Laundress. Morals of work! Might as well talk o' the morals of misery while you're erbout it. The less I 'ave to do, the better I like it—that's my moral.

Shop Girl. Not much morals about work nowadays, SARAH, if I'm any judge. Piling up work and cutting down prices, with the halternative of the streets if yer strikes—that's about the "morals" of our firm. And if you torked to our Boss about these 'ere Nottingham notions, 'e'd "moral" you!

Sempstress. Another lady, I see, with such a pretty, poetic-like sort of name, talks about "The Responsibility of Refinement."

Workman's Wife. Ah, well, we ain't got none, so that can't consarn us, can it?

Shop Girl (tartly). I say, you speak for yerself, Mother MATTHEWS. Of course, that means refinement in dress, and—well we don't all wear a pancake 'at with a 'aporth o' green feathers dobbed on to it! (Sniffs, and adjusts her own "high-up" hat with ambitious "horbridge" plumes.)

Workman's Wife (sharply). Now look you 'ere, Miss STUCKUP, if I 'adu't more "refinement" in my little finger than wot you 'ave in your 'ole five foot nothink, my old man 'ud swop me off for a ragman's black doll, 'e would, so there!

Voice from the Bar. Now then lydies, a leeble less noise there if you please!

Sempstress. I see here's another talks of "Home Life," and another of the "Morals of Money Spending."

Workman's Wife. Haw! haw! haw! Morals o' money spending, indeed! If these 'ere torky lydies 'ad got as little money to spend as we 'ave, and as many mouths to fill with it, 'tisn't the morals on it as 'ud trouble 'em. When the

wealthy 'uns begin to patter of morals to us poor trash, they mostly mean meanness, I reckon.

Young Machinist. Right you are, Mrs. MATTHEWS!

Sempstress (sadly). And as to "Home Life,"—ah! how many of them know that to some of us it only means a painful "Home Death?"

Laundress. Oh, come, I sy, Miss MIVVINS, you'll give us all the 'orrors if you tork like that! While there's life—and liquor—there's 'ope, I sez. So let's 'ave another kind love all round, and then we must see about—

Sempstress. "Home Life" and the "Ethics of Work" again, as the "Women Workers" say at Nottingham.

Workman's Wife. But not in the New Cut—no fear!

Voice from the Bar. Now then, time, gentlemen, please!

Exeunt.

THE CYCLE AND THE CAMERA.

THE Cycle and the Camera
Were resting side by side,
When suddenly the Cycle ask'd,
"Why is it you don't ride?"

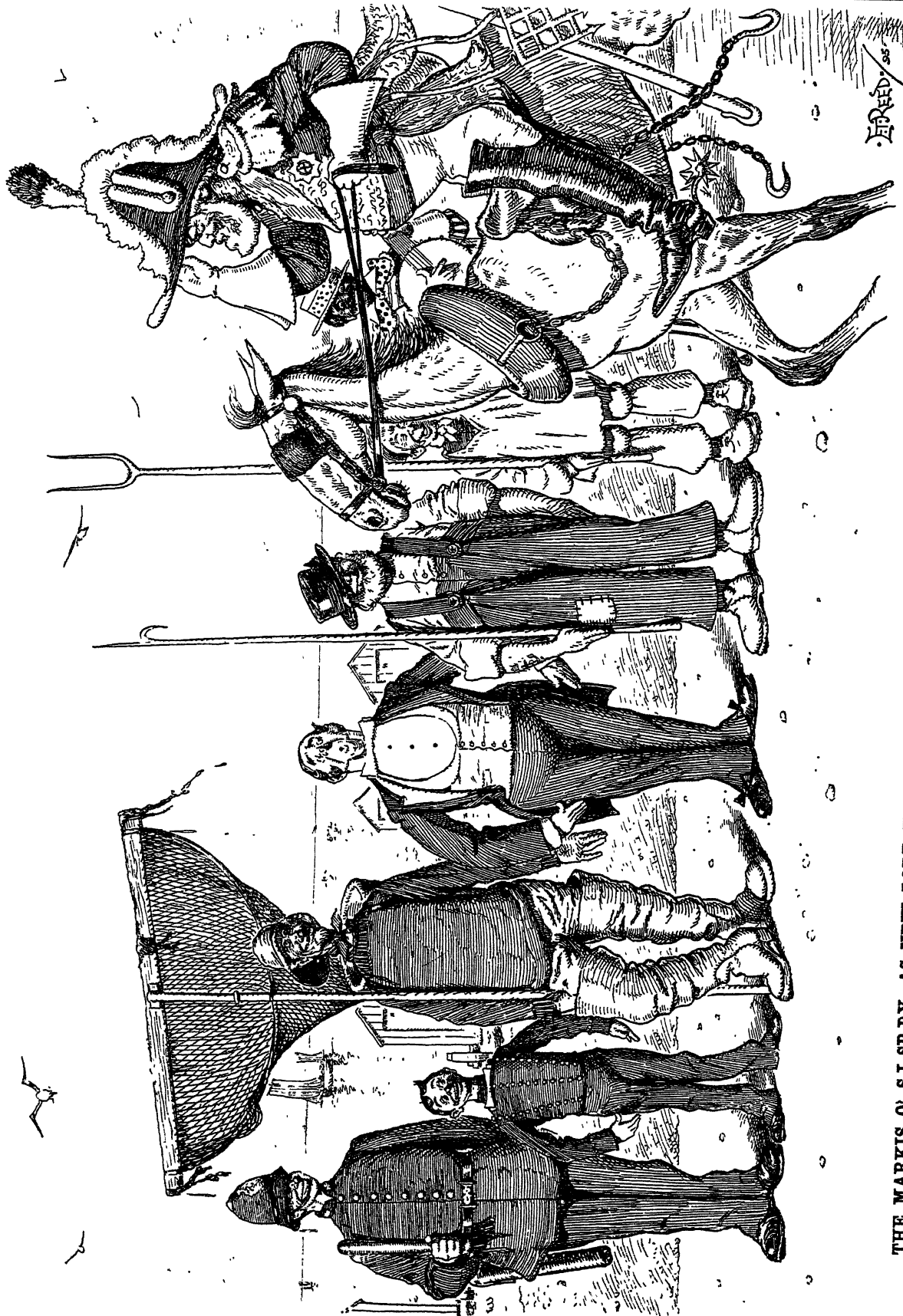
"Why not?" exclaim'd the
Camera,
Taking a secret "shot."
"To do so is considered
As easy just as 'pot.'"

"But now I come to think
again,"
The Cycle cried, "I guess,
Although the notion isn't bad,
I like it less and less.

"You see, of reputation I
Have still a little left.
And if I went about with you,
Of all I'd be bereft.

"Of 'spoony' folk you are the
dread;
You 'take them' reckless-lee;
You 'spot' the spouse delinquent
when
He's out upon the spree.

"AN EMPIRESARIO."—MR. GEORGE EDWARDS.



THE MARKIS O' S-I-SB-RY. AS NEW LORD WARDEN OF CINQUE PORTS, REVIEWS FORCES AVAILABLE FOR DEFENCE.
WALMER, OCTOBER, 1891.

"THE 'PINERIAN' SPRING" AT THE COMEDY.

MR. PINERO is temporarily Ibsenised. "What will become of them?" should have been the sub-title, if not the single title, of his new play at the



Mr. P-n-ro (making up after the portrait of Ibsen). "Ah! I think I'm getting uncommonly like him."

COMYNS CARR'S Comedy Theatre. Instead of "What will become of them?" Mr. PINERO calls it *The Benefit of the Doubt*, which is supposed to be a quotation from the Judge's summing up in the Divorce Court in the case of *Allingham v. Allingham*. Mrs. Allingham has sued for a divorce in consequence of her husband's misconduct with Mrs. Fraser; the misconduct was not proved, but the Judge was so severe on the conduct of Mrs. Fraser that there is for her, as far as her husband, friends, family, and Society generally are concerned, no benefit whatever to be obtained from the existence of the doubt in question. Such is the cheerful subject Mr. PINERO, in Ibsenitish vein, has chosen, and he has written a series of dramatic scenes artistically developing his characters by the most natural dialogue possible, but not, as it seems to me, by means either most natural, or most probable. The great situation of the piece is brought about by a gentleman (in the best sense of the word, as far as we can judge up to this point) permitting his infernally jealous wife—there is no other epithet for her except "infernally"—to conceal herself on purpose to overhear a conversation between himself and her supposed rival! Analogous situations in broad farce and farcical comedy are frequent and permissible: but surely not in a drama of real life. But then, I remind me, that this drama is Ibsenitish; which does make a difference.

The play is far too long, but it is admirably written and admirably acted. The dramatist intends most of his leading characters to be repulsively sordid, vulgar, and selfish, and those who are not so are amiable, but weak. The first heroine, perfectly played by Miss WINIFRED EMERY, is a fast member of a fast family as badly brought up as *La famille Benoiton*, the vain, frivolous mother being well portrayed by Miss LINDLEY; and the second heroine, admirably represented by Miss LILY HANBURY, is simply an odious, jealous shrew, and the prospect of happiness in a "place unmentionable to ears polite" would be more probable than any happiness for a husband with a wife like this. With neither heroine is sympathy possible. Another splendid comedy performance is that of Miss ROSE LECLERCQ, as the Bishop's wife, a character whose original is to be found in ANTHONY TROLLOPE'S *Barchester Towers*, from which I will quote a specimen passage, and ask those who have seen *The Benefit of the Doubt* whether it does not sum up in brief Mr. PINERO's characters of Mrs. Cloys and her husband the Bishop:—

"What did you say about it, Bishop?" asks Mrs. Proudie of her husband. "Why," replies "her little man," "I said that I thought that if, that is, should I—should the dean die—that is, I said I thought—" As he went on stammering and floundering he saw that his wife's eye was fixed sternly on him.

And these, with the stage directions, are the *Right Rev. Dr. Cloys* and Mrs. Cloys of "St. Olpherts," and not of "Barchester"—that's all. And this Mrs. Proudie-Cloys serves as a *Dea ex machina* coming forward to offer temporary relief to the hard, austere husband Mr. Fraser (also a good performance by Mr. J. G. GRAHAM) from his very trying wife. The Bishop is, oddly enough, a mere "lay" figure; and is "left till called for" at the last moment.

Having already said that the acting all round is of first-class quality, it will be superfluous to single out Mr. LEONARD BOYNE for special praise. Yet he deserves it. Had the author given this character an Irish title, the combination would have been perfect. Mr. CYRIL MAUDE, as the fussy, empty-headed M.P., adds another finished picture to his eccentric portraiture; but Mr. PINERO might have refrained from adding to this personage's eccentricities one which originated with Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM'S *Headless Man*, whose system of *memoria technica*, and recalling things by initial letters, Mr. PINERO seems to have borrowed, in order to complete *Sir Fletcher Portwood's* equipment for the stage. It is as well to note this, lest by unconscious celebration Mr. PINERO should, in some future piece, develop *Sir Fletcher* into another Mr. Hedley, and refer to *Sir Fletcher* in this piece as his original.

The only pleasant scene is where, in the Second Act, two club "pals," *Denzil Shafto* (Mr. J. W. PIGOTT) and *Peter Elphick* (Mr. STUART CHAMBERLAIN) appear, the latter with a banjo; both coming to cheer up their unhappy friend *Misther Allingham*. These two lighten up the gloom of the Second Act for a brief space, and then are heard no more; yet the scene in which they strut their short ten minutes on the stage is one of the best imagined, and best stage-managed as regards "business" in a piece where every detail has been considered and not a point lost. For acting, for dialogue, for character (granting these to be what the author of their being has made them), this unpleasant play ranks with the best of the dramas from, what Mrs. Malaprop might term, "The Pinerian spring." And the end? Nothing; a blank. The audience look at one another and say, "Well—and then? . . . What next?" It is a highly-finished play without a finish. It belongs to the new order of dramas classified under the heading of "The Problem Play." Whether these will pay, or not, is another problem of which the author and manager may find a satisfactory solution.



"Bedad then, 'tis Misther Shawn Allingham!"

A Toiler to a Twitterer.

BARD MORRIS sings:—"For this of old is sure, That change of toil is toil's sufficient cure." Ah me! You ought to add, oh bard omniscient, "Provided always that the pay's sufficient."

COPYRIGHT, AND ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.—Mr. HALL CAINE, author, addressing a deputation from the Dominion, is said to have remarked that "he felt assured of help from them, as they were *Hall Caine-aidians*."

QUITE NATURAL.—A composer who had taken rooms in certain mansions in Victoria Street has given them up, as he found himself writing everything in A Flat. Most monotonous.

THE "Hook of Holland" ought to catch some large fish. What is it baited with?

HOW KIPPER SLEW THE NEW FOREST HORNET.

CHAPTER II.—*The Rescue.*

FOR what length of time KIPPER and the stagbeetle remained in the unwonted positions described in the preceding chapter it would be impossible to say without a stop-watch, which makes a good repeater. However, it is certain that a couple of snails out for a stroll, who saw the fall from the bottom of the heap, tried to come to their help; but, owing to gout, they were unable to get more than half-way up. A neighbouring mole heard the stagbeetle's smothered cries, but, being blind, scuttled off in the wrong direction; while an old-fashioned toad, who lived in a mud-bank just opposite, was aroused from an afternoon nap, and, after peering out of his hole, declared that it was no business of his. But then he was always hard-hearted, and had made it a point never to interfere in the affairs of others ever since he was out-voted in the Zoological County Council on the question as to whether tadpoles should be recognised as young frogs. He was opposed to the measure, stating, in a powerful speech, that inasmuch as a frog had no tail, therefore a tadpole could not be a frog. Being defeated, he retired into private life, and was, so report said, building a home for destitute dormice, for he was a person of considerable wealth. But he was very mean, and a shrew was heard to observe that the reason he wished to take the dormice under his protection was because they ate nothing in the winter.

But while we are discussing politics KIPPER and the stagbeetle are still in danger. Although the stagbeetle kicked with all his might he found that it only injured his horns, and so, like many other creatures not of a gambling nature, lay still and trusted to chance. As to KIPPER, he was as motionless as a schoolboy's watch. But about a quarter-of-an-hour after the accident a pretty young maiden, named EGLANTINE, came tripping along the road. She was not one of those girls who know that they are nice, because no one had ever told her so, and she was too poor to afford a looking-glass. But this did not prevent her from being good to all the inhabitants of the forest, whether they had four legs, or two, or none at all, as was the case with the snakes and blind worms. Yet the best of us must have enemies, and she had incurred the anger of NIPPARD, the great and poisonous hornet, whose only pleasure, like that of some people who have guns, was to go out and kill something. EGLANTINE had saved two lambs once from his murderous attacks by driving them into an out-house, and NIPPARD had never forgotten or forgiven the insult, and vowed vengeance. This he had carried out in several ways. He had stung EGLANTINE's goat to death, killed her pet dog, and so tortured a brood of chickens belonging to her widowed mother, that they had imagined themselves to be ducklings and were drowned in a pond.

These troubles caused great grief to EGLANTINE and her parent,



"Here we are again!"

and ruin stared them in the face; and, when ruin stares, there is not often a back way out of the difficulty. Very sad, therefore, was the poor girl as she approached the place of KIPPER's disaster. But directly she saw what had happened she forgot all her own troubles, and, with many words of pity, extricated the stagbeetle from the stones. The insect was so pleased, that he wished to embrace her: but stagbeetles kiss, like Laplanders, by rubbing noses; so EGLANTINE declined the offer, and hurried to pick up the luckless KIPPER, with whom she had a bowing acquaintance. In her case, therefore, familiarity had never bred contempt for his sulky ways. She was really sorry to see the poor fellow in such dreadful plight, and took him up, as tenderly as she would have a butterfly with a broken leg. Then she laid him on the soft grass, and sent the stagbeetle to get some wild mint while she loosened his waistcoat, and gently fanned his face with a dock-leaf. When the mint arrived, she crushed the fragrant leaves between her fingers, and made him inhale the scent, still keeping up the fanning.

In two or three minutes KIPPER gave two or three sobs, shook himself like a dog who has been in the water, and, sitting up, opened his eyes, and exclaimed, "Here we are again!" He had come to himself, for he could have gone to nobody else. Then he looked at EGLANTINE with a curious sort of smile, which made her blush, and cried, "So you have saved my life. What reward do you expect?"

EGLANTINE blushed again, and the stagbeetle gave his master a gentle pinch and whispered that there had been no time to advertise their misfortune in the *Gossamer Gazette*, which is the official organ of Fairydom. KIPPER took the hint and in a milder tone said, "Well, EGLANTINE, you have done me a good turn. Why did you do so?" "O! Mr. KIPPER," replied the maiden; "was it not my duty?"

"It is a bad habit," replied the goblin, "to try and answer one question with another, but it is an excellent but rare custom to try and repay one favour with another. Can I be of any use to you? Think before you answer." "Why should I," said EGLANTINE; "are you not a fellow-creature?" "A fellow-creature!" screamed KIPPER. "Don't you know that I am a goblin, a mischievous goblin, a good-for-nothing goblin?" "O! no," answered EGLANTINE, simply; "I only know that you have the right to be made happy, as has every creature on earth." KIPPER leapt to his feet. His queer little face seemed suddenly freed from wrinkles, there was something like a dew drop in each corner of his eyes. "Why, EGLANTINE," he shouted; "you are a perfect —" It has never been known whether he would have added "donkey" or "angel," because at this minute a fierce trumpeting rent the air, EGLANTINE shrieked, the stagbeetle quivered, even KIPPER turned pale, for just above them hovered a great tawny and black creature, with fierce hate in its glowing eyes: in short, NIPPARD the Terror of the Forest!

(To be continued.)

THE WAY THEY HAVE AT THE BAR.

(Fragment from a Romance not entirely imaginary.)

SCENE—*A corridor in the Royal Courts. Eminent Counsel in conversation with Estimable Solicitor and Respected Client.*

Client. I am rather sorry, Sir, that you could not conduct my case in person.

Coun. So am I. I took a deal of trouble in preparing the argument I proposed to advance, and it was a great disappointment to me that I was unable to deliver it in person.

Solic. But your junior, Sir, represented you to perfection.

Coun. I am rejoiced to hear it. I give every credit to my young and learned friend, and am pleased to think that when we met in consultation I was able to choose the right line of policy.

Solic. Besides, if you were not with us, your retainer prevented you from being against us. And that was a distinct advantage.

Coun. You are most flattering, and too kind.

Solic. Not at all; and I am sure my client agrees with me?

Client. Well, of course I would rather have had the assistance of silk, although your junior no doubt did his best.

Coun. I am sure he did. And now, gentlemen, is there anything further I can do for you?

Solic. Thank you very much—I think not. You got up your case, consulted with your junior, and if you were prevented from putting in an appearance in the Court itself, were there in spirit. Besides, I repeat it was a good thing for us that you did not join the Bar of the other side. Thank you very much indeed, Sir. Good day.

Coun. Good day. (He prepares to walk off, when, noticing a movement of the solicitor, he stops.) You are sure I can do nothing more for you?

Solic. Oh, it's scarcely worth mentioning. But perhaps you would not mind returning your fee.

Coun. With the greatest pleasure! (Hands over a bag of gold and exits.)

Client. Well, really, that seems to me very generous! Isn't it rather unusual?

Solic. Unusual! Oh dear no! Why, it's the practice of the whole profession!

[Curtain.]

CHILLY KIND OF HOLIDAY.—The *Standard* of Friday last, in a leading article on legal reforms, expressed its opinion that "the Judges cannot be expected to take their vacation 'in shifts.'" Mr. Justice PUNCH quite concurs, and quotes from the same article to the effect that such a proceeding would be "neither a practicable nor a proper one."



FIRST IN THE FIELD.

WEATHER BREAKS. DELIGHTFUL PROSPECT! GOING STRONG!

ROUNABOUT READINGS.

I HAVE been staying recently at Oxford, the home of perennial youth—and of innumerable dogs. In fact, it was the canine aspect of Oxford that impressed me on this occasion more than any other. Nearly every self-respecting undergraduate keeps his dog, and the mediæval, academic look of the place is pleasantly tempered by these careless, happy, intrusive, “warlike wearers of the wagging tail,” who career up the High, make the meadows to resound with their barkings, and bring the bicycled rowing coach to eternal smash on the tow-path. There being, roughly speaking, some 3,000 undergraduates, the floating population of Oxford dogs cannot be less than 2,500.

PERHAPS, however, the most remarkable thing about Oxford dogs is the variety of their migrations. Some dogs, of course, remain constant to one owner. Others spend their lives under the general ownership of the whole University. These know the best rooms for bones from term to term; they can track the perfumed ash-pan to its lair, and indulge in hideous orgies of fish-heads and egg-shells. The most prominent representative of this class is, of course, *Oriel Bill*, who has, perhaps, the most gorgeously ugly and tenderly pathetic face ever granted by nature to a bull-dog.

BUT ordinary dogs, though they remain nominally the possession of one original owner, migrate from sub-owner to deputy-sub-owner, and thence to pro-deputy-sub-owner, with a wonderful rapidity. For instance, I once gave a retriever puppy to an Oxford friend. This is the life-history of that amiable animal, so far as I can gather it up to a recent date.

A. (my friend) kept the dog faithfully for a term. As he was going down, it occurred to A. that *Ponto* would be happier in Oxford than in London, so when the following term began, *Ponto*, still in his gay puppyhood, was once more found in Oxford under a different master, B. B. kept *Ponto* in his lodgings in the High. They were prettily furnished; there were cretonnes, and embroidered cushions, and handsome rugs. One day *Ponto* was left in solitary charge for one short hour. Upon B.'s return he found that remarkable dog sleeping soundly, with a well-gnawed slipper under each of his fore-paws, amidst a ruin of tattered stuffs. Not a hanging, not a cushion, not a rug remained entire. This was too much, and *Ponto* promptly became the fleeting property of C., a Balliol man, who changed his name to *Jowler* (this happened in the time of the late Master), and taught him to worry cats.

AFTER three weeks of glorious scrimmages amongst the surrounding feline inhabitants, *Jowler* took it into his head to get lost for a week. C. mourned him, but took no further steps when he found him living under the protection of D., a Brasenose man, totally unknown to A., the original owner. D. took him home in the vac, broke him to the gun, imbued him with an extraordinary fondness for beer, and re-christened him “*Hebby*.”

At the beginning of the following term *Hebby* once more turned up in Oxford, being then almost a full-grown dog. He again lived in lodgings, this time in Turl Street. By this time he had acquired luxurious habits, and was particularly fond of taking his naps in any bed that might be handy. Having on four separate occasions covered himself with mud and ensconced himself in the bed of the landlady, he was not as popular as a dog of his parts ought to have been. But the culminating point was reached when *Hebby*, having stolen a cold pheasant and the remains of a leg of mutton, took the bones to the bed of his master, into which he tucked himself. After this he was passed on to E., a Magdalen man, and was called *The Pre*.

I CANNOT follow his wanderings after this point in any detail. I know he has gone the round of the Colleges twice. He has been a boating dog, a cricketing dog, an athletic dog, and a footballing dog. He has been a canine member of Vincent's Club; he has waited outside the Union unmoved while a debate, on which the fate of the Ministry hung, was in progress. He has been smuggled into College, he has disgraced himself, and caused a change of carpets in nearly every lodging in Oxford. He has lived near New College under the name of *Spoo*, has been entered at Christ Church as *Fleacatcher* (a delicate compliment to distinguished oarsman), and has frequented the precincts of the Radcliffe Infirmary, and been joyfully hailed as *Pego* by budding doctors. I believe he is still a resident member of the University, but his exact place of residence is more than I can tell. His original owner endeavoured to trace him not long ago. He got as far as Lincoln College, and there lost the clue.

THIS, I am sure, is no solitary example. Hundreds of Oxford dogs are at this very time undergoing the same vicissitudes, through a similar Odyssey of wanderings. And probably, if the truth were known, there are Cambridge dogs in no better case.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

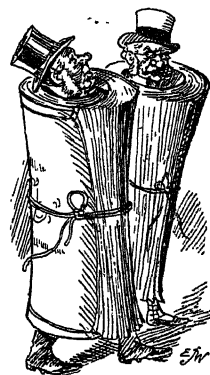
“I LIKE it muchly,” quoth the Baron, finishing BARING GOULD'S *Noëmi*—

“This scribe for publishers ne'er writes in vain;
His pen prolific, Baring Goulden grain.”

And *Noëmi*, if a trifle less Gouldish than Weymanish, is a tale of stirring times, when to plunder, hack, stab, and string up a few unfriendly fellow-creatures, who would have done the same by you if the turn of luck had been theirs, came in the day's work; while to roast an offender whole “all alive O,” just for once and away, was, so to speak, “quite a little 'oliday,” as a special and exceptional treat. And all these jocular barbarities were occasioned, not by any religious fervour, or by intolerant persecuting zeal, excusing itself on the score of anxiety for future spiritual welfare of victim, but simply out of pure cussedness, and for the humour of the thing, much as, now-a-days, the bowie-knife and the cord are used “down West.” Personally, the Baron gives not full credit to all these tales of mediæval cruelty, but the “scenes and properties” serve an excellent artistic purpose, and so he loves them as he loves such romances as those of *She who must be obeyed*, and *Treasure Island*. Therefore here's to the lass *Noëmi*, and, as she herself would of course say, in response to the toast, “You'll like me the more you *Know-o'-me*.”

Another capital story by FRANK BARRETT, entitled *A Set of Rogues*, is strongly recommended by the faculty; the faculty in question being that of deciding upon what sort of book is certain to suit the tastes of the majority of romance-readers, who, weary of the plodding every-day business in this “so-called nineteenth century,” like to get away from it occasionally and live, just for a change, in the seventeenth. Stirring tale this of *A Set of Rogues*, without a dull chapter in it: and just enough human sentiment in it to soften down the roguery. In fact, so skilfully is the tale told that the reader will find himself siding with “their knavish tricks”; for the hearts of these rogues are in the right place, though their bodies very seldom were, and their heads never, in the noose. But “no noose is good noose,” and so let the honest reader procure the book from INNES & Co. of Bedford Street; he will come to love the scoundrels, and will ask, with the Baron, “What on earth became of that captivating *Don Sanchez*?” and another query, “Was the villainous old Steward really killed?” Perhaps the author is reserving the Don and the Steward for another romance. If so, “What will he do with 'em?” asks the

INTERESTED BARON DE B.-W.





Lilly Vandenbosch. Del.

THE LAST SALUTE!

Tommy Atkins (to Commander-in-Chief H.R.H. The Duke of Cambridge) "SORRY TO LOSE YOU, SIR! YOU HAVE ALWAYS BEEN A VERY GOOD FRIEND TO US!"

"In this, his first Army Order, Lord WOLSELEY wishes, in the name of the Army, to assure His Royal Highness of the affectionate regard of all who have served under him during his long period of office."—*London Gazette*, November 1, 1895.



HOPE DEFERRED.

Old Gent (pulling up, not fancying the timber). "CONFOUND IT ALL! SURELY ONE OF 'EM 'LL MANAGE TO BREAK THE TOP RAIL,"

THE TWO SOLDIERS' TEARS.

(Some way after Thomas Haynes Bayly's "Soldier's Tear.")

WHEN at the porch he turned,
To take a last fond look.
(Human emotion will have way
In TOMMY or in DUKE.)
He listened to the tramp,
So familiar to his ear;
And the soldier gripped his good old sword,
And wiped away a tear.

Not far from that same porch
A Tommy stood at ease,
But, as he saw, his head braced up,
And he stiffened at the knees.
"Sorry to lose you, Sir!
You've been *our* friend, and dear!"
That TOMMY cried, and with his cuff,
He wiped away a tear.

Both turned, and left the spot,
Oh! do not deem them weak,
For dauntless was each soldier's heart,
Though a tear bedewed each cheek.
As *Punch* gives hearty thanks,
At the close of a long career,
To the gallant Duke, he also turns,
And—wipes away a tear!

Seasonable Dialogue.

First Dissatisfied Sportsman. What do you think of the present season, so far?
Second Dis. Sport. (with a terrific "cold 'id 'is dose"). Der preselt seasult? You mead der cubbig season.
First Dis. Sport. (correcting him). Well, the present season is the "cubbing season."

A YELL FROM THE YELLOW.

THE "Yellow Dwarf" (in the *Yellow Book*), in an almost incoherent scream against the literary ladies and gentlemen of the day, wails as follows:—

"The bagman and the stockbroker's clerk (and their lady wives and daughters) 'ave usurped his (the 'gentleman and scholar's') plyce, and his influence on readers; and the pressman has picked up his fallen pen—the pressman, Sir, or the press-woman! . . . With an illiterate reading mob howling at our doors, and a tribe of pressmen scribbling at our tables, what, in the name of the universe, can we expect? What we get; not so?"

Well, "what we get" is (among other things) the above shriek of the "Yellow Dwarf," who seems to do his full share of the "howling" he attributes to the "reading mob," and who, indeed, might be better described as the "Yeller Dwarf."

On a Sympathetic Actress.

AIR—"The Widow Malone."

To the Garriek Theatyer you'll roam,
You'll roam,
Where MARION TERRY's at home,
At home.

She melts all the hearts
Of the swains in such parts
As she plays in a play by JEROME,
JEROME.

Not much of a play by JEROME.

WHY should "All Souls," Oxford, be always a distinguished college? Because it could not be "all souls" without "somebodies" in it.

BENN AND JIM.

[See recent controversy between Mr. BENN and Lord JAMES in the *Times*.]

AIR—"Faithless Nelly Gray" (TOM HOOD).

BENN, an L. C. C. fighter bold,
Was used to war's alarms;
And when JIM knocked him off his legs,
He wouldn't lay down his arms.

He cried, "I will not quit the field,
Though HEREFORD JIM may shoot;
And though to stand on I've no leg,
I will not budge a foot!"

Now HEREFORD JIM, a gunner smart,
Riddled BENN fore and aft. [swept,
Cried BENN, "Although my decks he's
He has not sunk my craft."

Says JIM, "Those shanks are not live limbs,
They're only party pegs!
You have as wooden members quite,
As represent your legs!"

"Alive—and kicking, still am I!"
Says BENN, with huge elation;
"But if you think my legs are dead,
Let's have—an arbitration!"

Says JIM, "They are mere timber-toes,
Though as live limbs you sport 'em,
Though arbitrators have their use,
They do not sit *post-mortem*!"

"A coroner sits on a corpse,
To find out how he died."
The *Times* then "sat on" BENN, and found
A mistake in his inside

THE "RUBBER INDUSTRY."—Evidently whist.

LEAVES FROM THE HIGHLAND JOURNAL OF TOBY, M.P.

FIRST LEAF.—THE THING TO DO IN SCOTLAND.

Quiverfield, Haddingtonshire, Monday.—You can't spend twenty-four hours at Quiverfield without having borne in upon you the truth that the only thing to do in Scotland is to play goff. (On other side of Tweed they call it golf. Here we are too much in a hurry to get at the game to spend time on unnecessary consonant.) The waters of what VICTOR HUGO called "The First of the Fourth" lave the links at Quiverfield. Blue as the Mediterranean they have been in a marvellous autumn, soon to lapse into November. We can see the Bass Rock from the eighth hole, and can almost hear the whirr of the balls skimming with swallow flight over the links at North Berwick.

PRINCE ARTHUR here to-day, looking fully ten years younger than when I last saw him at Westminster. Plays through live-long day, and drives off fourteen miles for dinner at Whittinghame, thinking no more of it than if he were crossing Palace Yard. Our host, WAYERLEY PEN, is happy in possession of links at his park gates. All his own, for self and friends. You step through the shrubbery, and there are the far-reaching links; beyond them the gleaming waters of the Forth. Stroll out immediately after breakfast to meet the attendant caddies; play goff till half-past one; reluctantly break off for luncheon; go back to complete the fearsome foursome; have tea brought out to save time; leave off in bare time to dress for dinner; talk goff at dinner; arrange matches after dinner; and the new morning finds the caddies waiting as before.

Decidedly the only thing to do in Scotland is to play goff.

Deeside, Aberdeenshire, Wednesday.—FINGEN, M.P., once told an abashed House of Commons that he "owned a mountain in Scotland."

Find, on visiting him in his ancestral home, that he owns a whole range. Go up one or two of them; that comparatively easy; difficulty presents itself when we try to get down. Man and boy, FINGEN has lived here fifty years; has not yet acquired knowledge necessary to guide a party home after ascending one of his mountains. Walking up in cool of afternoon, we usually get home sore-footed and hungry about midnight.



Fingen's Finger.

"Must be going now," says FINGEN, M.P., when we have seen view from top of mountain. "Just time to get down before dark. But I know short cut; be there in a jiffy. Come along."

We come along. At end of twenty minutes find ourselves in front of impassable gorge.

"Ha!" says FINGEN, M.P., cheerily. "Must have taken wrong turn; better go back and start again."

All very well to say go back; but where were we? FINGEN, M.P., knows; wets his finger; holds it up.

"Ha!" he says, with increased joyousness of manner; "the wind is blowing that way, is it? Then we turn to the left."

Another twenty minutes stumbling through aged heather. Path trends downwards.

"That's all right," says FINGEN, M.P.; "must lead on to the road." Instead of which we nearly fall into a bubbling burn. Go back

again; make bee line up acclivity nearly as steep as side of house; find ourselves again on top of mountain.

"How lucky!" shouts FINGEN, M.P., beaming with delight.

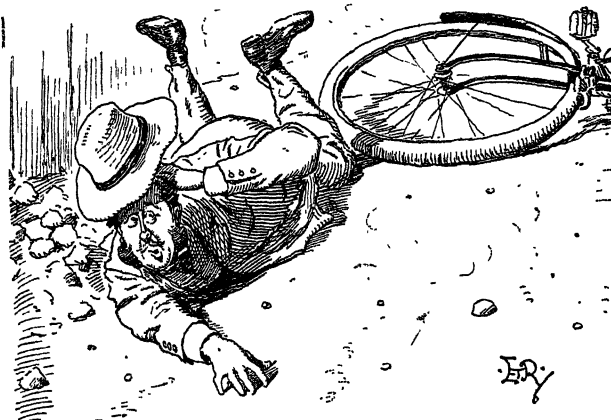
As if we had been trying all this time to get to top of mountain instead of to bottom!

Wants to wet his finger again and try how the wind lies. We protest. Let us be saved that at least. FINGEN leads off in quite another direction. By rocky pathway which threatens sprains; through bushes and brambles that tear the clothes; by dangerous leaps from rock to rock he brings us to apparently impenetrable hedge. We stare forlorn.

"Ha!" says FINGEN, M.P., more aggressively cheerful than ever. "The road is on other side. Thought we would come upon it somewhere." Somehow or other we crawl through.

"Nothing like having an eye to the lay of country," says FINGEN, M.P., as we limp along the road. "It's a sort of instinct, you know. If I hadn't been with you, you might have had to camp out all night on the mountain."

They don't play goff at Deeside. They bicycle. Down the long avenue with spreading elm trees deftly trained to make triumphal



The Crack of the Whip ('s Pate!)

arches, the bicycles come and go. WHIPSROOM, M.P., thinks opportunity convenient for acquiring the art of cycling. W. is got up with consummate art. Has had his trousers cut short at knee in order to display ribbed stockings of rainbow hue. Loose tweed-jacket, blood-red necktie, white felt hat with rim turned down all round, combine to lend him air of a Drury Lane bandit out of work. Determined to learn to ride the bicycle, but spends most of the day on his hands and knees, or on his back. Looking down avenue at any moment pretty sure to find W. either running into the iron fence, coming off sideways, or bolting head first over the handles of his byke. Get quite new views of him fore-shortened in all possible ways, some that would be impossible to any but a man of his determination.

"Never had a man stay in the house," says FINGEN, M.P., ruefully, "who so cut up the lawn with his head, or indented the gravel with his elbows and his knees."

Evidently I was mistaken about goff. Cycling's the thing in Scotland.

Goasyoucan, Inverness-shire, Saturday.—Wrong again. Not goff nor cycling is the thing to do in Scotland. It's stalking. Soon learn that great truth at Goasyoucan. The hills that encircle the house densely populated with stags. To-day three guns grassed nine, one a royal. This the place to spend a happy day, crouching down among the heather awaiting the fortuitous moment. Weather no object. Rain or snow out you go, submissive to guidance and instruction of keeper; by comparison with whose tyranny life of the ancient galley-slave was perfect freedom.

Consummation of human delight this, to lie prone on your face amid the wet heather, with the rain pattering down incessantly, or the snow pitilessly falling, covering you up flake by flake as if it were a robin and you a babe in the wood. Mustn't stir; mustn't speak; if you can conveniently dispense with the operation, better not breathe. Sometimes, after morning and greater part of afternoon thus cheerfully spent, you may get a shot; even a stag. Also you may not; or, having attained the first, may miss the latter. At any rate you have spent a day of exhilarating delight.

Stalking is evidently the thing to do in Scotland. It's a far cry to the Highlands. Happily there is Arthur's Seat by Edinburgh Town where beginners can practise, and old hands may feign delight of early triumphs.

WHAT THE SULTAN HAS A STRONG OBJECTION TO DO.—"Send round the Hatt."

OUR NEW KNIGHT HOSPITALER.

["We must regard it (Guy's Hospital) as an institution aiming at the most Christian ends, of elementary necessity, never too rich for the work it had to do, and now, through no fault of its own, cut down to one half of its means."—*Mr. Gladstone's Letter on Guy's Hospital.*]

"'Twere good you do so much for charity."
"Merchant of Venice," *Act IV., Sc. 1.*

KNIGHT of St. John or Malta? Nay!
But needs of a less knightly day
The new Knight Hospitaler pleads.
Once foremost in the press of fight,
We find to-day the good grey knight
Militant still—for human needs.

No more with levelled lance in rest,
But, the Cross still upon his breast,
A knightly almoner is he.
Not as of old with flashing steel,
But flashing words, he makes appeal
In the great Cause of—Charity.

Punch seconds it with warm goodwill.
It sends a most unwelcome chill

Through every generous heart to think
That the great gift of THOMAS GUY
Should suffer stint, or seem to die,
Because lands fail and rentals sink.

One hundred empty beds! Whilst wealth
Swells in the west, and shaken health
And sudden anguish scourge the east?
It must not be, or how may we
Who hold full stock and store in fee
Enjoy the coming Christmas feast?

Think! Fifteen hundred poor kept out,
And left in lonely pain and doubt,
Because the funds of Guy's so fail;



A MEMBER OF THE PUBLIC WHO MAY BE EXPECTED TO ATTEND THE LECTURE ON CRIMINAL LAW.

[The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE suggests the opening of the Lectures on Legal Subjects to the general public.]

The sufferer's peace, the surgeon's skill
Checked, because Charity feels a chill!
Punch on his Public would prevail

To step into the breach, and brim
Guy's store again, as urged by him
Who now no party plea prefers,
But a far wider, higher plea,
In the great cause of Charity,
Newest of Knight Hospitalers! *

* "Those who respond to Mr. GLADSTONE'S appeal will not merely be ministering to the needs of a charity, and supplying the wants of the poor, but they will be strengthening the hands of the medical profession in its life-long battle with disease, and will be assisting to secure the blessings of health to all who are in danger of being deprived of them."—*The Times.*

MR. K-R-H-RD-E.—No one has ever looked upon him other than as a perfectly harmless low-comedian with a highly developed mania for caps and knickerbockers. And this, probably, is the reason why we are told, in the *Liverpool Courier's* "Labour Notes," that he is "an influential gentleman in England and very much run after for lecturing purposes." But alas! it appears—from the same source of information—that, in the United States, "the running after" is all on the erewhile West Ham representative's side; though, being "rationally" garbed, this ought not to cause him much inconvenience. It is almost pathetic to learn that the poor gentleman was in the position of a Mahomet before a mountain of Fall River miners, from whom he was compelled to ask permission before a lecture could be arranged. Ichabod! or—more appropriately—*Knicker-bod!*

THAMES TALK.—A Forecast for 1896.

How greatly improved are the steamboats. They seem to be as good as any at home and abroad.

Quite so. They are simply floating palaces. You could find nothing to equal them in America.

So convenient to have a better class for those who can afford a few extra pence. Without this, we should have never seen that duchess chatting away with the countess in her own right.

Yes; and so pleasant to be able to get five o'clock tea nicely served by trim waitresses in a saloon upholstered with satins and ormolu.

And the duke and the viscount seem quite comfortable in the luxuriously furnished smoke-room.

Well, the sight is not surprising considering that the designer went to the Junior United Service Club for his model.

And yet the artisans are contented with their part of the vessel. It certainly was a happy thought to supply their cabins with bagatelle boards, dominoes, and a five guinea compendium of games.

In spite of the size of the vessels the boats travel at a rapid rate. No doubt this is attributable to the magnificent engines.

Of course. And really it is very pleasant to travel from Chelsea to Kew to the sounds of a first-rate Hungarian Band.

The commissariat, too, has not been neglected. The luncheon on board is worthy of the best traditions of the *buffet* at Calais. And as cheap. Only fancy, half-a-crown for three courses and dessert!

Yes; and that meal seems equally popular with the sixpenny tea (with cakes and crumpets) prepared for the patrons of the fere-part.

The fares are also very low. Even in these hard times it would be unreasonable to complain of overcharge when the ticket between the Temple and Hampton Court is only fourpence.

It is marvellous that no one tried the plan before of starting boats from half the piers for all the rest at five minutes interval.

And yet they are crowded with travellers. Really the Thames seems to be a very popular highway.

Naturally, when the passengers are sheltered from the weather—too much sun or a plethora of rain—at all times.

And I suppose London may thank the County Council for establishing comfort with economy, and luxury with rapidity?

Oh dear, no! If the metropolis had trusted to that dilatory body, it would have had to wait indeed!

Then to whom are the five million inhabitants of the chief city of the universe indebted for these sweet boons?

To an ordinary man of business who knows how to cater for the multitude, and has the courage to rely upon increased income as a means of meeting additional outlay.—He merits a statue.—He deserves more—hearty praise by the Press when he discards his *incognito*.

ROBING-ROOM RUMOURS.

In consequence of the great success of the "Smoking at Home" at the Inner Temple, it is proposed to start a circus at the Middle.

The suggested "Musical Dinner" at Lincoln's Inn is now under consideration, and will probably see the gas-light before the end of the term.

The numerous professional engagements of Sir FRANK L. CRAWFORD will not prevent him from appearing as *The "Lightning Cartoonist"* at the coming Gray's Inn *Matinée*.

Should the anticipated "Free-and-easy" come off at the Middle, the LORD CHANCELLOR is not unlikely to give an exhibition of swordsmanship. The distinguished Peer is said to be the finest living exponent of the sword and dagger fight.

The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE is expected before Christmas to repeat his recent interesting address, with the assistance of a piano and dissolving views. A troupe of first-rate banjoists from the Threep-in-a-Bar Musical Society may possibly be found among the incidentals.

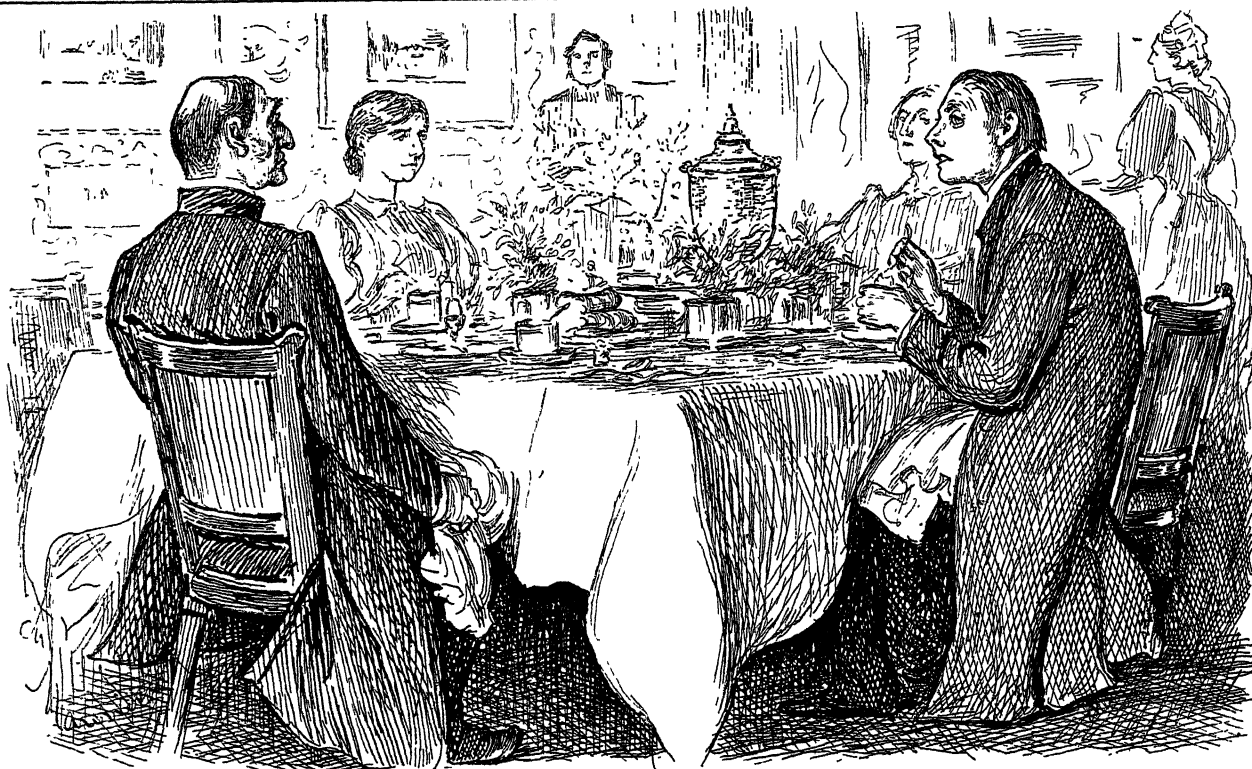
There is no truth in the report that at the next "Five o'clock tea with pipes" at Lincoln's Inn Sir ARRY 'AWKINS will warble "*Down Newmarket Way*."

In spite of the social entertainments in contemplation, the Examiners of the Council of Legal Education will perform their duties. At present there is no intention of adding another subject to the pass for admission to the Bar. In the future it may happen that all students will have to take up "the duties and responsibilities of proprietors of music halls."

FROM "THE POTTERY," HAYMARKET.—The "Tree-ilby Tree-o," G. D. M.-cum-P. P.-et-B. T., beg to state that they are all delighted with "the reception" of the piece, and still more with "the receipts."

"EX PEDE"—Miss BAIRD appears as the model *Trilby* without shoes or stockings. Such realism is a novelty which unfortunately prevents this young actress from ever losing her identity, as, though the upper portion of her figure is "very *Trilby*," her feet are most decidedly BAIRD.

ANOTHER THEATRICAL BENEFIT.—"*The Benefit of the Doubt*."



TRUE HUMILITY.

Right Reverend Host. "I'M AFRAID YOU'VE GOT A BAD EGG, MR. JONES!"

The Curate. "OH NO, MY LORD, I ASSURE YOU! PARTS OF IT ARE EXCELLENT!"

IN PITY FOR SPRAGUE.

[A fund is being raised in aid of the widow of the fireman SPRAGUE, who met his death gallantly in the late explosion in the Strand. "SPRAGUE was a young man, under 30 years of age, of good character and promise. His widow has one child, and is soon again to become a mother."—*Times*. Any subscriptions forwarded to Mr. W. O. READER, Vestry Clerk, 151, Strand, towards the relief fund, will be thankfully received and acknowledged.]

ATR—Prowse's "City of Prague."

WE dwell in a city fear-haunted,
And danger from fire is our lot;
Great pluck in our firemen is wanted,
And that they have certainly got.
We've stalwart young heroes in plenty
To fight with the fiery-tongued flame.
But to die when scarce past five-and-twenty,
Seems sad, though like SPRAGUE, you die game.

Our duty to-day seems quite certain
The aim, of the fund, is not vague;
Punch hopes human pity will stir the
whole city

To honour the memory of SPRAGUE.

In he dashed, though the hugh wall was
frowning,
The wall which fell, crushing on him;
Friends toiled, as to rescue the drowning.
Mates dug, though with hope growing dim.
They found him, death's flood bravely breast-
ing,*

Ten hours of lone anguish he bore.
Now, alas! the brave fireman is resting,
To fight London's fire-fiend no more.

* "Covered with dirt, haggard, and hardly recognisable for the vigorous man who had dashed into the court ten hours before; he smiled faintly, and whispered words of gratitude and hope. 'I am so glad you have come,' he said. 'I shall be all right again soon.'"—*Daily News*.

Though honour o'er *him* drops the curtain,
Our duty to *his* is not vague.
Subscribe, London city, in pride, and
proud pity,
And love of your brave fireman,
SPRAGUE!

"I PROMESSI SPOSI."

PRINCESS MAUD AND THE DANISH PRINCE
CHARLEY.

(With Apologies to the Memory of the great Author
of "*Maud*.")

["Her Royal Highness Princess MAUD of Wales, youngest daughter of the Prince and Princess of WALES, is engaged to be married to His Royal Highness Prince CHARLEY, second son of the Crown Prince and Crown Princess of DENMARK. The QUEEN has received the news of the betrothal of her dear granddaughter with much pleasure, and given her ready consent."—From "*Court Circular*."] I.

WORDS that brighten the season,
As winter's gloom is falling,
"MAUD, MAUD, MAUD, MAUD!"
Loyal Britons are calling.

II.
Well loved MAUD, of a well-loved brood!
And brave Prince CHARLEY is with her.
'Tis good, indeed, to see once more,
Briton and Dane together!

III.
Sea-king's son from over the sea,
Successfully you have sought her!
England cries "Welcome!" this day to you,
As once to the "Sea-king's daughter."

IV.
Our QUEEN is well content.
"I Promessi Sposi."

May the future stint its shadows,
And leave their pathway rosy.

V.
Hark! she the well-loved voices,
Crying and calling to her:—
Where is MAUD, MAUD, MAUD?
A Prince has come to woo her.

VI.
Hark! a sound at the door!
"Little King Charley snarling" ?—
Nay. A Danish Prince from a distant shore;
And—this CHARLEY is her darling!

A PLEA FOR OUR TREES.

["The frost has told heavily on the London trees."—*Westminster Budget*.]

"FROST has told heavily on the London trees."

What matter; whilst the seasons wane
and wax?

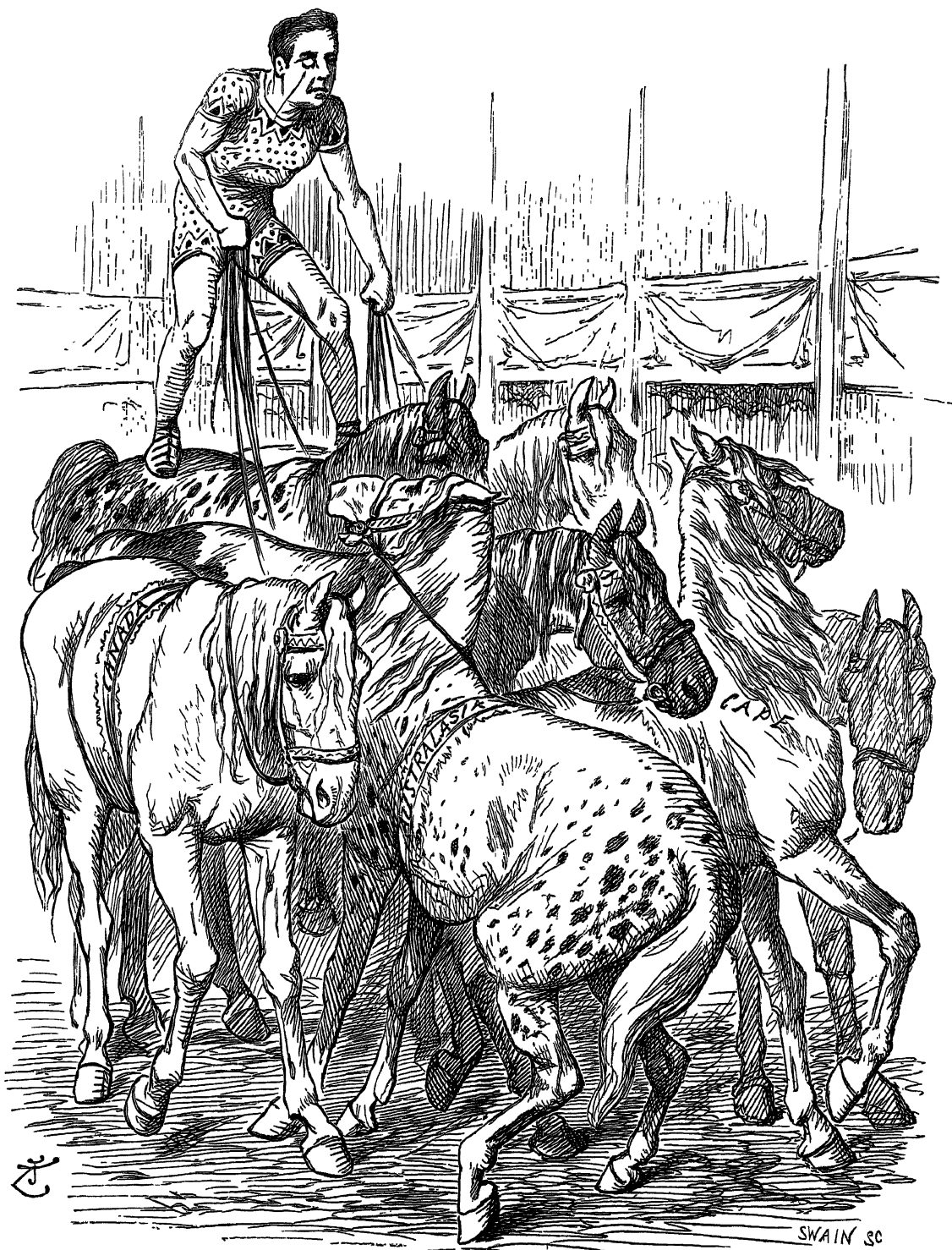
But what makes London-lovers ill at ease
Is the fierce ruin of the Vandal axe.

"Frosty but kindly" is chill Winter's touch
Upon our trees, as on old ADAM's head;
But when the Jerry Builder lays his clutch
On trees, he leaves them but deformed—
or dead!

Ruined by jobbing 'gardeners' ruthless
ravages,
Hideous as DORÉ's cripples, trolls or
gnomes.

Will no one save from these tree-slaughter-
ing savages
The bowery charms of our suburban homes?

HAPPILY NAMED.—"M. JAURES spoke in the Assembly for four consecutive hours."—*Telegram from Paris*.



TAKING THE REINS.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN visited the Colonial Office on his return from the Continent, and subsequently had a consultation with Lord SALISBURY.
Daily Paper, November 2, 1895.

FASHIONS FOR THE FIFTH.

To Strachan Shavins, Esq.

DEAR OLD STRACHAN,—So you want a few hints from me as to what you should wear this Fifth of November. Well, my dear fellow, of course I shall be delighted to be of any service I can to you. You needn't have apologised for troubling me. It is only natural that, as you say, you "shouldn't wish to make a fool of yourself on such an occasion by turning out in the wrong sort of toggery." Dress is a more important factor in our profession than is generally supposed, and we, as Gentlemen and Guys, should be the last to set conventionality and propriety at defiance by appearing in public without proper regard to our personal appearance.

First, let me beg of you *not* to be persuaded into adopting a cocked-hat. The career of the paper cocked-hat—with or without coloured trimmings—is closed, and I for one do not regret it, for it always seemed to me to imply an assumption of military rank which, on the part of civilians like ourselves, is surely rather a paltry affectation.

The only correct head-covering will be the tall hat, which I hear will be bulgier than ever this year. The smartest will have open crowns and little or no brims. There has been some attempt to revive the old straw hat, though only with a black ribbon, but I have not heard of this being adopted by Guys with any pretensions to dressiness.

Masks this year are to be gayer—I might even say gaudier—than ever. I noticed one of bright magenta with large grape-green spots! Sounds rather startling, you will think; but, really, worn with a fustian jacket of a rather sombre tone of chestnut, and a mock-astrakhan *toque*, the effect was not half bad. The latest idea seems to be to strike the dominant colour-note in the mask, and make the rest of the costume lead up to it. Personally, however, I prefer something which renders its wearer less conspicuous. One in prawn-pink, with touches of cardinal red under each eye, and an edging of the same around the mouth, struck me as in excellent taste. Another in *bouchon-brûlé* black, relieved by sealing-wax red, was pleasing, though you may consider it almost too quiet.

After all, the colour and design of the mask may safely be left to the taste and fancy of the individual.

Now, as to your coat. The sack-back overcoat still holds its own, though it is open to the objection of concealing too much of the figure. Have nothing to do with a striped flannel blazer, nor a glazed calico jacket. You may see one or two about, but never on anyone who is anybody at all. You cannot go wrong in a double-breasted pea-coat, or one in black and rather shiny broadcloth, with rather long tails. I have decided on one myself, and consider it decidedly becoming.

Don't be induced to appear "in character." I cannot see any sense myself in masquerading as some person of more or less ephemeral notoriety. Why should we desire to mislead the careless into taking us for a famous murderer, swindler, or statesman? I

know it is done, and by some who ought to be above such weakness; but, depend on it, it's a poor sort of ambition. Let us be content to be *ourselves*, members of the honourable and ancient Guild of Guys.

There seems to be a general agreement to dispense with collars this year, and adopt instead a red worsted comforter, which is quite as sightly, and very much more hygienic in these raw, foggy days. But, if you must have a collar, have one in the "stick-up" shape, with the ends slightly dog's-eared; the necktie can hardly be too simple.

As for the trousers, they will be of much the same cut as hitherto, perhaps just a shade baggier at the knees, and falling "conceitina"—wise, to meet the boots, into which they should be tucked.

Soles and heels will either be very much worn, or not worn at all—there is no *juste milieu* here; but eschew boots of a brown colour, which, on a formal occasion like this, are very bad style indeed. Should you desire to be thought a very great "buck" and "blood" indeed,

you may have your boots an odd pair. A top-boot and a tennis shoe make a highly effective combination.

It is not *necessary* to wear gloves; but, if you do, remember to have white knitted ones, *not* kid. The finger-ends are generally left open, so as to produce an impression of elegant negligence. This may be heightened by allowing just a suspicion of hay or straw to be visible at the apertures.

Lastly, you inquire about the best kind of conveyance to make your rounds in. Take my advice, and refuse to be carried on a chair. I would not even accept a barrow, unless it is drawn by a donkey. It is only once a year, remember, and a certain amount of pomp and splendour is essential if we Guys are to maintain the dignity of our Order in these degenerate times.

I hear whispers that one or two Guys who go in for being "up to date" are seriously thinking of exhibiting themselves this year on bicycles, and, considering the sudden and enormous popularity which the "bike" (to employ a hideous and vulgar abbreviation that offends my taste) has acquired of late amongst the so-called "Upper Ten," I am far from saying that even such a public personage as a Guy must necessarily suffer any loss of dignity by being seen on a cycle—provided he insists upon being securely tied on to the handle-bars, and also upon the machine being supported and guided for him by a couple of able-bodied attendants. But this, I understand, will be *de rigueur* for any Guy who may so far unbend as to give the practice of cycling the sanction of his official recognition and countenance.

I think that is all you wished to know about; so now, my dear old chap, let me wish you a thoroughly enjoyable day's outing, and a cheery evening by way of finish. You will find that the boys will do you uncommonly well, give you as many combustibles as you can hold, and there is sure to be plenty of fizz about. Sit tight, keep as cool as you can, don't lose your head, or let yourself go too soon, and you may reckon upon having what is colloquially termed "a high old time."

I shall expect a first-rate report, and you are pretty certain to hear from me if I am anywhere in your neighbourhood, so no more at present from
Yours affectionately,
HOMME DE PAILLE.



MANY LICENSES AND ONLY ONE FISH SAUCE.

THE London County Council sits upon the site of one of London's oldest casino-gardens ("Spring Gardens"), and no one can therefore wonder that it sits upon music-halls. It did not open its proceedings on October 25 with the *Chant du Départ*, which was disappointing. Having gone wrong on water, was it not only natural that it should go wrong on gin, and in one great case give a verdict in favour of hole-and-corner drinking? It invented a new dance called the "Skate Dance." This is something in these days of choreographic enterprise. It should not, however, have fettered its invention with a license. If skating is "dancing on skates," what is not dancing? Is "dancing attendance" illegal without a license? Is the "poetry of motion" illegal without a license, and which is the most illegal?—the poetry or the motion? Does the "music of the spheres" require a license? Is the ploughboy, "whistling as he goes for want of thought," infringing any Act of Parliament? If I copied an old poet, and asked a young lady to "drink to me only with her eyes," could she do so in an auditorium without the permission of the L. C. C. and the Brewster Magistrates?

A BEWILDERED ONE.

BALLYMACARRETT—ET PRÆTEREA NIHIL.—The "Natives of Ulster" resident in Glasgow came out of their shells for their annual reunion in the Waterloo Hall of that city, and were presided over upon the occasion by Mr. WOLFF, M.P. The member for East Belfast was eloquent upon various subjects, but attained the highest pinnacle of the rhetorical art when he spoke of the district with which he is connected and which "bears the beautiful name of Ballymacarrett." This poetically called spot appears to be the veritable Elysium of Erin, "where"—according to the enthusiastic orator—"people live happily. A place which would arouse the envy of most towns *even in Scotland*!" Evidently an Utopia wherein gaols and lunatic asylums are conspicuously absent; for who could commit a crime or go "balmy on the crumpet" in Ballymacarrett! Hark to the bard of the locality:—

Great Edinbro's nothing, and nothing is Perth,
And naught are the cities most vaunted on earth:
But give me my home, be it only a garret,
'Mid the blessed surroundings of Ballymacarrett!

"THE WOMEN WHO WOULD" do what they shouldn't, had better leave the country in ship to be named *The Grant-Allen Castle*.

VERY LIKELY.

SIR.—I think I can give a satisfactory answer to your correspondent who wishes to know the derivation of our slang expression "Cheese it!" The French equivalent for the saying is not, as some suppose, *Fromagez-le*, but *Cessez*, second person plural, imperative mood from the verb *cesser*, to cease, which evidently is a derivative of the Latin noun-substantive *casa*, meaning "cheese."—Yours obediently,
CHEDDAR.

"BARKIS IS WILLIN-K."—There is great and just rejoicing in Liverpool over a repentant Liberal, by name Councillor WILLINK, who has joined the Conservative ranks. He would have joined before only "I thought," said he, "there was too much connection between the Conservatives and the drink trade. But now all that has completely changed," and he can, with an easy conscience, side with the Tory Party, which, he informs us, "he has been testing during the last five years"! Really, after so prolonged and severe an ordeal, it is astonishing that there should be any Conservative Party left for Mr. WILLINK to throw his lot in with. However, it may with confidence be expected that he will prove as great a gain to his new cause as, undoubtedly, is the loss which he has inflicted upon his former partisans.



SHEER IGNORANCE.

Benevolent Person. "COME, MY LITTLE MAN, YOU MUSTN'T CRY LIKE THAT!"
Boy. "GARN! 'OW AM I TO CRY THEN!"

"THE COMING OF ARTHUR."

"We understand that Mr. HENRY ARTHUR JONES, the dramatist, intends to drop the surname by which he has hitherto been known to the public. In future he will accordingly be known as Mr. HENRY ARTHUR."—*Daily News*, October 30.]

An eminent dramatist having abandoned one of his names, it is believed that the surname ARTHUR, henceforth so illustrious, will become extremely fashionable, and it is rumoured that the following gentlemen, amongst others, will re-arrange their names, and will immediately be elected members of ARTHUR'S Club:—

The Right Hon. JAMES BALFOUR ARTHUR; Mr. Justice CHARLES ARTHUR; Mr. Justice KEKEWICK ARTHUR; Sir ARNOLD ARTHUR; Sir SULLIVAN ARTHUR; Sir WILLIAM BLOMFIELD ARTHUR, A.R.A.; Mr. HACKER ARTHUR, A.R.A.; Mr. W. PINERO ARTHUR; Mr. CECIL ARTHUR; Mr. ROBERT S. ARTHUR.

** Our "ENRY HAUTHOR" is, as far as concerns dramatic authorship, "The Only JONES." Why descend from this pinnacle?—ED.

WHEN is an ice rink not a nice rink? When it has no music and (skate) dancing license.

THE Woman with a Past generally has many presents.

SOMETHING LIKE JUSTICE.

VERY MUCH ABROAD. SCENE—*A Foreign Land.* Accused in Dock. Judge on Bench. Usual accessories.

Judge. We say you are guilty, and there is no use in denying it. Accused. But I declare on my honour that I am innocent.

Judge. Your honour! Who ever heard of a villain's honour!

Accused. I am no villain. I swear it—yes, by my mother's grave. *Judge.* So wicked a criminal deserves no mother! [Sensation.]

Accused. Oh, this is monstrous! You may insult me; but you have no right to asperse the memory of my mother.

Judge. Your mother would weep were she to see you now. She would be bowed down to the ground with shame.

Accused. Why with shame? For I am innocent.

Judge. You are guilty, I repeat. And the jury shall share with me my opinion. I am your judge, and I assert it.

Accused. Then this trial is a farce!

Judge. No, Sir; take my word for it, you will find it a tragedy!

[*Trial concludes in the customary fashion.*]

QUITE AT HOME. SCENE—*An English Court.* Accused in Dock. Judge on Bench. Usual accessories.

Judge. I really must request you to be silent, in your own interest.

Accused. But I plead guilty.

Judge. I do not think you know what you are doing. By saying that you committed the crime of which you are accused, you deprive yourself of the chance of acquittal.

Accused. I cannot help that. I did commit the crime—I avow it.

Judge. You are going out of your way to assume unnecessary responsibility. It is for the gentlemen of the jury to decide.

Accused. Surely I can judge for myself. I have only followed the family tradition. We are all villains.

Judge. You have no right to say so. We have to deal with you, not with your relations. Now, please, plead "Not guilty."

Accused. Anything for a quiet life! "Not Guilty."

Judge. I am infinitely obliged to you. Thank you much. Now, what might have commenced as a tragedy may end as a farce.

[*Trial concludes in the customary fashion.*]

A WARNING.

[The Anti-Tobacco Society has "little doubt that, if a subscription were raised to adequately support a test case, a decision would be given, which would demonstrate public smoking to be an illegal, unjust, ungentlemanly, and, therefore, unchristian habit."]

To all and sundry warning, whom Tobacco holds in thrall,
And a word of glad good-tidings to non-smokers one and all!
You have heard of our Society—its greatness all allow—
Our intentions in the plainest terms permit me to avow.

When we've brought (and won) our test case—we shall win it, who can doubt?

All those who hate tobacco-smoke once more may venture out;
And the sun will shine far brighter—this at least, I think, is clear—
In a sweet and unpolluted and unsmoky atmosphere.

Along the streets the citizens in comfort then will fare,
"All delicately marching through the clear pellucid air,"
The patron of the music hall once more will freely breathe,
And the crowd, bereft of baccy, soon will almost cease to "seethe."

No more the luckless passenger will cough, and gasp, and choke,
As he swallows on the 'bus-top a pernicious blend of smoke,
No more we'll watch the cricket at the Oval through a haze
That cigars and cigarettes and pipes innumerable raise.

No more unwitting find ourselves, and miserably cower,
In a third-class smoking carriage, with no stop for quite an hour,
And no more from smarting eyes the tear we now shall have to wipe,
Excited by the navy's small but parlous pungent pipe.

No more "Old Friend" or "Negrohead" 'twill be our lot to sniff,
We shall walk abroad unafraid of the "penny morning whiff,"
Never more—oh, joy to think it!—shall be stricken from afar
By the penetrating odour of the "Saturday cigar"!

The Golden Age will then be here, no evil shall be rife,
E'en the smoker will be forced to live a just and Christian life.
One warning more. Let all beware the wretched obvious joke,
Nor dare to hint our great crusade is like to end—in smoke.

SCRAPS FROM CHAPS.

FESTIVE FARMERS.—There was a meeting lately of the North Somerset Agricultural Society, whereat—according to the *Bristol Mercury*—

Mr. S. HARDING proposed "The health of Mr. E. H. LLEWELLYN, their president and member." Mr. LLEWELLYN, he said, was the idol of North Somerset.

The toast was drank amidst the singing of "For he's a Jolly Good Fellow."

Mr. LLEWELLYN thanked all present for their kindness in paying him the greatest compliment they could pay to an Englishman, namely, by calling him a jolly good fellow.

Yes, Mr. LLEWELLYN, there's sense in your attitude!

When by other folks' virtues or wits we're oppress'd,
We feel 'tis no paradox, almost a platitude,
That "jolly good fellows" are after all best!

We can't all be famous in art or in 'ologies;

To the rank of Field Marshal 'tis vain to aspire;

But—offering to Don-dom a thousand apologies—

A "jolly good fellowship" all can acquire.

THE HOPE-CROP IN SCOTLAND.—In another agricultural body—the Scottish Chamber to wit—they seem to be rather sanguine souls. One speaker remarked that "Mr. LONG and the other members of the Government were pledged up to the hilt to dispel agricultural depression." He did not mention when the Government are supposed to have "taken the pledge," or how anybody can contrive to be pledged "up to the hilt," instead of—as it ought to be—"down to the dregs," about anything. "Dis-



CACOËTHES SCRIBENDI.

FANCY PORTRAIT OF THE GENTLEMAN WHO WRITES EVERY YEAR TO THE *TIMES*, TO CHRONICLE THE FIRST PRIMROSE HE PICKS IN THE VICARAGE GARDEN, AND THE SONG OF THAT PRECOCIOUS CUCKOO THAT HIS LITTLE GRANDSON HEARD IN THE WOODS ON THE FIRST OF APRIL. HE IS NOW WRITING TO DESCRIBE A METEOR WHICH FLEW OVER THE VICARAGE WITH A LOUD REPORT AT 9.37½ P.M. ON NOVEMBER 5, 1895, JUST AS HE WAS ABOUT TO RETIRE FOR THE NIGHT.

pel" is a little too strong. Didn't Lord SALISBURY at Watford say he had "no panacea"? The farmer's friends must go slow—plenty of patience and "pluck," or they'll be "ploughed"!

COMA OR CONVALESCENCE?—Listen to the *Cork Daily Herald*:—

"Something must be done to bring about the return of the old healthy conditions in the Irish Party."

It sees it at last! No doubt the Party was strong and vigorous "*sub consule PARNELL*"; but was it the strength of health, or of inflammation, as Dr. GERALD BALFOUR and the Unionist doctors would say? The leading Irish physicians, of course, hold that the patient is now in a relapse, and must be roused at all costs, and to rouse him they all quarrel at his bedside. Not a "good bedside manner," this!

Congratulations.

To whom? To Mr. STANHOPE FORBES, A.R.A., on his receiving a first-class medal at the Munich Arts Exhibition. They should also have bestowed on him the freedom of the city and made him a member of the Munich-ality. Likewise to HUBERT HERKOMER, R.A., decorated by the Emperor of AUSTRIA. So far is good, very excellent good; but there may be yet something in store for him, and Mr. *Punch* says—

"HUBERT, I love thee. Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee."

But all will come in good time, to our artistic Brother Brush and Worshipful Worker in metals.

"PLEASE TO REMEMBER THE NINTH OF NOVEMBER."

AN esteemed and learned contributor, who wishes, for the moment, to preserve his *incognito*, has sent to 85, Fleet Street, a suggestion for the procession of the ninth inst., which may yet recommend itself to the Lord Mayor Elect:—"As Sir WALTER is a barrister-at-law," writes our correspondent, "would it not be a graceful act if his connection with the forensic profession were brought in prominence by suitable accessories?" As the idea is worthy of consideration, the proposed programme is herewith set forth:—

- Constable clearing his throat.
- Inns of Court Volunteers, with their bands.
- Private Practice (alone).
- Deputation of the Junior Bar, a thousand strong, shirking their military responsibilities.
- Master of the Revels of Gray's Inn, in wig and Maske of Flowers, on horseback.
- Deputation of the Junior Bar, with Bar-maids, dancing.
- Treasurer of the Middle Temple seated in a car representing a Smoking Concert in Hall.
- A Solicitor with briefs.
- Deputation of the Junior Bar, two thousand strong, in close attendance.
- Hungry Members of the L. C. Sessions who have not received "soup."
- The Recorder of London seated in his chariot.



Banner with Recorder's motto, "Come one, come HALL!" Full Members of the L. C. Sessions who have received "soup," preceded by officer, in uniform of "Marshal TUREEN," Sir GEORGE LEWIS in a big case, drawn by Irritating Magistrates. Deputation of the Junior Bar, three thousand strong, prepared for actions.

A car containing all the Judges, drawn by Mr. Ex-Solicitor-General on a single sheet. Sheriffs' officers dancing.

Trophy representing the Glories of the Past, including Effigies of JOHN DOE and RICHARD ROE, and other celebrities.

One-horse Fly of Mr. A. BRIEFLESS, Junior, occupied by his Clerk.

The City Marshal alone, without SNELGROVE. The Right Hon. the LORD MAYOR in full forensic costume, consulting his Fee-book.

Deputations from various Bars—Potters Bar, Critterion Bar, Old Turnpike Bars, and

Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN representing Bar of Music.

It is suggested by the proposer of the programme that it would be useless to arrange for any large number of solicitors to be present. The members of that branch of the profession are invariable well employed during term time. But this consideration does not apply to the younger members of the Bar. It is understood that gentlemen duly qualified to take part in the procession can obtain full particulars by applying to Pump-handle Court, and asking (in the first instance) for Mr. PORTINGTON.

HOW KIPPER SLEW THE NEW FOREST HORNET.

CHAPTER III.—*The Restoration.*

It was a terrible position. The goblin and the hornet glared at one another as fiercely as two ladies, who have got on the same patterned frocks. It was one of those moments when you could no more tell the hour by blowing thistle-down than attempt to make snowballs out of hoar frost. KIPPER was the first to recover his presence of mind. "What do you want here?" he shouted to the hornet with all the virtuous force which he could put into a voice not naturally bass. "What do you want here?" he repeated, more angrily; and, nearly cracking his organ of speech, he screamed, with a superb air of command, "Be off, you rascal! I say, be off!" The giant hornet smiled in that sort of way which gives an honest ladybird the creeps, as he growled, "What do I want? That girl!"—and he pointed to the terrified EGLANTINE. "I'll teach her to interfere in my business. I've no quarrel with you, KIPPER, so I strongly advise you to mount your old horny-head" (here the stag-beetle said a rude remark to himself), "get out of my way, and let me do my will." "Never!" cried KIPPER, drawing his fine sword-grass blade. "Come on!" "O! KIPPER, dear KIPPER, don't risk your life for me," sighed EGLANTINE; "please don't." "Keep quiet!" muttered KIPPER, testily. "Why do women always interfere in these little matters?" Then to NIPPARD he added, "Come on, you swaggering bully, you tormentor of every peaceful inhabitant, you horrid tyrant, you—"

But here the hornet, stung by these reproaches, tried to reply in similar but more practical fashion. KIPPER, however, was too quick for him, and gave him a sharp prod in the right wing just as he was swooping down on the crouching EGLANTINE. The stag-beetle clapped his horns together at the thrust, while the toad waddled out of his hole and took notes of the affray without comment, for he had just as fine a sense of the value of neutrality as Mr. GLADSTONE or the PRESIDENT of the United States. NIPPARD, however, was in nowise discomfited and made another ferocious dash, this time straight at KIPPER, who fenced his sting, but got a buffet on the head from the hornet's body which almost knocked him off his legs. However, he recovered himself and stood once more on guard. EGLANTINE meanwhile had pressed some more wild mint between her fingers and anointed her champion's brow. This seemed to refresh him very much. As to the stag-beetle, he was too frightened to do anything. So the fight continued, now KIPPER got a good stroke, now NIPPARD wounded the goblin, but the hornet was never able to get full power into his sting, nor the goblin into his sword, so nimble were both.

At last KIPPER, in parrying a most venomous onslaught, tripped and fell backwards, and, ere EGLANTINE or the stag-beetle could come to his assistance, his foe had pounced upon him. It was a fearful sight as both struggled on the sward. At last KIPPER's blade was thrust with a shout of triumph into the monster's body, and he stood on it as it fell. But alas! scarcely had he done so, when he himself rolled lifeless beside the corpse of his enemy. He had forgotten that

hornets, like wasps and writers of reminiscences, can still sting, when they no longer breathe. EGLANTINE and the stag-beetle vainly endeavoured to revive the champion, who had won. He was as insensible to their attentions as is an ironclad ship to the persistence of an exploded torpedo. The stag-beetle, who was getting rather weary from want of refreshment, and hated "scenes," proposed that he should go and fetch assistance while EGLANTINE might watch the body. This she readily consented to do. Hardly had the beetle droned himself out of sight when she flung herself upon the remains of the hero and shed many bitter tears ere she could speak. At last she cried in her anguish "Oh! my dearest, who was so good to me, come back, come back, for I love you; yes! I love you dearly."

Scarcely were the words out of her mouth when the little form of KIPPER disappeared, and there arose in his place not a prince in velvet doublet and silken hose, but a well favoured man of about thirty, dressed in a tweed suit, with billycock hat to match. EGLANTINE, though very much surprised, was not the least bit frightened, not even when the stranger addressed her. "Sweetest EGLANTINE," he said, "know that I am not a goblin, but a human being like yourself. I was fortunate enough to discover a mine of virgin gold in Western Australia, and to have the property assigned to me by the government. Selfishly I kept the secret to myself, and thereby incurred the anger of the King of the Gnomes, who, as a punishment for my sin against the welfare of humanity, caused me to be seized and transported here by the Underground Antipodes Railway. In this forest I was to abide in the repulsive form of KIPPER the Goblin, and to make myself as disagreeable as possible to everybody. I have done so, with considerable success. Only one chance of release was given to me, and that was when some pure-hearted maiden should declare her love for me. My case seemed hopeless; but you, darling, have broken the spell, and restored me to my real self. My true name is ARCHIBALD JOHNSON. Will you be Mrs. J.?"

EGLANTINE, having no fixed ideas as to "the proper age of love," unhesitatingly answered "Yes."

So the inhabitants of the New Forest, big and little, knew EGLANTINE no more, and her mother retired to a house in Grosvenor Square, where she was waited on by a butler who looked like a bishop, and by sixteen tall footmen, whose discharges from the Life Guards she had bought at considerable expense to her son-in-law. But he was rich and happy, and his beautiful wife's photographs were in all the stationers' shop-windows. No trace of the great fight exists, except the body of NIPPARD the Hornet, which the toad, with an eye to business, stuffed, and exhibits on bank holidays and Coronation Day to all the lower members of creation at four barleycorns a head; moles, earthworms, and tadpoles half-price. He devotes part of the proceeds to the Home for Decrepit Dormice, so it costs him nothing. As to the stag-beetle, he joined a travelling circus, after being painted white with black spots. He was accidentally killed, when doing the hoop-trick, and may now be seen labelled a "Remarkable Specimen" in the Natural History Museum at South Kensington.

THE END.



"He recovered himself and stood once more on guard."

CANINE SAGACITY IN EXCELSIS.

DEAR SIR,—I can vouch for the absolute accuracy of the following remarkable instance of canine sense and kindly feeling. My wife has a little pet dog, with a singular *penchant* for bones, which he is apt to litter about in inconvenient places.

The other morning my wife discovered, under her pillow, a half-gnawed bone, evidently placed there by *Tim* (the dog), who is accustomed to sleep at the foot of our bed. Now this is where the extraordinary intelligence comes in. Our doctor, on the previous day, had told my wife that she must take nourishment at frequent intervals, even, if necessary, in the middle of the night; and, when the doctor said this, *Tim* was present! The devoted animal evidently thought this an excellent opportunity for serving his beloved mistress; and consequently he sacrificed his best and most cherished bone, that she might have something to eat during the long night watches. What altruism is displayed by this selection of a hiding-place, and how it puts us poor humans to the blush!

It certainly was not the dog's fault if a partially-gnawed bone was not precisely the sort of delicacy likely to tempt my wife's capricious appetite. A dog cannot be expected to know everything! All honour to this noble-minded quadruped! "*La plus noble conquête que l'homme ait jamais faite*," says BUFFON, "*c'est assurément notre Tim!*" Yours ever, SPECTATOR.

In a letter, published a while ago in the columns of *Truth*, and pertinently entitled "Cacophonous London," Dr. GEORGE WELDON ably pointed out the evil effects upon the nervous system of the community caused by vagrant singers, shrieking newspaper boys, German bands, piano organs, *et hoc genus omne*. We now notice that Mr. CHARLES FOX, who is "organising a campaign"—this "organising" is evidently on the homeopathic principle that "like cures like"—against the nuisance, has addressed a meeting of the Balloon Society on the subject. But why the Balloon Society? The "cacophony" complained of is not, unfortunately, *in nubibus*.

PEACE AND PLENTY.

NOTES FROM THE MENU CARL OF TOBY, M.P.

Hôtel Métropole, Wednesday Night.—Dinner in Whitehall Rooms to celebrate completion of railway communication between Natal and South Africa. Occasion important; list of guests comprehensive; all the Colonies represented, whilst DON JOSÉ, home from historic Spain, happily typified the paternal British Lion glad to see its cubs around it. WALTER PEACE, Agent-General for Natal, is the *Amphitryon*—*le véritable Amphitryon où l'on dîne*. As SARK says, "With PEACE in the Chair and Plenty on the table, what more can one desire?"

An excellent dinner, marked by an innovation against which protest cannot be made too early. Between the *entrée* and the joint



Joe Chamberlain encouraging the Colonial Cubs.

terpolating cigarette has not even colonial origin to recommend it. "KICKY" likes it, 'tis true. But the British public scornfully asks, "Who's KICKY?" and will be no wiser if I tell them he's a capitalist.

After dinner, speeches. For a man whose breast is blazoned with Victoria Cross, never saw anyone in such a funk as REDVERS BULLER when he rose to reply to toast to the Army. Knees shook; manly cheek blanched; evidently moment when he contemplated turning his back on foe and bolting. But pluck of British soldier prevailed, and he pulled through. If alternative were open to him, would rather have gone through the Ashantee Campaign again, or worked his way once more through the sad Soudan.

Nothing of this feeling apparent in demeanour of old friend MARTIN F. TUPPER. General impression is that, like SHAKESPEARE, he is dead. All a mistake; only changed his estate; dropped his earlier initials; assumed name of CHARLES, with a baronetcy, the G.C.M.G., the C.B., and the High Commissionership of Canada. Talks prose now instead of poetry. But the old style indelible, ineradicable. His speech to-night marked by all the prosy, kindly, commonplace verbosity of the Proverbial Philosophy of his earlier state.

DON JOSÉ, rising to respond to toast of his health, met with hearty reception. Misguided man at end of room proposed to greet him as "a jolly good fellow." Effort well meant; had the songster managed, at outset, to strike right note, the thing might have been done. As it was inappropriateness of this particular hymnal, combined with a certain flatness in the opening notes of the songster, chilled the choir. As SARK says, "jollity not precisely the quality one associates with JOE." So the melody, after feebly fizzling round the tables, was drowned in burst of laughter.

Occasion was, as DON JOSÉ remarked, first time he had publicly appeared in capacity of Minister for the Colonies. In every way a happy one. A gathering representing the uttermost corners of the Empire, each vying with the other in loyalty to Crown. New Secretary, with easy grace, rose to height of situation. Struck lofty note in his picture of our fellow-subjects throughout the world recognising the great inheritance that has befallen them by mere virtue of their citizenship. "They must feel," he said, in ringing voice that found echo in the crowded room, "that no separate existence, however splendid, could compare with that they enjoy equally with ourselves as joint heirs of all the traditions of the past, joint partakers of all the influence, resources, and power of the British Empire."

A speech not too long, splendidly pitched, admirably phrased, full of the old Palmerstonian ring, and yet, if closely examined, signifying nothing likely to embarrass a Minister in future relations either

with Colonies or foreign powers. Just the thing for the hour, and the place. Full of promise for fresh triumphs for DON JOSÉ on the new pathway he surprised some people by selecting as his own.

After the Colonial Secretary, the Lord High Admiral. DON CURRIE, also, though in quite a different way, in his best form. Could not look upon him as with clasped hands, and eyes upraised to a perturbed firmament, he protested against continued absence of imperial subvention of mail packets to the Cape, without thinking what a tragedian is here lost to the stage!

Threw quite a fresh light on the Spanish Armada. "Why," he exclaimed, "the Spanish Armada, with the assistance of Portugal and Mexico, did not include as many ships as are under my management in the Castle fleet!"

"Let us be grateful," said SARK, as the man in the hat and cloak department handed him through the pigeon-hole someone else's overcoat, "that DON CURRIE was not born before his time or out of his place. Had he been a subject of PHILIP THE SECOND, he would certainly have commanded the Armada. In which case the whole course of history would have been changed, and to-day Great Britain would have been even as Cuba."

THE NEW WOMAN IN SOMERSET.

(Told by the Old Woman at the Farm.)

'TWERE market day, and JOHN were late,
I thart o' steppin' out up t' hill,
When there in t' road, 'gin barton gate,
I see a body, sim faint and ill.
'Twere one o' these yer cyclist folk,
Us ha n't sin much on 'em Quantock way,
But ROBERT to Lunnon, he've often spoke
O' women in breeks—more shame, I say.
Well, there! 'twere one on 'em, sure as sure;
Look fair a-doneded—her must ha' bin—
So, breeks or no, when her knock on t' door,
"Wark in," I says to her. "Plase to wark in."

Her'd a summat to eat and drink, and then
Her do tark so fast as a chatter-pie
'Bout t' rights o' women, and tyrant men,
I tellee, her fair a-flummoxed I.
Such a power o' words, sim Latin and Greek,
As you couldn't tell up not one in ten,
And her said as us art for to vote and speak,
And be in t' Parliament, same as men.
And a tarr'ble plenty o' nonsense more—
The things some folk do get putt'n about
Afore JOHN come home, us opened t' door.
And "Wark out, wull ee?" I says, "Wark out!"

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—The Hampshire County Council is dubious whether it should surrender the title of "County of Southampton" to the great borough, which Sir CHARLES SCOTTER has so greatly benefited. Why not call the county Cockhamptonshire, a cognomen which would *en-hants* its supremacy over the district with a similar, but northern appellation? Those sensible county magnates the Messrs. PORTAL are always open to a practical suggestion.

Song for the Shipbuilding Trade.

(On the Clyde.)

[What is called a "sympathetic" look-out has been carried out by the employers on the Clyde, in consequence of a strike on the Larne at Belfast].

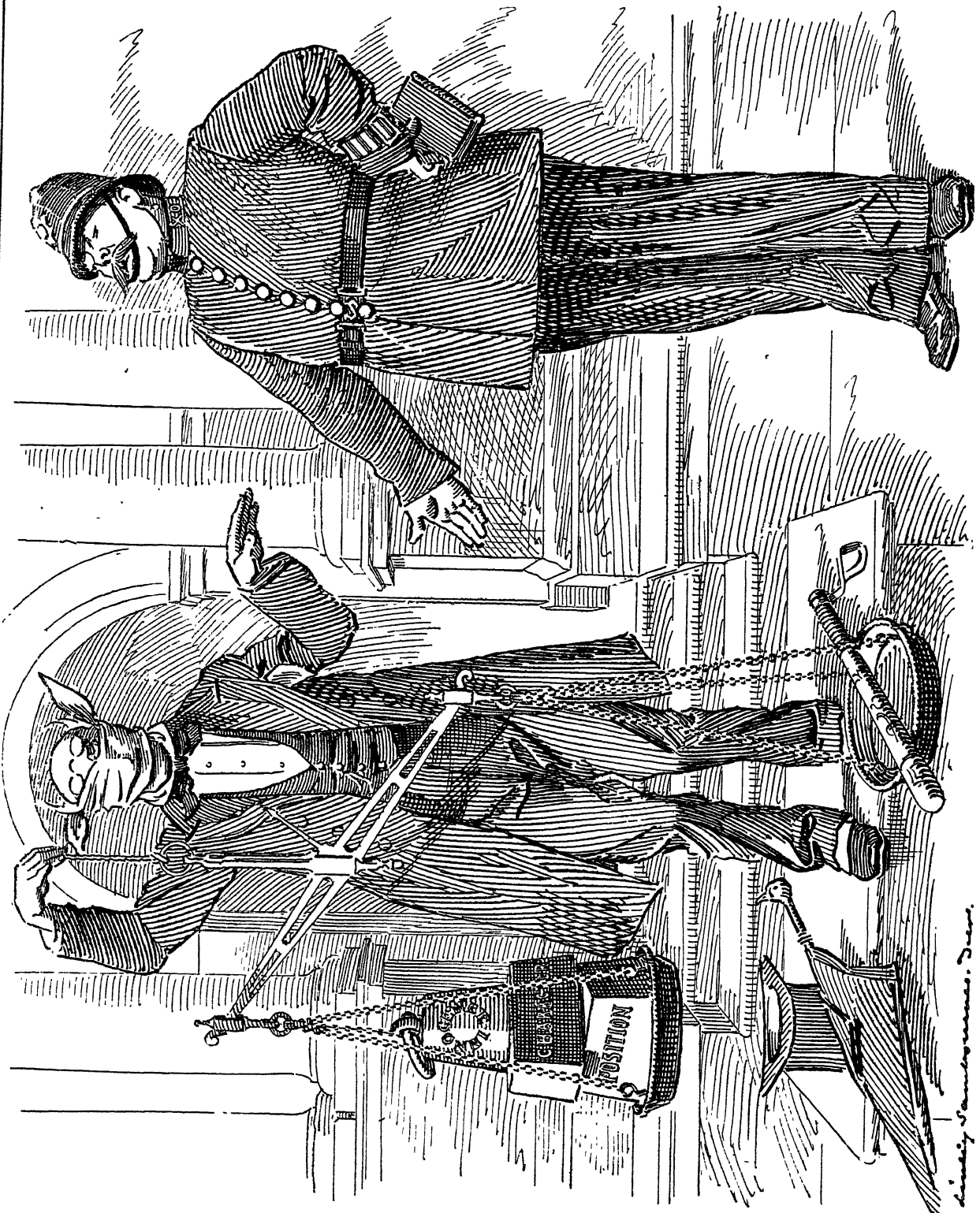
Labour (after a celebrated model), loquitur:—

I sits with my hands in my lap,
And if any axes me why,
I points out Belfast to the chap;
"It is 'sympathy' makes me," says I.

"SPEED THE PARTING, WELCOME THE COMING GUEST," OR "THE 'OUTS AND INS' OF IT."—Lord ROSEBURY left Sandringham, and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN arrived.

"O REFORM IT ALTOGETHER!"—The LORD MAYOR'S Show is a thing of the past. It was better done last Saturday than it has been on any recent occasion. But it would be "better done"—away with.

To MR. CHAMBERLAIN AS COLONIAL MINISTER.—Many Happy Returns of his "Natal" Day.



"THE EYE OF THE LAW."
 (Suggested by certain recent Cases in our Police Courts.)

Lindsey Sambrook. Draw.



"AU PIED DE LA LETTRE."

Customer (to famous Modiste). "I'M PARTING WITH MY MAID, MADAME ALDEGONDE, AND I SHOULD LIKE TO GET HER INTO YOUR ESTABLISHMENT." *Madame A.* "WHAT CAN SHE DO?" *Customer.* "SHE'S ALREADY A VERY DECENT DRESSMAKER."

Madame A. "I'M AFRAID, MADAM, THAT SHE WOULD NOT DO FOR MOST OF MY CUSTOMERS!"

ROUNABOUT READINGS.

In this depressing weather it is always well to have something to be thankful for. My own special subject for gratitude is the cessation and final end of the Marlborough-Vanderbilt wedding. All these columns of matrimonial gush which have been arriving by mail and cable from America have been sufficient to make even a good man curse his fellow-man, and retire to some other planet. Perhaps the young Duke himself ought not to be blamed. I know nothing against him except that he was arrested in New York for "coasting" on a bicycle, and that he has made one speech in the House of Lords. These are grave matters, no doubt, but they must not be allowed to blast a young man's career at its very outset.

NOR possibly are the VANDERBILTS altogether in fault. They possess many millions, and it is perhaps natural that they should desire to celebrate the marriage of their daughter by spending some of their dollars on diamonds, rubies, gold, silver, and exotic flowers. But what is offensive about the business is the morbid excitement of the American public. The American public may declare that it was not excited; but, in that case, it is difficult to understand why its newspaper proprietors should have flooded their columns with descriptive gush in which not even the bride's underclothing is spared from publicity.

MOREOVER, this marriage was rehearsed. I don't think I am putting the matter too strongly when I say that this constitutes an outrage not only on good taste, but on all proper religious feeling. I imagine the happy pair bowing and kneeling with their bridesmaids and attendants, and the weeping maiden aunts who are never absent from such a ceremony, going solemnly through the intricate maze of responses, while a mock clergyman reads a mock service and all the spectators indulge in a mockery of emotion and congratulation. For myself I would as soon re-marry a hearse, as rehearse a marriage.

THE whole business is, in fact, an illustration of that passion for tawdry display and vulgar ostentation in which the great American Republic seems to have gone not one but about a million better (or worse) than the parent stock. I sincerely hope that the supply of

marriageable peers and American heiresses is now exhausted, and that we may hear no more of these international engagements.

I SPOKE last week of the undergraduate in relation to his dog. This week I should like to say a few words of the undergraduate in relation to his clothes. It seems to be generally imagined that the undergraduate is addicted to dressing himself out in the smartest possible clothes for his daily stroll along King's Parade or the High. Nothing can be further from the fact. The error is probably due to those splendidly inaccurate descriptions of university life with which novel readers have been of late perplexed. From these it might be supposed that the undergraduate was in the habit of changing his clothes some six times a day merely for purposes of display, and of reserving his very smartest suit for the daily visit that he pays to the gorgeous gambling-hells which are, as we all know, to be found by the score in the suburban districts of Oxford and Cambridge.

As a matter of fact, the average undergraduate is, in matters of dress, the simplest of mankind. His great ideal is comfort, and as old clothes are naturally more comfortable than new, it is quite a common sight to see great Blues, presidents of clubs, shining lights of the river, the field, or the schools arrayed in Norfolk jackets, in trousers on which at least two winters have laid their defacing hand, and in shirts which, though of an immaculate cleanness, show evident signs of wear and tear in the cuff department.

It must be remembered that the ordinary undergraduate only wears the clothes of civilisation for about half of every day. During the rest of the time he is to be found in the garb most appropriate to his athletic pursuits. In the case of a rowing man, these extend only to within six inches of his knees, and spectators have been heard to wonder how such large and heavy frames can be supported on so melancholy a deficiency of calves. I don't know how it is, but it is a fact that if a rowing man stands more than seventy-two inches in height, the girth of his calves will not exceed some ten inches.

IF in writing thus of undergraduate dress I have destroyed a cherished illusion, I can only express my regret; but I have a strong feeling that the truth should be at last made to prevail, even against the inexactitudes of university novelists.

THE MARVELLOUS FEAT OF TREE-ILBY SVENGALIVANISED!

"Trilby's tootsies! Trilby's feet!
There's no mistake,
They take the cake,
Do Trilby's model feet!"

Chorus of Popular Nigger Song, adapted.

THE state of those who have read the novel before seeing the play, is gracious; the state of those who have seen the play without having



Mr. Tree Svengalivanted. "You must learn to love me!"

previously read the novel, is the more gracious. *Svengali*, the weird, unwashed Hebrew, the fantastical, musical magician, so dominates the story, that the author of his being will be remembered as GEORGE JEW MAURIER. And *Svengali* the Satanical, marvellously impersonated by Mr. BREERBOHM TREE, stands out as the central figure of the strange unconventional drama at the Haymarket. It isn't *Trilby*, the hypnotised subject, but *Svengali*, the fearful "object," the dirty demoniae hypnotiser, on whom all eyes are fixed, and in whom the interest is centred. He is Shylock and Fagin, Mephistophelesized;

he is as loathsome as 'Hyde without Jekyll; he is the Spirit of Evil in the story of the Devil's Violin; he is the haunting, oringing fiend in the Shadowless Man; he is, in fact, the very Dence himself.

"O don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt," is the "old song" which, at first, *Miss Trilby O'Ferrall* "cannot sing," but which, when hypnotised by Satanical *Svengali*, she does sing; and, with this, and with one or two other ancient ditties in her rather limited repertoire, she makes *Svengali's* fortune. The *Diva* is beaten and kicked by the savage *Svengali* (not in the presence of the audience) as if she were his slave, and he the brutal slave-driver. But, why this treatment, if he has only to hypnotise her in order to render her obedient to his slightest wish? It is, I suppose, considered necessary he should do so, in order to excite our compassion for his victim, the unfortunate *Miss Trilby*, and so to bring down upon him the just chastisement which is the immediate cause of his death. Otherwise, as *Svengali* has told her he loves her, and as she (hypnotised of course) becomes his wife, why this horrible ill-treatment? This seems to me to be the only weak point in the plot of Mr. PAUL POTTER's undeniably clever and most effective play. But surely *Svengali's* diabolically jealous hatred of "*Little Billee*," his successful rival in the affections of *Trilby* (when un hypnotised) would be sufficient motive for the brutal insult he inflicts on *Miss O'Ferrall's* faithful, but insignificant, little lover, and for which, at the hands of the strong man, *Taffy*, the fiend-like *Svengali* has to pay with his life.

"PAUL POTTER," a name hitherto historically associated with the celebrated "Bull," not Papal but pictorial, now about two centuries old, has hit the bull's-eye this time, and will realise a good round sum from JOHN "of that ilk." Thoroughly does PAUL deserve it for his audacious ingenuity and his daring disregard of dramatic conventionality. His third act, in which there is hardly any action until the second entrance of *Svengali*, is so contrived that a few persons narrating in dialogue what they are supposed to see happening off the stage, work up the excitement of the audience to such a pitch that they instinctively cry "hush!" in order that they too may join with the characters on the scene in listening to the voice of an invisible *Trilby* singing the hackneyed ditty "*Ben Bolt*!" This is a triumph due to the dramatist, to Messrs. LIONEL BROUGH (*The Laird*), Mr. EDMUND MAURICE (*Taffy*), and Mr. PATRICK EVANS (*Little Billee*), with Miss FILIPPI as *Madame Vinard*.

In this scene Mr. TREE's *Svengali* is no longer the squalid Fagin, but is like the old pictures of PAGANINI, the famous violinist, decked with the jewellery of the once celebrated "MONS. JULIEN." Now comes the exhibition of *Svengali's* venomous hatred for *Little Billee*, in whose face he spits; a horrible and revolting thing to see done on the stage, even though we know he is "only purtendin'." For this disgusting exhibition of temper, he is half strangled by the Welsh giant *Taffy*.

Trilby, no longer under the hypnotic influence of *Svengali*, sings horribly out of tune; the audience are supposed to rise in their wrath and threaten to wreck the house (rather a strong order this, but, as I have hinted, what no other dramatist dares POTTER dares); and then the miserable *Svengali*, after writhing and twisting in his last agony, and "doing a back-fall" across a table with his head downwards towards the foot-lights, his breath shaken out of his body, his hair out of curl, his eyes staring horribly, dies,—a terrible topsy-turvy death never before seen on any stage.

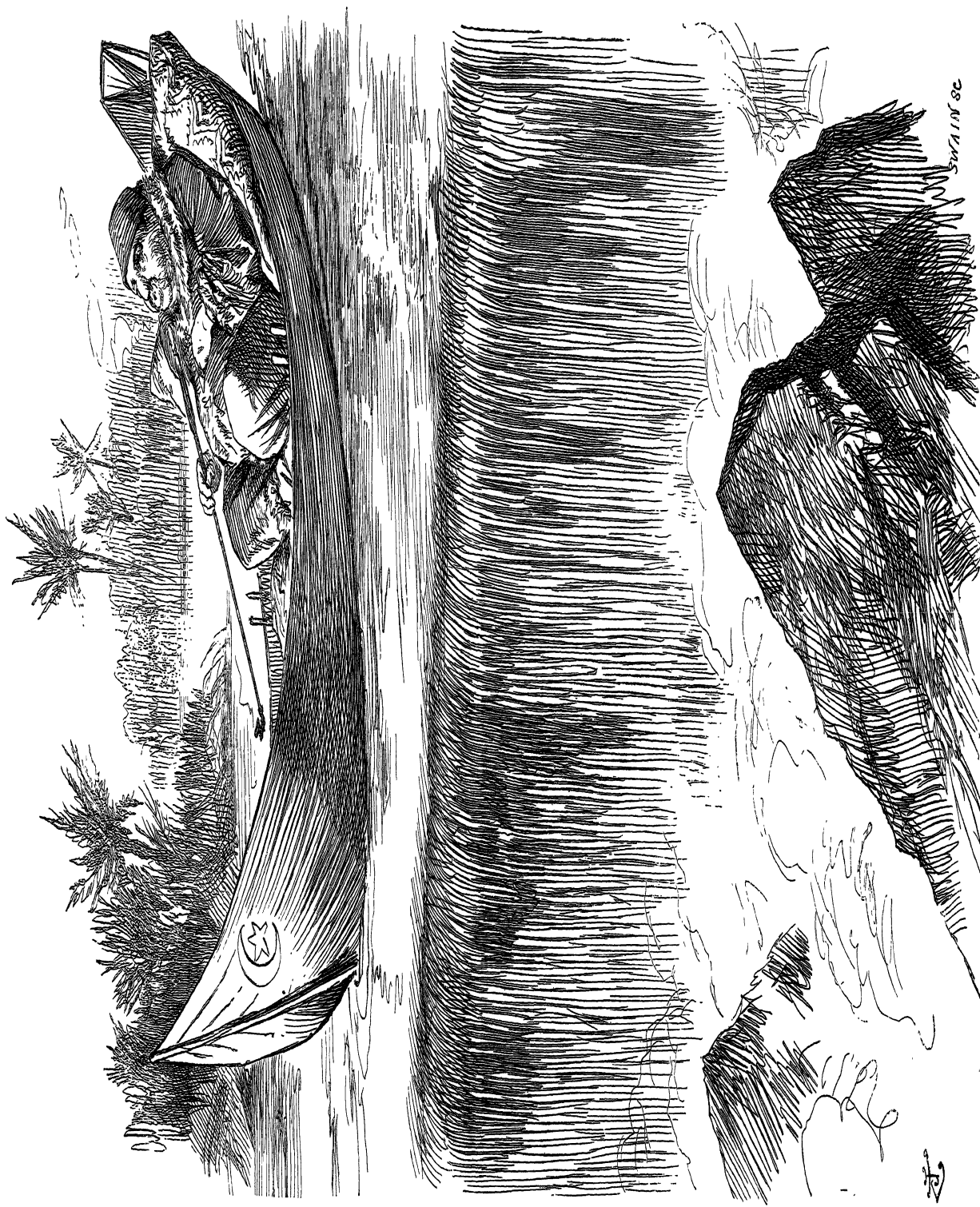
In the last Act poor ill-used *Miss O'Ferrall* also dies. The dramatist has prevented this scene from being an anti-climax, wherein lay the danger, by preparing the audience with a weird story told by *Zouzou* (Mr. HERBERT ROSS) of his having seen the ghost of *Svengali*, who, soon afterwards, appears as a portrait of himself—not "a speaking likeness," as he does not utter a syllable,—done in "luminous paint," within a picture-frame which has been forwarded as a nice little wedding present to *Miss O'Ferrall* on the eve of her marriage with *Little Billee*, accompanied by a letter in *Svengali's* handwriting, sent probably through the infernal agency of the Dead Letter Office authorities. Thus the Satanical *Svengali*, taking a hint from the Commendatore's statue in *Don Giovanni*, dominates the play till the final descent of the curtain.

MISS DOROTHEA BAIRD, with naked tootsies exposed to the naked eye—she is henceforth "Miss DOLLY BAIRD-feet"—cannot be im-

proved on as the pretty, gay, sad, much-suffering, hypnotised *Trilby*. Of all possible *Trilbys*, "BAIRD's the Best." The play could not be better acted all round. The French *Duc*, formerly *Zouzou* the Zouave, is first-rate. Mr. CHARLES ALLAN, as a respectable English Archdeacon, finding himself in Bohemian Paris, is excellent. The success of *Trilby*, with her nude tootsies, may give new life to the ancient slang inquiry, "How's your poor feet?"



"A Baird in the Haymarket is worth two in the Book."
(Signed) P-L-P-T-T-R.



“ KISMET ! ”

28 NOV 93



MODERN EDUCATION.

She (to athletic cousin). "DO YOU WORK MUCH AT CAMBRIDGE?"
He. "YES; WHEN I'VE TIME!"

CABBY; OR, REMINISCENCES OF THE RANK AND THE ROAD.

(By "Hansom Jack.")

NO. XI. — CABBY'S NOTES ON NOVEMBER—FOG ON THE FIFTH—A PYROTECHNIC FARE—ASTRAY IN THE SUBURBS—FIREWORKS IN FOGLAND.

"REMEMBER, remember, the fifth o' November?" You bet if there's any one does, 'tis a Cabby. November's the month when all London's smudged out, and the Cockneyist driver runs wild as a babby.

Eugh! I could tell you some chump-chilling tales about life on the box in a London peasouper, which 'im who would stand, after twenty or so, must be 'ard as tin-tacks, and as tough as a trooper.

"Jimminy-whiz!" as YANK MUSHGRUBBER puts it, our suburbs in frost, with a fog, is tremenjous. And arter a few 'ours cold crawl up to 'Ampstead, we long for a something to mend us or hend us, We don't care much which, till the rum 'ot 'as warmed us. Ah! life is a matter of cumfable feeling, And if it's wuth living or not is a question of tempertyoor; that there ain't no concealing.

Wy, a chap warm, and one chilled to the marrer, is no more alike than hegg-flip and a hiclele.

Lose me about Peckham Rye in a fog, and I'd kick a stray dog, or knock over a bicycle.

Darkness as lets you drive into a lamp-post, and makes your shirt feel just like moist paper-mashy, Would make a harkangel a porkypine; speshul if you've a lamp broke, and the branches are splashy.

You just take a saint or a syrup, and git 'im to drive a cross fare, in a fog, up to Streatham, [and if 'e don't let 'em And find 'isself lost, running into a churchyard or up a blind halley, Fly frequent and free, words beginning in d, and a few more loud letters, as bring conseration

In trials and tantrums to cabbies and gents, you can make 'im arch-bishop without consecration!

I 'm nuts upon good old November—sometimes—though, when fog isn't on, and there ain't too much drizzle,

A spin through the sububs about ten o'clock, on the fifth, when the place seems aflare and a fizzle

With bonfires and fireworks, and up through the tree-tops the rockets go whizzing and busting like winking;

Wy, somehow it makes me feel just like a boy again; not a bad feeling, at least to my thinking.

Some years ago, on a damp, misty Guy-night, a jolly-faced gent, with one eye, and a bundle

As looked like a parcel o' props, came towards me a-trottin' as brisk as 'is short legs could trundle;

"Take me to Tooting?" 'e garsps. "At a price, Sir," I arnsers 'im sharp. "Right!" sez 'e; "put a name to it!"

"Fog's thickenin' up, Sir," I sez. "If you're game to say—so-much—I'm on." And the old gent was game to it.

Fust we'd a liquor, and then 'e sez "Fireworks!" a-bossing 'is bundle with one heye a-glitter. [I sez with a titter.

"Don't blow us up, Sir. I ain't got no licence to carry hexplosives,"

"Young 'uns a-waiting at Tooting," 'e sez; "so drive sharp, and I won't be too tight on the pocket;

I do like a good firework frolic, with boys, though I blew this heye out—as a boy—with a rocket."

"Plucky old cock, and most pleasant!" thinks I, tooling off at full trot with old Brock. "Here's a barney!"

But I was a mossel too previous this time, as I jolly well found when arf way through my journey.

Just this side o' Balham the fog grew—well black! There ain't no other word for it. Black as Thames banks are,

And thick as their mud. If you ask where we got, you earn't know what a London Pertikler's queer pranks are.

We got everywhere save to Tooting, I fancy. Slap on to a common, bang into a river,

Or something dashed like it; I stuck to the box till my fingers were ice and my spine all a-shiver;

Then took out my lamp, and led Molly a mile or so. 'Twasn't no good. We pulled up in a medder,

Aside of a ditch wich I bloomin' near plumped in. "Hillo!" sez old Brock. "That was nearly a header!"

Tarblow Yivong! Not so very much yivong, though, seeing the lot was 'arf dead with the chatters.

"Well," sez old One-heye, "where are we, I wonder? Two guys—without bonfires! As mad as two 'atters

To try it so fur. 'Ave a nip! Ah! that's better. Don't grizzle! Neat brandy, like love and like ire, works

In warming one up. If we could draw attention. By Jove! 'Appy thought!! We will let off some fireworks!!!"

So said, and so done! Talk of pantermies! Scott! If you'd seen hus two shivering, wropt-up, grey ghosts.

Like two steaming bundles, a fumbling around, fixing rockets and catherine-wheels to damp postes,

And striking of splutt'ring fuses, you'd 'a' thought we was demons a doin' of Guy Fox's duties.

At last—whizz! Away went a couple of rockets a-rending the fog, reg'lar red-and-green beauties.

Don't talk of Der Fryshoots! We looked like a party of spooks celebrating the fifth in old bogland;

Wy even poor Molly pricked up 'er froze ears at this "Whistler-like pieter of Fireworks in Fogland."

As old One-heye called it, wotever 'e meant. But it 'ad its effect though, for torches come flaring,

And voices come 'owling across the damp flats, to inquire wot it was that still neighbourhood searing.

"Wy Huncle!!!" a sharp little nipper voice squeaks as the party drew nigh. Cries old Brock, "Wot, young TEDDY!"

We wasn't a bow-shot away from the 'ouse where old One-heye was due, and the Guy-games all ready,

Though boshed by the fog! Talk of larfter and liquor! I don't think I ever felt dryer, or wetter,

But of both them taps, larf and lap, I don't care if on no Guy Fox night I don't get more, or better!

A TALE OF THE TOLL'D.

PRESENT Etonians ought to hail with delight the prospect of the approaching abolition of the Windsor Bridge Toll. A decade ago it caused—and, doubtless, does so still—many a precocious D to escape the lips of infuriated Oppidans going to town on Saturday-to-Monday “leave.” Thus:—

SCENE—“My dame’s” house in Keat’s Lane; wall-eyed, knock-knee’d, sleeping Rosinante attached to prehistoric Windsor “fly,” with oldest inhabitant—also asleep—on box, waiting outside.

TIME—Winter: immediately after “early school.” Enter hurriedly, three Etonians who take “fly.”

First Etonian. Just six minutes for the train! (Shouting at driver.) To the station—and drive like blazes!

Second E. Drive like Jehu!

Third E. (a wag). “Drive” like W. G.—hu! (Third E. promptly sat upon by his companions.)

[Rosinante and Driver wake up and succeed in making astonishing pace up High Street, but pull up half-way across Windsor Bridge.

First E. (having forgotten the “toll”). What in thunder are you pulling up for?

Driver. Toll, Sir.

Second E. Can’t wait for the toll. Drive on!

[But HORATIUS too good a



FROM ERIN.

Restaurant Waiter. “BILL, SORR? YES, SORR. IT’S FOIVE-AND-SIX-PENCE INCLUDING THE CIGYAR, AND THAT MAKES SIX SHILLINGS SORR!”

“keeper,” and exacts tax. Unwonted opulence of Etonians, who have nothing “less than a ten-shilling piece”: consequent delay—nearly two minutes—for change. Chorus from Cab—!!

[They arrive in station to find train just steamed out. Chorus (“in which the Driver also joins”)—!!!

RESULT—Next train not starting for an hour-and-a-half, that period is spent, with much consumption of consolatory cherry brandy, at LAYTON’S.

So that the Windsor Bridge toll was altogether a demoralising institution.

LAST WORDS.—Said the then LORD MAYOR (as reported in the *Standard*), now Ex-LORD MAYOR, at the BARNATO Banquet given by his Ex-Lordship, then Lordship, at the Munching House: “Whatever mistakes I might have made during the past twelve months, I am sure that I have made no mistake this night. (Applause.)” Odd! Why, Ex-Lord Mayor RENALS never made a greater mistake in thinking he hadn’t made any mistakes, and no mistake!

NICE FOR COLD WEATHER.—“A Wrap o’ the Knuckles” (suggested by A Chik Widow).

JOSEPH’S DREAM.

(A New Song to an Old Setting.)

[Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has apparently satisfied himself that Imperial Federation is not a mere dream, as many among us and in the Colonies still regard it. Such dreams, he remarked, have a way of being realised. “It is a dream that appeals to the highest sentiments of patriotism, and even of our material interests. It is a dream calculated to stimulate and improve every one who cares for the future of the Anglo-Saxon race.”—*Leeds Mercury*.]

AIR—“Let me Dream Again.” New Colonial Minister carolleteth:—

OUR sun’s not setting, as fools said of late,
Nor shall it, whilst I stand at England’s gate!
The cheers are ringing at the words I say,
As I point the Kingdom to the Federal way.
I say it appeals to our patriot sentiment,
And the Colonies are gathering round in calm content:
Is this a dream? Then waking would be pain.
Oh, do not wake me! Let me dream again!

The thought is striking, one to make man tower,
Of the Federation of Old England’s power.
Our children grow up as time onward glides,
But though youth may pass away, home-love abides.
The Little-Englanders were wrong, somehow.
They said we must part; ah! but dare they say so now?
Is this a dream? Then waking would be pain.
Oh, do not wake me! Let me dream again!

GOLF is becoming quite the rage in the United States. A game which has been described as “hitting a ball in the morning and spending the afternoon in search of it” might have been thought too slow for Cousin JONATHAN. Not a bit of it. The lynx-eyed American eagle has developed a keen eye for the links, and the best green is said to be in the neighbourhood of Bunker’s Hill.

GROSS INGRATITUDE TOWARDS TWO OLD PUBLIC FAVOURITES.—At Portsmouth municipal elections Messrs. COX and BOX were at the bottom of the poll in their respective wards.

THE IMPERIAL FEDERALIST’S VADE MECUM.

Question. Is not the idea of the Federation of the British Empire merely a dream?

Answer. Scarcely, since the matter has attracted the attention of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, who is hardly a visionary.

Q. Has public opinion ament the question seen any change of late?

A. Distinctly. The idea is at this moment popular. Ten years ago, what may now be called a dream was regarded as a nightmare.

Q. What is the chief difficulty in the way of Imperial Federation?

A. The varieties of race. A Canadian is scarcely an Australian, and there is little in common between a Hindoo and a native of the Cape.

Q. But cannot much be done in the direction of merging the cosmopolitan elements of the British Empire into one huge family by establishing under the shadow of the Union Jack the penny post?

A. Such is the opinion of Mr. HENNIKER-HEATON, M.P.

Q. And could not free trade for the colonies, as distinguished from protection applied to foreign countries, be successfully employed?

A. Such is the opinion of several Members of the Government.

Q. Has any other plan occurred to the patriotic statesman?

A. Yes; it has been believed that a general tax for the National Defence would be a bond of union between the colonies and the mother country.

Q. Does there not already exist a stronger tie than taxation?

A. Certainly. The Empire has a common friend, adviser, amuser, and instructor, beloved of all the world.

Q. Does, then, the profound respect felt for this popular personage keep the Empire in accord?

A. Unquestionably. The popular personage represents not only Britons at home, but Britons beyond the sea.

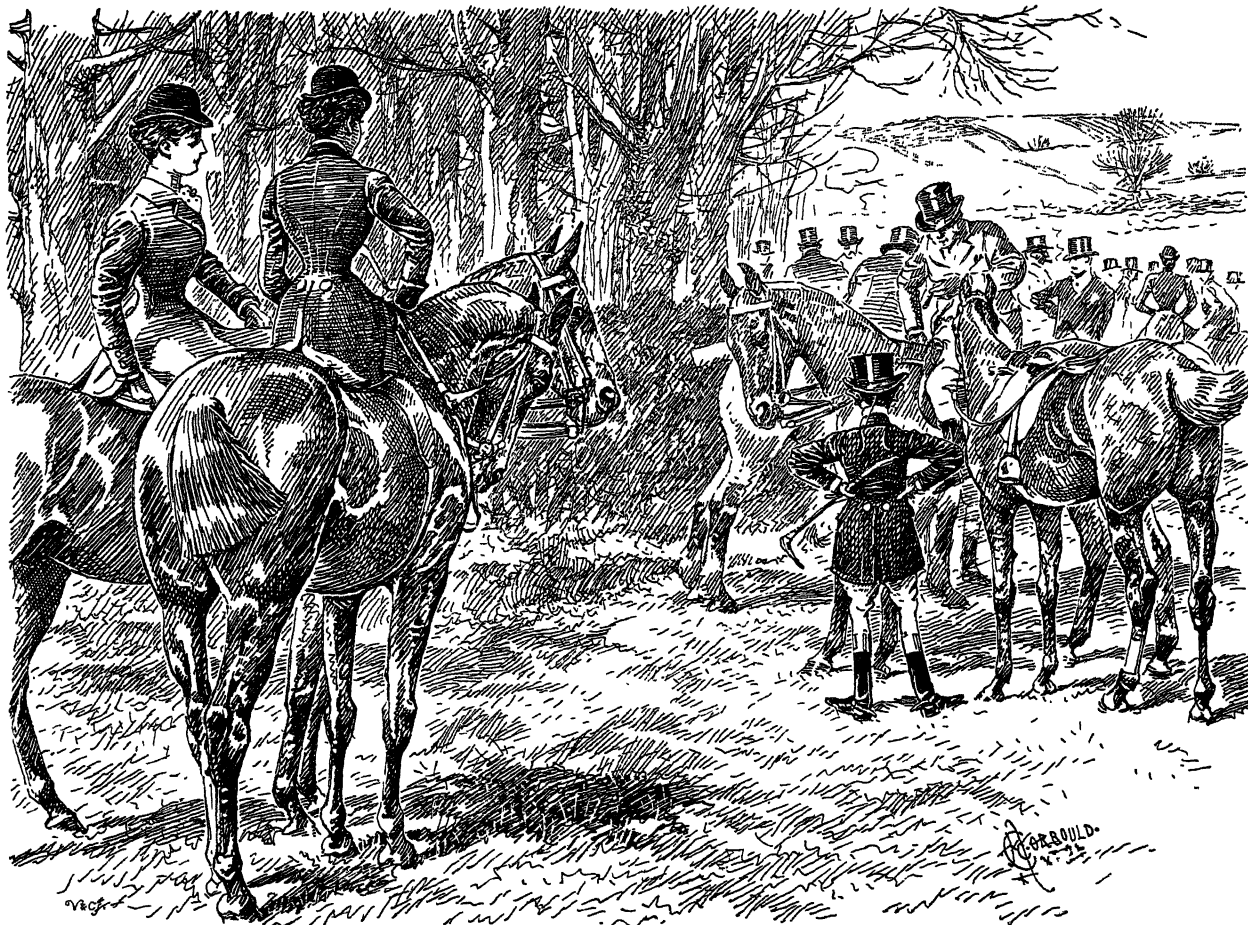
Q. And where is this popular personage found?

A. In every part of the colonies, in India, in China, in fact, everywhere.

Q. But has not this popular personage headquarters in London?

A. He has, at 85, Fleet Street.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY.—A key for the dead-lock in the ship-building trade.



THE COVER SIDE.

"LITTLE MR. TIMMINS EVIDENTLY THINKS THAT HAT SUITS HIM DOWN TO THE GROUND!"
 "SO IT WOULD, IF HIS EARS DIDN'T STOP IT!"

CYCLING IN RUSSIA.

[The only lady-cyclist in St. Petersburg has lately met with an accident, and is now in hospital. The police will issue no more permits to women.]

FAIR *Bárynya*, why did you go and tumble off your wheel?
 Your sad mishap has roused VON WAHL's and all his minions' zeal—
 He vows that ladies now no more shall ride their horse of steel!

What was it that upset you? Was it, pray, the great *Prospékt*,
 With those six-sided wooden blocks that here and there project,
 Or else its three-mile tram-line, where your giddy "*sveeft*" was
 wrecked?

Or were you racing, 'gainst the rules, along the English Quay,
 And trying to inaugurate a Russian Battersea,
 Or threading the *Milliónaya* with over-rapid glee?

Perhaps 'twas on *Yelagin Isle* you were careering round,
 And ran into the flower-beds or the ponds that there abound,
 Or bumped against a drunk *mushik*, that brought you to the ground.

Whate'er it was, the fact remains, your fatal lack of skill
 In "*Peter*" future lady-bikes has stopped for good or ill—
 Come over, then, to London, and enjoy your daily spill!

POKER CHIPS FROM THE GOLD COAST. — By rejecting Great
 Britain's ultimatum, the King of COOMASSIE has paid his "ante."
 The next move will—in all probability—be the surrender of his
 Ash-antees.

APPROPRIATE.—By what law are water rates settled? By
 Torren(t)s' Act.

A NEW TERROR IN THE LONDON STREETS.—The Policeman.

NAME! NAME!

THE example of Mr. 'ENRY HAUTHOR JONES, in dropping the JONES
 and sticking to the 'ENRY HAUTHOR, will probably be followed by
 Sir EDWARD BURNE-JONES, who will henceforth figure as Sir
 EDWARD BURN. Pity this idea never occurred to the renowned
 architect, INIGO JONES. How much nobler to remain in the annals
 of your country simply as "INIGO."

Isn't "JONES" a Welsh name? Will Cambria disown JONES?
 Oh, let the dramatist pause before it be too late 'Tis true that "a
 JONES by any other name will write as well," but he *has* written
 well enough as our own "ENRY HAUTHOR," and we beseech him to
 spare his family tree, not to lop off a single bough, and to remain
 JONES till the last act is over, and the curtain descends to general
 applause. We can understand an author of the name of "DAM,"
 changing his name, or altering it to "GRANDAM," but that JONES,
 successful, jubilant JONES, should do this thing! Nay, by our hali-
 dom! Let us give H. A. J. our own immortal advice, which applies
 as well to a person about to change his name as to a person about to
 marry—"Don't!"

Minor Critic on Minor Poet.

THIS Minor Poet is an ass,
 As is the common way of them.
 They're "fleshy," and "all flesh is grass";
 And—that's why we "make hay of them";!

ON LORD SALISBURY'S MEMORABLE SPEECH AT THE LORD MAYOR'S
 BANQUET, NOVEMBER 9.—"Hope told a flattering tale."—*Old Song*.

SHAKESPEARE IN THE CITY (ADAPTED BY EX-LORD MAYOR RENALS).
 —"Let us hear BARNATO speak of this."—*Hamlet*, Act I, Sc. 1.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MR. PUNCH is obviously not the most fitting person to review his own history. It has been enough for him during the last fifty-four years to make it. But a word must be said in these columns of *The History of Punch*, just issued in a handsome volume by Messrs. CASSELL. Through four years Mr. SPIELMANN has been engaged upon what he indicates on every page has proved a labour of love. There was danger that enthusiastic admiration for the subject might induce in the author a fulsome tone that would have been fatal to the historical and literary value of the book. Mr. SPIELMANN happily avoids that pitfall. He is, upon occasion, sternly and, my Baronite adds, justly critical. But it is the personal traits in his story that will most attract. In his pages there live once more for the world, seen in the borrowed but skilfully managed light of intimate personal acquaintance, figures whose memories are ever enshrined in the hearts of those who still from week to week gather round the old "Mahogany Tree." MARK LEMON, SHIRLEY BROOKS, TOM TAYLOR, LEECH, KEENE, DOUGLAS JERROLD, The PROFESSOR, TOM HOOD, THACKERAY, DICKY DOYLE, WILLIAM BRADBURY, G. A. ABECKETT and, a generation later, his gifted son GIL—all, all are gone, the once familiar faces. They are met with again in Mr. SPIELMANN's book, the pen and pencil sketches illustrated by admirably reproduced contemporary portraits. The inner history of *Punch* is a subject that has ever had a fascination for the British public. Attempts, more or less futile, to gratify the desired acquaintance have been made at various times through the last thirty years. Mr. SPIELMANN has not only brought singular aptitude to the task assigned to himself, but has had the advantage of the cordial assistance of divers men having personal knowledge of events they record and personages of whom they speak. Mr. *Punch* desires to add his testimony to the general approval the *History* has received by the voice of the Press. The work, full of difficulty and not without delicacy, is thoroughly well done. Looking at himself in the mirror held up by Mr. SPIELMANN, Mr. *Punch* finds no flaw in the glass.

My Baronite would not advise those about to travel to take passage by any ship, whither-soever bound, of the start whereof CLARK RUSSELL knows anything. His cruises mostly set out in fine weather, with swelling breeze, in the full sunshine of circumstance. Then comes a hitch, and there follow the most blood-curdling adventures that ever happened since men first began to go down to do business in the great waters. The marvel of it is that Mr. RUSSELL's imagination never flags, nor is he ever at loss for those minute details which, skilfully and artistically piled up, go to make a living picture. *Heart of Oak*, his last work, just published by CHATTO AND WINDUS, is worthy to take its place in the matchless roll of his sea stories. Of living writers MR. RUSSELL, alike in style and method, most nearly approaches the classic standard of DEFORÉ. In his last work he has captured the stormy seas south of Cape Horn, brings home their turmoil, their snow squalls, their icebergs, and a general sense of their desolation to the gentleman of England who sits at home at ease. That historic person's opportunity of making acquaintance with those interesting parts is decidedly more agreeable and, under Mr. CLARK RUSSELL's guidance, is scarcely less informing than a voyage in the *Lady Emma*, a vessel of six hundred tons, which was the sad fate of the principal characters in this thrilling story.

The Baron feels it incumbent upon him to correct a statement in Mr. T. H. S. ESCOTT'S



"WHAT! AN ACTRESS WITHOUT SHOES OR STOCKINGS! I NEVER HEARD OF SUCH A THING! I SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW WHAT PEOPLE WOULD SAY IF I WERE TO GO FLAUNTING ABOUT ON THE STAGE WITH BARE FEET!"

most readable and interesting work, entitled *Platform, Press, Politics, and Play*, which, if allowed to go uncontradicted, would thereby allow a great error to creep into University and Dramatic History. Mr. ESCOTT says that the late Mr. ALFRED THOMPSON "had, together with several others, been one of the A. D. C.'s founders at Cambridge." This is not so; Mr. ALFRED THOMPSON had taken his degree, and "gone down" some four years before the A. D. C. was founded; vide preface to *Personal Reminiscences of the A. D. C.*, first paragraph, and also p. xi. of the same. Mr. ESCOTT is a most entertaining companion, as is also Mr. HENRY RUSSELL, whose profession was for years "entertaining," and who wrote such songs as the world will not willingly let die. "*Woodman Spare that Tree*" is one of them. The RUSSELL Reminiscences (published by MACQUEEN, in one volume, entitled "*Cheer, Boys, Cheer!*") the Baron must take leave to correct on one point. HENRY RUSSELL alludes to "that distinguished *Punch* trio, DOUGLAS JERROLD, MARK LEMON, and GEORGE CRUIKSHANK." The last mentioned was never "on *Punch*." He was a great friend of MARK LEMON'S, but never drew for Mr. *Punch*.

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

P.S.—*Phil May's Winter Annual* is in brilliant bloom. Though coming out in the cold, bleak season, the touch of May is in every picture.

ANTI-BICYCLIST MOTTO.—Rather a year of Europe than a cycle of to-day.

SCRAPS FROM CHAPS.

PRESS-GANG, TO THE REAR!—A delicious "exchange of views" took place at the election of Dungarvan Commissioners. Mr. RYAN is a gentleman who deprecates publicity. He observed:—

My heart is full of gratitude to you, and we will work hand in hand. Scribblers must take a back seat. (*Laughter.*) No "terrible scenes" will take place here. I saw Dungarvan placarded in London, "terrible scenes at Dungarvan," and all the disgrace is brought on the town by one man, who, for a few shillings—and if it cost me my life I will put it down. Woe to the man who will continue to do it here. I saw him a pot-boy at the Monks' school, and I say—

Mr. O'Shea. If you refer to me, Mr. RYAN, the people of Dungarvan know me better and respect me better than they do you. I am better off than you. You have only a few shillings a week for minding the shop.

Mr. Ryan. You are lying, Sir. The Board broke up in disorder.

"Our 'scenes' to publish far and wide Denotes a lack of local pride; These scribblers I can not abide"— Said RYAN of Dungarvan.

"Discord I hate—so I declare My friend and colleague on that chair Once did the alehouse tankards bear"— Sneered RYAN of Dungarvan.

"Mild language, too, I greatly prize; If any one this fact denies I must remark he foully lies"— Roared RYAN of Dungarvan.

O MORES!—Farewell to the adjective *gallant* as a prefix to "little Wales," for no longer can it justly be used in such conjunction! The *British Lady Football Club* gave an exhibition game in Cardiff, and the inhabitants, says the *South Wales Daily News*, gathered in their thousands to witness the display, in which they were intensely interested. But—*horrible dictu*—whenever a fair footeress "came a cropper, the crowd, of course, shouted with glee"! Of course! When a recreant male sustains a fall, what expressions of tender solicitude burst from the sympathetic lady-spectator's lips! And this her reward! If any of our Gallic neighbours had been present at the match to hear those rude, derisive "*shouts of glee*," their comment, most probably, would have been—

"Gallois—mais pas galant!"

INJURED INNOCENCE.—A Bristol paper lately suggested that possibly some local butcher might have bought some of the thousands of sheep brought from Montreal in the *Memphis* steamship. The very idea of such a thing has scandalised the local trade, and a butcher wrote to repel the vile aspersion. The paper says:—

It is refreshing to hear from this subscriber in the trade that, after trying it once some years ago, he has never had a bit of foreign meat in his shop since. We are afraid we must not give his name, though he is one of the best known butchers in Bristol.

This is excellent. Why should not local bodies everywhere give prizes to butchers who sell no foreign meat? It would be protection, somebody objects? Yes, it would be rank protection to the meat-consumer, and as such it is never likely to be adopted.

MANSION HOUSE MEM.—If the late Lord Mayor's example of entertaining as shown in the BARNATO Banquet is to be followed, the guests on such occasions will be known as "The latest copy of 'RENALS' Miscellany.'"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Three Impostors, a novel ("Key-note" Series) by ARTHUR MACHEN, opens well, which, by the way, is more than the book does, being a bit stiff; but, though it has the machens of a good story in it, there is very little worth reading after page 64.

This same remark applies to the *Adventures of Captain Horn*, by FRANK A. STOCKTON, which you may just finish at page 187, having got the best of it. This Horn plays only one monotonous tune, without variations.

The Carved Lions, by Mrs. MOLESWORTH (MACMILLAN). "This," quoth the Baron, "ought to be a pretty dish to set before the children as Christmas fare. There should be a frontispiece of Mrs. M. carving the lions, and asking the juveniles 'whether they'd like a slice of the fore-paw, or would prefer a little lion's-tail soup?'"



Good, says a Baronite, to G. A. HENTY, Of thrilling adventures you've given us plenty.

Per BLACKIE AND SONS *Through Russian Snows*

He takes his NAP. Then against all foes *A Knight of the White Cross* galli goes (The White Cross is per BLACKIE too). Then comes a tale of the Great Tip-poo.

But here the Baronite pauses for breath, foreseeing uneasy change

of metre, for *The Tiger of Mysore*, alias TIPPOO SAHIB, is a difficult party to be caught in a short line—so this Baronite discardeth verse and deponeth that this tiger is a playful *sobriquet* for TIPPOO SAHIB, who has captured the father of the juvenile hero, and this new "tale of a tiger" records how a brave boy went out, like Japhet, "in search of a father," and how he found him. Cheer, boys, cheer! Curtain.

The modern system of competitive examination is somewhat a drawback to romance. In these days no two schoolboys could thoroughly enjoy running away to serve under a foreign flag, as our two heroes did in fighting *For Life and Liberty*, by GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N. (BLACKIE AND SON), during the American War. Probably they would feel the stripes and see stars on their return. N.B. The "Gordon Stables," is this a company limited? and any connection with "Gordon Hotels"? My Baronite only asks for information.

All varieties of TOMMY and HARRY will be delighted with the collection of *Fifty-two Stories of Life and Adventure for Boys*, edited by ALFRED MILES (always thought ALFRED MILES was celebrated for his "sixteen shilling trousers"), and published by HUTCHINSON & Co. Any number of miles is traversed by the various adventuresome heroes. The companion book of *Fifty-two Stories of Life and Adventure for Girls*, by the same editor, is meant for the advancing young woman who won't be left out of anything. The domestic hearth being somewhat cramped for action, the girls of to-day wander very far afield, perhaps with prospects of enjoying a "Wunderjahr"—which is a poetic term for the feminine sowing of wild oats.

The twenty-first edition of *Hadyn's Dictionary of Dates*, issued by WARD, LOCK, AND BOWDEN (why not WARD, LOCK, AND KEY?), modestly announces that it "contains the History of the World to the Autumn of 1895." That is a bold claim, but an hour or less spent in turning over its pages shivers scepticism. Within its compass, and at its price, it is not too much to say that it is one of the most marvellous and most valuable volumes issued from the press. If any modest householder wants to form a library, and has neither the means, the time, nor the shelves wherewith to accumulate a miscellaneous collection of the ordinary kind, let him save up sixteen shillings to buy *Hadyn's Dictionary of Dates*, and there he is; or, to be more precise, there's his library. By a coincidence, full of happy omen for the *Dictionary*, it first saw the light in 1841, the natal year of *Mr. Punch*. It began a sturdy, bulky babe of 568 pages, smaller in size and larger in type than later editions. It has grown into a volume of 1216 pages, closely printed, each one crowded with miscellaneous information reaching to the ends of the earth. "If," my Baronite says, "there's anything you want to know, and you can't find all about it in *Hadyn's Dictionary of Dates*, you can console yourself with the conviction that it's not worth knowing."

"What price *Winifred Mount*?" Answer RICHARD PRYCE. This is a "new edition" brought out by INNES. The story excites a certain amount of curiosity up to end of Chapter XIV. After this the reader, if inclined for exercise, may indulge in skipping, and, indeed, may go by leaps and bounds till he alights on Chapter XXXVI, when he will learn all that *Winifred Mount* wanted to know, which isn't very much. "Decidedly disappointing. Next please!" quoth the

JUDICIOUS BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

THE SKITTISH SKIRT-DANCERS.

A TIP-TOP NOVEL.

[N.B. All my novels are.—GR-NT ALL-N.]

INTRODUCTION.

(Once read, abused ever afterwards.)

THIS is a Tip-Top Novel. I sell it to all who have gold enough, silver enough, or copper enough to pay for it.

What do I mean by a Tip-Top Novel? Well, of late there has been a great flow of stories which have struck a false key-note. A Tip-Top Novel is one written by myself.

Hitherto, owing to the stern necessity laid upon the modern seer for earning his daily bread, and incidentally of getting a publisher to assist him in promulgating his prophetic opinions (i.e., the opinions out of which he makes a profit—my own *Woman who Did* is in its 18th edition, and I net price a good deal of the proceeds), the really great works of fiction have never been written. I, myself, have had to eke out a precarious livelihood from short stories and scrappy science whilst my inward thoughts were tearing me to masterpieces. But it's a JOHN LANE that has no turning, and at length I have found him, or (to be accurate) it was the *Woman who Did*. In the future, just to mark the distinction between the books which are mine and those which other people write to satisfy mere editors of periodicals, I propose to add the words "A Tip-Top Novel" to every one of my stories. When you see the magic words "A Tip-Top Novel," just stip-stop and buy it. I am a Democrat of the first (Grant) Allen Water, but I live on royalties.

Not, of course, that all my previous works—stories, verses, gossips, science causeries, idylls, and what not—have not been all Tip-Top. I divide with GEORGE WASHINGTON the distinction of never having been untrue to myself. But I have often had to suppress my thoughts, and treat them as mere guarantees of good faith, not necessarily intended for publication. In fact (as I have said elsewhere) I have served babes, a mere milkman. In the glorious future, a minister to men, I am to blaze with all the brilliancy of a full-blown butcher. In the Tip-Top Novels (published at tip-top prices) I hope

To say my say
In my own way,

representing the world as I see it. I shall be the moral Kodak of my time.

Whenever in future, my friend and (I hope) patron, the words "A Tip-Top Novel" appear upon the title page of a book by me, the reader who is keen on culture may bet his boots (1) that the scene (and the characters) will lie in Surrey, and (2) that the book represents my own high thinking on some great problem, with sex as its unknown quantity.

Not that I shall ever attempt to *prove* anything, except to prove successful. Otherwise my books, like my spirits, will be well above proof.

Once again, Why a Tip-Top Novel? Well, here's one last purple patch.

I am writing this in my study, on the back of a gold-mine prospectus. As I thoughtlessly turn it over, thinking to write on both sides of the question, my eye falls upon millions and millions of unraised capital. More is going to be spent on one gold-mine than has been given for all my novels put together! My window, however, looks out upon unsullied nature. Through the open casement I hear popular airs being sung by happy villagers, threading the pine needles. Clodhoppers chirp from the tense tangle of boundless bracken. And yet where at night the sky shows itself well read, the great oven of London incloses a Lord Mayor and a Kaffir Circus.

This is a gold-mine age. The men of the suburbs, alas! are crowding to the City to kiss the Barney stone. Strange cent.-per-cent. things and abnormal dividends attract them. I desire in these books of mine to utter one last word in favour of the Higher System as applied to life. Have I no doubts at all myself? Ay, marry, I have—for to marry, have I not said it is doubtful? Yet, as I take my eye from off the prospectus, my gaze transfers itself to the brio-a-bracken outside, and then to a little shelf where lies the greatest work of our greatest philosopher. It is (I need hardly say) the *Woman who Did*. What comfort and counsel has its author? Buy the book and read it for yourself.

I, myself, read the words "eighteenth edition" on the title-page, and the words comfort me. This will show you what my ideas are. They may pay or they may not. But at any rate they are the genuine attempts of a far-seeing man to turn Key- into Bank-Notes.

G. A.

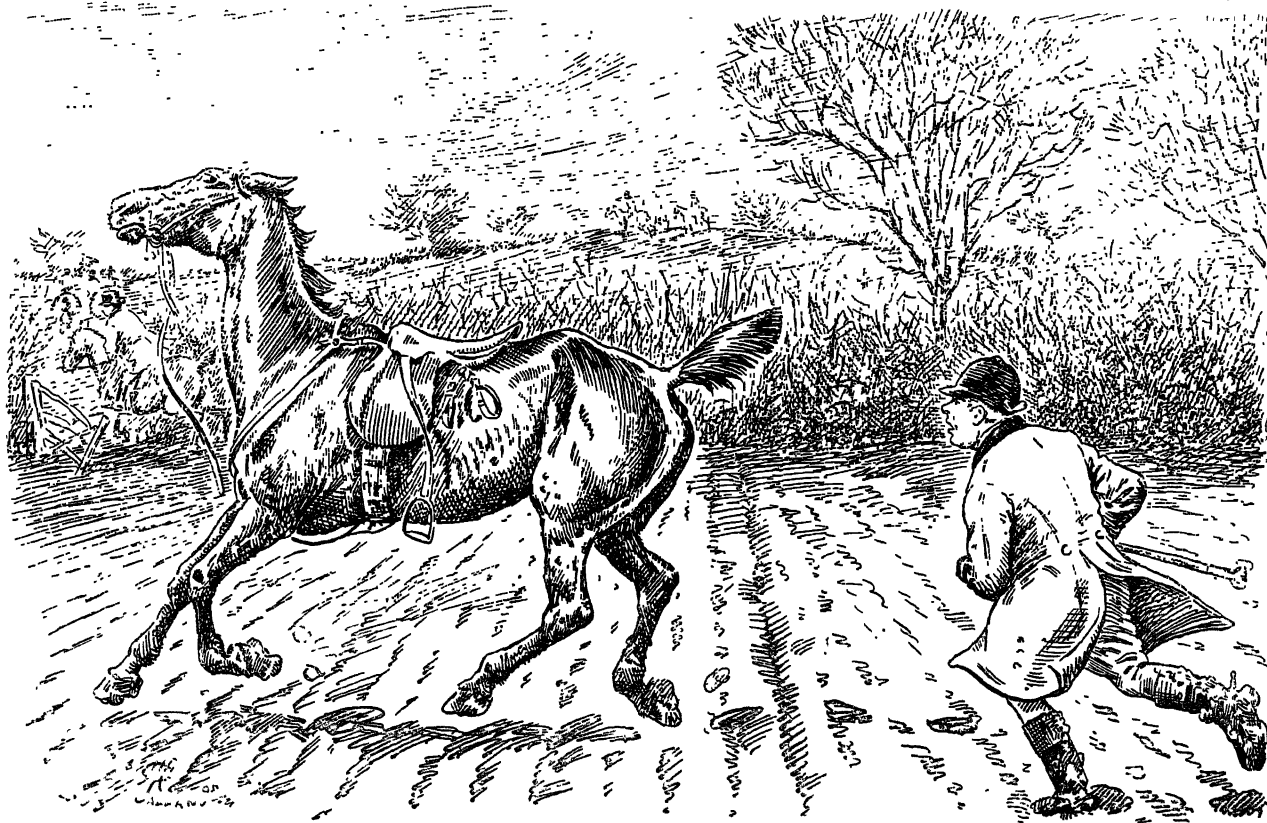
[The story, *The Skittish Skirt-Dancers*, is too comparatively dull to print.—Ed.]

FAVOURITE SONG ON THE STOCK EXCHANGE.—"Oh! what a difference in the morning!"



THE IMPERIAL ART SALESMAN; OR, PENNY PLAIN AND TWOPENCE COLOURED.

H.I.H. Emperor of Germany (urbi et orbi). "TO POSSESS A COPY OF THIS WORK MUST BE THE DESIRE OF EVERYONE. IT WILL BE A SPLENDID, SIGNIFICANT ORNAMENT FOR EVERY HOUSE, FOR YOUR ROOM, FOR YOUR FIRESTOVES. THE PRICE PLACES IT WITHIN THE REACH OF EVERYONE'S POCKET—SIX MARKS ON WHITE PAPER, AND NINE MARKS ON CHINESE. REDUCTION ON TAKING A QUANTITY. GOING! GOING!!" ("North German Gazette." Vide "Times," November 12.)



WITH THE HARDUP HARRIERS.

Dismounted Huntsman (to his mount). "WHOA, YOU OLD BRUTE! TO THINK I WENT AND SPARED YER FROM THE BILER ONLY LAST WEEK! YOU HUNGRAFEFUL OLD 'IDEBOUND 'UMBUG!"

MR. BRIEFLESS ON LEGAL EDUCATION.

SIR,—To my great surprise, I find that many members of the profession to which I have the honour to belong have been forwarding letters to a contemporary on the subject of the Lord Chief Justice's address concerning Legal Education. This seems to me, Sir, a singular mistake. I grant that your contemporary is a paper of the highest respectability, and deserving of infinite respect; but, Sir, the periodical you edit with so much distinction, has been considered for more than half a century the recognised organ of the Bench, the Bar, and the remainder of the Forensic Profession. And as this is so, I address my remarks on the subject to which I have referred, and which is a subject of great importance, to you personally.

LORD RUSSELL OF KILLOWEN seems to consider that the theories of the Law should be learned before call, and "the practical study" be postponed until "those earlier years of professional life, when professional work is insufficient for full occupation." Speaking from my own experience, I must confess that the time allowed by the Lord Chief Justice is ample in excess. I can honestly declare, without fear of contradiction, that never, during a very long forensic career, have I found "professional work sufficient for full occupation." It is true that during term I make it my custom of a forenoon to be present at one or other of the Royal Courts, in order that I may exchange greetings with the presiding judge. But after I have accorded this appropriate act of courtesy to his Lordship on the Bench, I find the time hang heavily on my hands. Of course, if I hold a consent brief, I am on the *qui vive* until my case is reached, mentioned, and disposed of. But should the day be blank when I have no need to call upon the fifth part of the services of my excellent clerk, PORTINGTON (services I share with my learned friends in Chambers), I have to fall back upon the perusal of the daily journals or the concoction of caricatures. It is at such a moment that I feel the need of occupation, and perhaps I might venture to suggest that my time might be usefully employed in the teaching of freshand drawing. Would it not be possible to organise a school of "Barrister black-and-white men?" The Lord Chief Justice favours the academical idea, and here would be a commencement. I would propose that my scholars, properly robed, should take their places, supplied with paper and pencil, and study

from the life. They might rapidly sketch the witnesses, the counsel, even the judge himself. During the luncheon interval I would come round to inspect the drawings. I could point out the defects of beginners, and applaud any evidence of talent that I might discover in the maturer work of more experienced scholars. At the end of term a distinguished Q. C., who has had the honour of acting as a Law Officer of the Crown, might act as "Examiner of Caricatures." I would present prizes to those who passed first—a wig (well seasoned) in travelling case, a gown (nearly new), a dozen bands, a fee book (first sheet missing), and other appropriate rewards of merit. I submit that the idea is worthy of adoption, and when carried out, will run on all-fours with Lord RUSSELL OF KILLOWEN'S excellent system of legal education.

For the rest, the suggestion that the teachers of Law in the Law School should devote their entire time to the duties of tuition, merits the most careful consideration. Speaking personally, I would be very willing to sacrifice my present practice to accept the Principalship of the proposed Academy. It is true that this would be a little hard upon my existing clients; but I feel sure that, when they realised what good I might do to the profession by showing the budding barrister and the juvenile solicitor how to obtain, without loss of dignity, a living, they would readily forgive the desertion and forget the injury. And, having said this, I write my name and address, for the information of LORD RUSSELL OF KILLOWEN, and those who will hereafter be associated with his Lordship in carrying his Lordship's views of reform into expeditious execution.

(Signed) A. BRIEFLESS, JUN.

Pump Handle Court, November 18, 1895.

CRUEL.—It is more than trying when a country backer of race-horses, after driving ten miles in blinding rain to get the special edition of the evening paper, gazes on the following:—

The Space below is reserved for Late News.



THE SCIENTIFIC INVESTIGATION OF INFANCY.

BY AN AMATEUR PSYCHOLOGIST.

MUCH struck by admirable article in the *Fortnightly* on "The New Study of Children," by Professor SULLY. Most suggestive. Have read portions of it aloud to LUCILLA, pointing out the value and importance of careful and methodical investigation of the child-mind, the interest in the doings of infancy taken by the naturalist, evolutionist, psychologist, and so on. LUCILLA impressed; declares her conviction that there never *was* such a wonderful and interesting baby as OSWALD MARMADUKE.

Privately, I am of opinion that OSWALD MARMADUKE, at his present age of seven months and some odd days, has done nothing as yet to justify the insurance companies in raising the premium on any policy affecting the River Thames, but this I keep to myself. I remark insidiously that Professor SULLY's article distinctly indicates the *Father* as the person best qualified to "undertake the earlier experimental work in the investigation of child-nature." To which LUCILLA only smiles ambiguously and says "Does it?"

I ask LUCILLA what she says to my having OSWALD MARMADUKE down and beginning a scientific inquiry *at once*. She says he is asleep and she can't have him disturbed for any such nonsense.

Rather amused at this characteristically feminine attitude towards Science in LUCILLA, who was such an ardent advocate of the higher education of women—before the days of OSWALD MARMADUKE. I ask her if she calls Science "nonsense." She replies that if baby is to be experimented with at all, she would rather have it done by a scientific person.

I triumphantly quote Professor SULLY to the effect that "the study can be pursued by any intelligent observer prepared for the task by a reasonable amount of psychological study." Whereupon LUCILLA says she wasn't aware that I had ever taken up psychology. She even expresses a doubt whether I can tell her what psychology *is*.

For the moment I can't hit upon a really neat definition, so I merely retort, with some natural irritation, that I am quite aware she considers me a perfect ass.

On this LUCILLA becomes penitent, and, as soon as she sees I am really in earnest, inclined to compromise. "By-and-by, perhaps," she concedes, "if I promise faithfully not to be rough, I may have OSWALD MARMADUKE down just for half-an-hour." I wonder what scientific results she supposes I can get in such a ridiculously short time as half-an-hour! but I must make it do for a beginning, and increase the periods gradually every day. Spend the interval, while LUCILLA is upstairs, in thinking out and preparing a few simple experiments.

The moment is at hand; LUCILLA has just rung for the nurse. Somehow I feel rather nervous. The nurse comes in, bearing OSWALD MARMADUKE, who clucks, and gurgles, and gasps, as LUCILLA rushes at him, and addresses him as "Diddums," and "Mummy's ownest iekle pet." Am forced to remind her of Professor SULLY's remark that "baby worship is inimical to carrying out a perfectly cool and impartial process of scientific observation."

The nurse—a woman I never *have* liked—sniffs disdainfully, and LUCILLA takes OSWALD MARMADUKE on her lap, and says, I can begin to observe him as coolly and impartially as I please; but I mustn't come too close.

It would have been more scientific if I could have had him all to myself on a table, under a lamp; but I suppose I must be content with what I can get, for the present. But I *can't* begin investigating with the confounded nurse in the room. Thank goodness, LUCILLA has got rid of her; *now* I can begin.

OSWALD MARMADUKE is regarding me with a glassy stare that makes me uncomfortable. Professor SULLY suggests that "it may be that the baby mind is not so perfectly simple as it looks," and there's something in my infant's eye that almost makes me fancy he knows I only took a Poll degree instead of a First, like his dear Mamma. But he can hardly have heard of it *yet*.

"Well," says LUCILLA, "have you observed that he is a boofal darling?"

Honestly, OSWALD MARMADUKE strikes me as more like than ever to a pale and puffy sort of dumpling—with a dash of putty—but I don't think this is precisely the moment to say so. I was thinking, I tell her, how imperfect and incomplete, how feeble and incapable any infant is compared to other animals! She indignantly refuses to admit that OSWALD MARMADUKE is anything of the sort. "In *one* respect, curiously enough," I admit, to humour her, "even a little creature like this possesses extraordinary muscular strength. In its prehensile power it singularly resembles the ape, LUCILLA. For instance, you would be astonished to see how long it can hang on to this walking-stick—"

LUCILLA insists on the walking-stick being put away. "It was Dr. LIONEL ROBINSON's experiment, my dear," I say, reproachfully. But she doesn't care; she says "her baby isn't a nasty little gymnastic monkey, and she won't have his ducky little neck broken over any silly experiments."

So I have to test OSWALD MARMADUKE's prehensile capacity by giving him an ivory paper-cutter to clutch. It is one of our wedding presents, and has a wonderful antique Japanese carved handle, but OSWALD MARMADUKE promptly allows it to drop on the steel fender, where it is smashed.

Which LUCILLA (who is always insisting that women are just as logical as men) declares is entirely *my* fault!

OSWALD MARMADUKE only bubbles and feigns unconsciousness, though I fancy I catch a sardonic gleam in his marbly little eye, as if he felt that was distinctly one to *him*.

I am anxious to ascertain whether his colour sense has developed at all, and if he has any "preferential recognitions," but, the moment I begin to exhibit my sheets of brightly tinted paper, LUCILLA interferes, on the utterly preposterous plea that it will "teach him to squint!"

Test his hearing instead, and his power of associating sounds with definite ideas. I am inclined to think that his hearing, or his intelligence—or possibly *both*—are defective; otherwise, as I tell LUCILLA, he would surely betray *some* interest when I imitate a blue-bottle fly buzzing round his head. LUCILLA explains his apathy by saying that my buzzing is not in the least *like* a blue-bottle.

I confess I am *rather* hurt; for, hang it all! I have more than once taken in a fox-terrier by the accuracy of my imitation, and there *was* a time, as I remind LUCILLA, when *she* herself— But there, it is hardly worth while losing one's temper over such a trifle.

My next experiment is of a rather more elaborate nature. "I am going, LUCILLA," I say, as I unmask a battery of cruets and phials which I have previously collected and kept in the background; "I am now going to test the child's sense of taste. If you will induce OSWALD MARMADUKE to put out his tongue, I propose to place a drop of these various condiments, acids, and syrups upon the tip, and carefully note the reactions called out by each successive stimulus. It will be highly instructive."

LUCILLA won't hear of it; she is sure it will make baby horribly sick.

I try to reason with her; but it is easy to see that her prejudices are not to be overcome, and so I waive the point, and pass on to something else.

"You will admit the scientific importance of discovering the exact degree of OSWALD MARMADUKE's sensitiveness to extremes of heat and cold, LUCILLA," I say, patiently and, I hope, good-humouredly. "Well, I have here a simple test to which *even* you cannot reasonably object. You see, I take this poker and—"

LUCILLA is on her feet in an instant: "*What!*" she cries, clasping OSWALD MARMADUKE tightly in her arms; "do you think I shall let you torture my poor helpless baby before my eyes? *Never!*"

Not the smallest use to explain that the poker is only moderately warm. Besides, OSWALD MARMADUKE has suddenly burst into a passionate bellow, which diverts my inquiry into another channel.



"Don't try to pacify him, LUCILLA," I implore her. "Let him go on. These seizures of rage and terror afford a very valuable study. Perhaps you may not be aware that, as Professor SULLY points out, 'they mirror for us, in a diminished, distorted reflection, no doubt, the probable condition of primitive man.' Yes, OSWALD MARMADUKE's manifestation of fury is pretty certainly 'a survival of actions of remote ancestors in their life and death struggles.' Under what the Professor picturesquely terms 'the bull's-eye lamp of scientific investigation—'"

.... LUCILLA has gone, and taken OSWALD MARMADUKE with her! From her parting remarks I gather that, so far as that particular specimen of infancy is concerned, the Bull's-eye of Science must remain a dark lantern.

And yet she possesses—or she would not be my wife—considerable intellectual capacity! If she were a *fool*, I could have understood it.

LEAVES FROM THE HIGHLAND JOURNAL OF TOBY, M.P.

SECOND LEAF.—THE DAWDLE FROM THE NORTH.

Stirling, Monday.—Hear a good deal of the Crawl to the South. London newspapers full of complaints from belated travellers on Southern lines, weeping for unpunctual trains and will not be comforted. In the railway race where prize is given to last one in, will cheerfully back North against South. Will pit the Highland Railway for a golden penny against most superbly slow railway going South out of London.

Was it yesterday, day before, or last week that SARK and I left Oban full of hope and baggage, bound for hospitable mansion near Carlisle? Or was it before railways were, and did we start in stage coach? Can't say with certainty; seems so long ago; mightn't have been this year at all. Only thing certain is that arrangements as per time-table were excellent. Leave Oban 12.35; so may leisurely breakfast; time to walk from Gallanach by lovely coast line, with blue sea rippling on skirt of road to left; on other hand the golden bracken clothing the hills that stretch away eastward to Loch Awe. Remember, years ago, walking along this road with breezy Professor BLACKIE, towards the house on the hill which he built for himself, whence he could see the sun setting over the mountains of Mull.

No railway station in those days. When you left Oban homeward bound you went by stage coach landwards, or by one of the fine lines of steamers DAVID HUTCHESON created, supplementing work of WALTER SCOTT in opening up the wonderful beauty of the Highlands. To the last fine old DAVID HUTCHESON used to sit by the window in his room looking down the bay, watching his steamers come and go. Now JOHN BLACKIE has folded his plaid around him for last time and is quiet for evermore. DAVID HUTCHESON's keen, kindly face no longer looks out from his window. A granite obelisk set on high at the entrance to Oban Bay has his name cut deep upon it, and his memory is kept green by the ripple of the sea at the fore-foot of the fleet that carry the flag of his firm into every harbour on the West coast.

Here's railway station and we in good time for 12.35 train. Excellent. Station time-bills confirm BRADSHAW's statement. Shall reach Stirling 4.20; half-an-hour to wait; will pass pleasantly over cup of tea; on to Carlisle, due at 8.35. With five mile drive shall be a little late for dinner, but that no matter.

"We'll call it supper," said SARK, a man full of resources. Plenty of room in carriage. Tide of traffic ebbed. We are going off almost on last wave.

"Another slice of good luck," says SARK, rubbing his hands with pleased content. "In height of season, with crowds of tourists, mountains of baggage, hard I expect always to make connection with English mail at Stirling even when, as now, we start with half-an-hour to spare. But with carriages nearly empty, baggage vans only a quarter filled, we are safe as houses."

Only one fellow-passenger. Not at all a cheerful party; cadaverous cheeks; restless eyes with curious look in them, as if he were straining to catch last glimpse of some prized object vanishing in distance. Twitching gesture with bony, nervous hands. At brief intervals, as we journey east, hoping to make south at Killin Junction, he jerked up his right hand as if to stop something, and there came into his eyes the look of pained entreaty. Rather an uncanny person; hoped he wasn't going far. Manoeuvred SARK into sitting opposite him; fixed myself up at other corner seat.

Rather surprised to find train didn't start at 12.35. Didn't indeed move till 12.50.

"In no hurry," I remarked.

"Why should they be?" said SARK. "Lots of time. Half-an-hour to spare at Stirling. Besides, train is light; can easily pick up lost quarter of an hour."

Cadaverous Stranger sighed deeply.

Off at last with much shrieking of whistles, waving of green flag, and frantic farewells of groups on platform seeing friends off. Look up morning paper to see whether WALTER LONG's been promising the farmers anything substantial; whether GEORGE HAMILTON's

going to abolish Indian cotton duties; whether PRINCE ARTHUR has established any fresh Foundation of Belief in bi-metallism; whether DON JOSÉ has completed his scheme of old age pension for respectable

Basutos; and whether the Dook has yawned dissent over propositions to do anything anywhere in any circumstances.

Interesting paper; got nearly through it when train stops.

"Ah! Suppose this must be Loch Awe, or at least Taynait."

"Can't be Stirling, I suppose?" said SARK, who had been fast asleep.

Cadaverous face of Stranger in corner illumined by blue light of melancholy; pitying smile made my blood freeze; glad to put head out of window to inquire what station we'd reached. Station-master within hail; familiar face and figure; seemed to have seen him before; where could it have been? Of course, it's the uniform makes one man look like another.

"What place is this, Mr. Stationmaster?" I asked, with the bland courtesy born of prosperous travelling circumstances.



"Interesting paper; got nearly through it when train stops."

Station-master stared at me.

"It's Oban," he answered, shortly.

"Oban!" I cried; "why, we left Oban a quarter-of-an-hour ago; at ten minutes to one, and now it's five minutes past."

"Well, it's just Oban," he said, as if he had heard this inane protest before, and was wearied of answering. "Ye've been shunting."

As GRAND CROSS used to say before he left the Commons, I thought I heard a smile. It came from the corner where the cadaverous man sat, immovable, unquestioning, hopeless.

WOMAN AND HER WHEEL.

(After Tennyson, by an Old-fashioned Fellow.)

TURN, woman, turn thy wheel, in garments loud,
Turn thy wild wheel through dust that's like a cloud;
Thy wheel and thee some love, and some do hate.

Turn, woman, turn thy wheel, through smile or frown
Of those who watch thy wobbings up and down;
Thy skill is little, but thy pluck is great.

Smile the rude boys and howl behind their hands,
Frowns the grave cit; the worldling understands;
Woman is woman, and mistress of her fate.

Turn, turn thy wheel, amid the staring crowd!
Thy wheel and thee are loud, and yet allowed;
Thy wheel and thee some love, but I do hate!

THE remarkably erratic progress of a certain Hibernian, who, shouting at the top of his voice, and elbowing peaceable citizens off the pavement, reeled along a Dublin street, was brought to an abrupt termination by a constable. But the "public guardian" was considerably astonished to find that his prisoner was neither "charioted by Bacchus and his pards," nor even "on the viewless wings of Poesy," but perfectly sober, and only *pretending to be drunk*. The reason for his feigned inebriety was not explained. Perhaps, in a like predicament with "DAVID GARRICK," and mindful of the famous simulated-intoxication scene in the play of that name, he hoped, in the same manner, to "disillusion" some fair—or too importunate—inamorata. However, his excellent acting on this, "his first appearance," received due magisterial appreciation in the shape of a one-sovereign fine; and if, in future and in stern reality, he should ever indulge too freely in "potheen," it is to be hoped that his undoubted histrionic ability will stand him in good stead, and enable him, on occasion, to *pretend to be sober* with equal success.

ENCORE TRILBY!—"The *Trilby* etchings in Bond Street," says Mr. TREE, "are all very well, but THE *Trilby* 'drawing' at the Haymarket is what I prefer."



TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

Bevy of Fair Dames. "OUR WARMEST CONGRATULATIONS, MR. BINKS! OUR VERY BEST FELICITATIONS, MR. BINKS!" &c., &c.
Mr. Binks (just engaged). "OH, REALLY—THANKS SO MUCH! BUT COULDN'T YOU SPARE SOME OF YOUR CONGRATULATIONS FOR MY FIANCEE?"

MORE KNIGHTS HOSPITALLERS;

Or, the Ministry of our Merchant Princes.

[The "Merchant Princes" of London have given £48,500 altogether towards the Hospital needs now so urgent, and other charitable objects: i.e., £20,000 to the Hospitals, £23,500 to the Princesses of Wales' Nurses' Pension Fund, and £5,000 to the poor.]

MUCH has happened of late at which cynics will laugh,
 Illustrating the cult of the Golden Calf
 In opulent London's high places.
 But *all* Merchant Princes are not—Aldermanic,
 In worship of wealth, or in horror of panic,
 So Momus may stint his grimaces.

His lip will take on a sardonical twist,
 At the sight of a Mayor in a Mammonite mist,
 Confusing gold-grubbing with glory.
 But—all City figures are not ledger-gains,
 And here are a few which show hearts go
 with brains,
 And tell *Punch* a pleasanter story.

When *Mr. Punch* seconded GLADSTONE'S appeal
 On behalf of Guy's Hospital,* bosoms of steel
 Alone to such pleas were insensible.
 'Midst our merchant princes warm hearts are
 no rarity,
 Not to acknowledge such fine civic charity
Punch would deem most reprehensible.

* See *Our New Knight Hospitaller*, p. 221, November 9, 1895.

The rich—like the poor—we have always with us;
 And though real charity doesn't like fuss,
 Or too noisy use of the trumpet,
 Yet *palmam qui meruit ferat!* The buzzum
 That warms not to kind deeds when opulence
 does 'em,
 Is flabby and chill as a crumplet.

"You have done it so nicely, pray do it again,"
 Of an old-fashioned song was the old-fashioned strain,
 And it may sound a trifle sarcastic,
 Yet *Punch* dares to say it to rich City men,
 Who can do such a deal with a dash of that pen,
 To which banks and bullion are plastic.

The Hospital's editor, H. C. BURDETT,*
 Knows well there's sore want of a million more yet,
 And our millionaires now are so many
 'Twould soon be made up if the hat were sent round
 Amongst those favoured mortals on whose purse
 a pound
 Is no greater draft than a penny.

Eh? Forty-eight thousand five hundred?
 The thrifty
 Might soon make *that* up to a level, square fifty,
 Whilst—ah! seems the fancy a silly 'un?—
Punch dreams of the hospital-world's happy smile
 If trade—"princes" persisted in raising their pile
 To—say just a square quarter million!

* *The Hospital*, 140, Strand, W.C.

LACTEAL LAXITY.

[“Strict temperance people now consume only ‘Blue-Ribbon Milk,’ certified to have been taken from cows which have not been fed on brewers grains.”—*Vide Paper.*]

SING not to me of dubious tea,
 Of cocoa that's adulterated,
 Nor seek to boast of coffee roast
 That's underdone and over-ra'ted.
 Bring me no wine that scorns the vine,
 Nor ale that's non-intoxicating;
 Don't seek to cheer with hopless beer
 A soul that needs exhilarating.
 Despite all skill the demon will
 In ev'ry harmless cup be lurking;
 E'en when you're sure the bowl was pure,
 Perchance of sin you've drunk a firkin.
 Alas! the cow distrusting now;
 We test its lacteal production;
 For brewers' grain the milk may stain,
 And we imbibe, with it, destruction.

WE learn, from Paris, that a trunk—specially adapted to the use of “personally conducted” Madagascar tourists—has just been invented. It is called “*la malle-à-Gaze*.”

Hibernian Arithmetic.

SHURE, multiplication—of chiefs—is vexation,
 But faix, there is fun in substraction.
 Addition will you knit with me as one unit,
 And unity flabberghasts faction. [Me!]
 As for Rule o' Three!—better one, and that
 The wise, and the sthrong, and the clever!
 But till O'm up top, and all over the shop,
 I'll cry, “Long Division for iver!”



ASHANTI AGAIN!

BRITANNIA (to *L-rd W-ls-l-y*, "the man who has been there"). "YOU KNOW ALL ABOUT THE BUSINESS, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF. BUT *THIS* TIME I EXPECT SOMETHING MORE THAN AN UMBRELLA."



AFTER "THE SLUMP" IN THE CITY.

Weak Speculator in South African Market (about to pay the Barber who has been shaving him).
 "A SHILLING! EH? WHY, YOUR CHARGE USED TO BE ONLY SIXPENCE."
City Barber. "YES, SIR; BUT YOU'VE GOT SUCH A LONG FACE, WE'RE OBLIGED TO INCREASE THE PRICE!"

UNION v. DISUNION.

FROM PARNELL to REDMOND, from REDMOND to HEALY,
 One very plain truth comes out fully and freely;
 Your Unionist's love for a "patriot" grows hearty
 When he furthers *disunion*—within his own Party;
 He credits no Paddy with talent or wit
 Till he Union favours by causing a split.
 In fact, Unionists hold *this* Hibernian rule—
 No Irishman's wise till he's playing the fool!

APPROPRIATE DECORATION FOR A "BIKER'S" BUTTON-HOLE.—The Cyclamen.

SONG OF THE POWERS

(Great Britain, Russia, France, Germany Austria-Hungary, Italy, and the United States) to the Sultan:—

"WE ARE SEVEN."

Sultan's Rejoinder.

"BUT these are lies, the Kurds are Saints!
 Armenia is just heaven!"

'Twas throwing words away, for still
 The sons of dogs would have their will
 And answered: "We are Seven!"

AQUATIC.—Cowes is suffering from a deficiency in the water supply. We only wish that other (reputed) cows were afflicted with the same complaint. Meantime, could not Cowes turn on its ever-present main?

"HAPPY EVENINGS."

Tuesday.—Have just read in the *Times* a letter from the Children's Happy Evenings Association, in which it is said "for every shilling spent one child gets a happy evening weekly throughout the whole winter." By Jove! The winter here lasts at least twenty-four weeks, so the cost is small. Wish I could get a happy evening for a halfpenny! Sometimes difficult enough to get a happy evening at all. Time to dress now. To dinner with old BOREHAM, F.S.A. Awfully dull evening. A lot of solemn old fossils. Cabs there and back four shillings. How's that compared to the halfpenny?

Wednesday.—Must do something to cheer myself up after that dinner yesterday. So go to see the newest burlesque. Dismally dull. A few feeble jokes I have heard before; a few other feeble ones I hope I shall never hear again. But no doubt I shall—in the next burlesque. A miserable evening. Seat and cabs fourteen shillings.

Thursday.—Shan't spend so much to-night anyway. Mrs. MUMBY's dance. Well, here I am. Never saw such a lot of plain women in all my life. As for the five Miss MUMBYS! Oh lord! Just as I am coming out a sudden gust of wind carries off my opera hat. It is quite spoilt. Most annoying. It happened to be a new one. Cabs five shillings. But must add cost of new hat to be bought to-morrow. Can't get that for a halfpenny.

Friday.—To dinner with my aunt at South Kensington. Resolve to make this a cheap evening. See how little I can spend. Fine, dry weather. Go in omnibus. Total cost so far twopence. Capital! My aunt very pleasant. Several nice girls there. Amongst them my cousin VIOLET, up from the country, prettier than ever. My aunt asks if I will see VIOLET and her sister home to Fitzjohn's Avenue, where they are staying. Of course. Hullo, it's pouring with rain! Four-wheeler all the way. Coming back to my rooms, a wheel comes off in Regent's Park. Escape unhurt. So does cabby. Get out. Raining harder than ever. Not a cab, not a person, in sight. Cabman in despair. Pity the poor fellow, and give him half-a-crown over his fare. Walk on, and at last find another cab. But my thin shoes completely ruined. Add this to fares. Cheap evening costs me over thirty shillings.

Saturday.—SMITH and JONES to dine with me at the club. Good-natured, hospitable chaps. Must give them a good dinner, and some of our best wine. Do so. Smoking all the evening.

Sunday.—Headache this morning. Often feel like this after a pleasant evening. Ah, by Jove, that reminds me! How much did it cost? Oh I can't bother to reckon now! Hate arithmetic. Anyway, it was more than a halfpenny. "Happy Thought," as the man in the book says; spend a Happy Evening without trying to amuse myself. Easy enough on Sunday. And send the ten shillings, which I may reckon I save, to amuse ten poor little children, and make them warm and happy one evening a week through the gloom and misery of winter in the alums. Here's the address in the *Times* of the 5th. So I send my little contribution to the Hon. Secretary, 14, Radnor Place, W. And anyone else who can't give himself a happy evening for a halfpenny may well do the same.

May and December.

WHATEVER scribblers try to prove
 Upon the journalistic page,
 'Tis pretty plain the Age of Love
 Is different from the love of age!

SONG FOR BOBBIES ON BIKES.

[HANTS COUNTY COUNCIL.—“The Committee has authorised the Chief Constable to obtain thirty-three bicycles for the use of the police force, at a total cost of £289 11s. 6d.” *Hampshire Advertiser.*]

I.
It's come at last, and none too fast,
That we're to race disorder;
The Hants C. C. has ruled that we
Shall whirl like any Forder.
Oh! joy to catch the burglar man,
The rascal born to steal,
To play the game of “catch who
can”
On swift and steady wheel.

II.
Should quarry go to woods, we
know
That bikes are scarcely trusty;
O'er furrowed plough we quite
allow
Our steeds may turn up rusty;
But on the smooth and flat high-
way
We'll wriggle like the eel,
And bring our robber foes to bay,
With woe as well as wheel!

A SUGGESTION.—There are always with us two winter exhibitions of celebrated artists' works. One is Mr. ARTHUR TOOTH's, and the other Mr. THOMAS MCLEAN's. Wouldn't it be an æsthetic, aromatic, pearl-powdery, dentistical idea to unite the two and advertise it as “MCLEAN TOOTH exhibition”? All the Brothers of the Brush would be pleased.

FANCY PORTRAIT.



JUSTICE AND TEMPERANCE.

THE GREAT WHITE COLONIAL CHIEF CH-MB-RL-N HOLDS A TALKER-
TALKER WITH HIS BRAVES.

FOR BUTTER OR WORSE.

Sarah Jane Sings:—

Oh! I can eat the coldest meat,
The joints that once have been;
But give to me with toast at tea
No “scrape” of margarine.

With it defiled the muffin mild
And teacake lack their zest;
So slaves all, come stand or fall,
By butter of the best!

“O HONEY!”—A deputation of the British Bee-Keepers' Association waited upon the Lady Mayoress at the Mansion House to enlist her sympathies for the encouragement of apiculture, and against the invasion of foreign honey, which was averred to be “only cunningly sophisticated treacle.” By all means let us have the common or garden, the unsophisticated native article. The “heather honey” of the moorlands is—we are informed by the B. B.-K. A.—“food fit for the gods,” a fact overlooked by Olympian Jove, who seems to have preferred that of Hybla or Hymettus—probably because it was cheaper. However, we are happy to say that, in London at least, the Bee industry is in a flourishing condition, and shows no sign of flagging prosperity, the variety cultivated with most success being, of course, the *Bacchanalian* or *Essand Bee* (*Apis Bacchi*).

DENTIST'S MOTTO.—“Tooth will out.”

ROUNABOUT READINGS.

A RETRIEVER'S DIARY.

DURING the past week I have been shooting pheasants in Norfolk. We had good sport, and fairly good weather, and I was able for the first time to test an ingenious mechanical contrivance of which we may expect to hear a great deal in the future. It is called (I quote from the advertisement which is now in my possession) the “Canine Cogitograph,” a title which, I admit, is detestably mixed in its derivations. The inventor, however, who desires for the present to keep his name secret, may plead in extenuation the example of that great philosopher HERBERT SPENCER and his series on “Sociology.”

THE object of this invention is to record automatically the thoughts passing through the mind of a dog. By a clever adaptation of the MORSE system of telegraphy these are printed off in English on strips or tapes of paper. I am not sufficiently skilled in mechanics to describe the invention technically; suffice it to say that it is very small and convenient in size, and can be easily fitted on to any ordinary dog's collar.

DURING my late pheasant-shooting excursion I attached it to the collar of my retriever, with the most astonishing results. For the benefit of the scientific and sporting public I now publish this singular autobiographical fragment from the diary of a sporting dog.

MONDAY, November 11, 10 A.M.—Am unchained. Large party with guns. Sport. Hurrah! Smell out master, dance round him and place both fore-paws on his knickerbockers. Am reproved. Why? There are two more black dogs, strangers to me, and a brown spaniel whom I have met before. The spaniel is a fool. His ears are ridiculously long, and flap in the most absurd manner. His nose is broad, his eyes bulge, and his legs are bandy. A dog like this is only fit for hedgerows. Exchange tip-toe courtesies with the two black strangers. Growl at them. They growl back. We are all reproved. Why?

10.20. Corner of a covert. Heard keeper say “There was a hundred pheasants drawn into that ere covert.” This is ripping. Master applies whip twice, but not very hard. Tells me he does

it to “steady” me. Such rot! Forgive him. Five pheasants come out my way. I kill two with a right and left and miss another with my second gun. Sun must have got into my eyes. Shall I go after dead birds now or wait? Better wait. Got thrashed last time for running after birds before beat was over. Guns going off to the right and left. Brown dog, so far, has killed nothing. One of the black dogs named *Sailor* has killed four. Ridiculously conceited dog that. Eight more pheasants come to me one by one. Kill five. Miss three. Brown dog smiles audibly. Shall out the brown dog, or bite him in the back. Shout from beaters. “Hare forward.” I'll have his fur, or die in the attempt. Comes galloping out on my right. I miss him twice. I'll show him who can gallop. Off after him. Distant shouts from Master. Who cares? Into a ditch. Out again. Across ploughed field. Hare still in front. Am gaining. No, am losing. Hare is a silly animal; shall give it up, and go back. By the bye, got thrashed last time for doing this. Wonder if I shall be thrashed again. Better assume contrite expression. D, so... No good. Am thrashed. Howl. Never was a Spartan dog. Beat over. Pick up dead birds. Mouth full of feathers. Am sent to look for a bird wounded by brown dog, who has shot disgracefully, and made a perfect fool of himself. Track bird to ditch. Faint scent to right. Follow up fifty yards, then through hedge; back again. Got him. Return covered with burrs, with bird in mouth. Am patted. Brown dog, who has been thrashed, hints that he doesn't think much of the performance. Offers to carry bird for me, “if I am tired.” Should like to see him dare to touch it.

THE above may serve as a sample of the whole. I always suspected that a dog believed that he himself, and not his master, killed the birds. Now I know it on the unimpeachable testimony of the “Canine Cogitograph.” I shall be happy to send further particulars of this admirable contrivance to any sportsman who may apply to me.

QUOTATION FROM “ROMEO AND JULIET” ADAPTED TO CHANGES IN SOUTH AFRICAN AND OTHER MARKETS.—“O swear not by the boom, the inconstant boom!”

THE ORIGINAL CLASSICAL BICYCLIST.—“Ixon; or, the Man on the Wheel.”

ART IS MEASUREMENT.

REUTER'S telegram says that the chrysanthemum blossoms, used at the marriage of the Duke of MARLBOROUGH, if piled up, would equal in bulk an ordinary haystack, and the roses, if placed from end to end, would extend over a distance of eight miles. Here is at last an exact system for calculating the merits of decorative art. *Mr. Punch* has therefore instructed his Chief Statistician in Ordinary to furnish a report on some disputed matters, now for ever decided by the following calculations.

The statues in London, if melted, pounded up, and otherwise reduced to a single mass, would equal in bulk an ordinary cottage. The Elgin marbles, treated in the same way, would equal in bulk an ordinary cartload of rubbish, and the Venus of Milo would be half the bulk of an ordinary piece of rock. Therefore, &c. Q. E. D.

The pictures in the Salon Carré of the Louvre, added to those in the Tribuna at Florence, would only cover one-fifth of the space occupied by those in an ordinary—a very ordinary—exhibition of the Royal Academy of Arts. All the pictures of VELASQUEZ, cut into narrow strips, would actually not extend from Piccadilly Circus to Kensington Church, and those of REMBRANDT, if the canvases were rolled up, could be packed into an ordinary four-wheel cab. Therefore, &c. Q. E. D.

The total mass of teapots manufactured in Birmingham, from the earliest times to the present day,



"A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE."

"I BET YOU DON'T KNOW WHY AN APPLE FALLS TO THE GROUND!"
"OH YES, I DO! WHEN IT'S GOT A WORM INSIDE!"

would probably equal St. Paul's in bulk. It is, however, difficult to obtain exact estimates. BENVENUTO CELLINI'S works in gold, if melted, would be equal in bulk to two ordinary lumps of chalk. The lamp-posts of London, placed end to end, would extend to over one hundred thousand times the length of the ironwork of QUENTIN MATSYS. Therefore, &c. Q. E. D.

The modern public buildings of London, broken into small fragments, would suffice to repair some hundreds of miles of roads. The Parthenon, similarly treated, would not be enough for the distance from Colney Hatch to Hanwell. The Crystal Palace is larger than St. Mark's at Venice. The Nelson Column is higher than the monument of BARTOLOMMEO COLLEONI. Therefore, &c. Q. E. D.

It is thus conclusively proved that the modern artistic productions of our beloved country are infinitely superior—in bulk—to those so-called masterpieces hitherto preferred by ignorant critics. *Mr. Punch*, having patriotically proved this incontrovertible fact, hopes that no banquet will be offered to him "by several influential gentlemen" to reward him for these "recent courageous, honourable, and successful efforts."

NOT TO BE WROUGHT ON BY SPELLS.—Lord SALISBURY'S policy, as expressed in his Guildhall speech, is proof against the "Charmes" of the *Débats*.

THE NEW WOMAN (in French).
"Madame DE MAINTENANT."

A CHANCE FOR SOMEBODY!!

WANTED—by an Australian Colony—A GOVERNOR. This is a splendid chance for a middle-aged man requiring a situation. The Governor must be a man of HIGH CHARACTER, ATTRACTIVE PERSONALITY, and EXCEPTIONAL INTELLIGENCE. He will be expected to combine a large experience of affairs with Tact, Discretion, and a Good Social Standing. During his term of office he will be supplied with *One Livery a Year*, the cost of which will be deducted from his wages.

The Governor will be allowed to provide himself with one Under-Servant or Secretary, who must produce a certificate stating that he was born and has passed the whole of his life in the Colony.

LOSS OR DAMAGE OF FURNITURE.

A plain table, six deal chairs, and a commodious chest of drawers will be provided for the use of the Governor, who will, of course, be responsible for the loss or damage of any of these articles.

THE GOVERNOR

will be permitted to write home at regular intervals. He will also have to conduct the Business Correspondence of his Employers. Postage, Telegrams, and Omnibus-fares will be paid by the Governor.

There is

AN EXTENSIVE BACK GARDEN of One Quarter of an Acre, in which the Governor may occasionally smoke a pipe on Sundays. *One pound of best Australian tobacco*, for which a deduction of £15 will be made from wages, will be issued to the Governor by the Colony on the presentation of a form countersigned by

THE PRIME MINISTER'S MOTHER-IN-LAW.

As the

GOVERNOR'S BOOTS will be well liked, it will be unnecessary for him to bring out any blacking with him.

The Governor will be allowed Simple Lodging and Plain Food, which his Employers will frequently be pleased to share with him. Any wages in excess of this allowance must be a matter for future arrangement.

The Governor's working hours will be from 6 A.M. to 1 A.M. on the following day. Arrangements can be made for

A FORTNIGHT'S HOLIDAY.

but, if this is granted, half the year's wages will be deducted.

The Governor will be expected to receive, entertain, and pay for any Guests who may visit his Employers during his term of office. His Employers, while regulating their own conduct on principles of the Strictest Economy, will not discourage the display of a

SEASONABLE AND OPEN-HANDED GENEROSITY

on the part of their servant.

Applications, accompanied by testimonials as to Age, Personal Appearance, Previous Services, Artistic Temperament (including ability to draw cheques), Dress, Deportment, Fit of Trousers, and Conversational Ability, may be sent to the

PRIME MINISTER, X. Y. Z., Australia.

N.B.—No Candidate recommended by Mr. CH-MB-RI-N need apply.

TO CEDIE.

(With whom I played—Cards!)

THIS pretty pack of cards I give to you,
A token of our friendship—for no lack
Of fun and frolic we're indebted to
This pretty pack.

In time to come your thoughts may wander back
To summer seas, to skies serene and blue,
That on a certain vessel's homeward track
Made life a pleasant dream—at least for two.
Well, when the fog is thick and skies are black,
Let us join hands and seek sweet solace through
This pretty pack.

An Isle in the Water is the title of a new book. Where else should "an isle" be? In a lamp?

A CONTEMPORARY CONUNDRUM.

My whole was once certain all
parties to charm,
'Twas as plump as a pig, and as
long as your arm,
But now I am shrunk from, and
shrunk.
With jubilant passion I used to
inspire,
But now men denounce as destruc-
tive my fire,
And swear that my fervour was
drunken.
They trotted me out, and they
totted me up;
Oh! I was as useful for filling
the cup
As the old Inexhaustible Bottle.
But now, like a "dead man," they
shy me aside
My draught may not now fire a
patriot's pride,
Or mellow an orator's throttle.

Once like an umbrella, they said,
when unfurled,
I should draw to my shelter the
whole of the world,
And not e'en King COFFEE's
could match it.
But now they compare me, in
ignorance dense,
To an overgrown setting of eggs,
so immense
Sindbad's roc could not cover
or hatch it.
Alas! mine is truly a pitiful fate!
Once the rage, I am now out of
fashion, and date,
Like sarcenet, buckram, or
program. [upon me.
All parties, all speakers, are down
What am I? I'm sure that the
simplest will see,
And pity a poor played-out—
PROGRAM!

RIVALS AT THE COURT.

ALWAYS welcome is SHERIDAN's *Rivals*, which, as compared with *The School for Scandal*, would, were it nowadays produced as a novelty, be probably termed a "farical comedy," that is, if the scenes between *Faulkland* and *Julia* could be re-written in a vein of the lightest, instead of the most serious, comedy.

The play at the Court has been produced under the direction of Mr. HENRY NEVILLE, who, as a conservative old-stager, has kept to the ancient traditions, and so it happens that two personages stand in one position during a long scene, that two chairs are brought down to the front for a duologue, and that the rather tedious business of several false exits, and sudden returns, is retained, of which only one, and that the first, namely, when Mr. FARREN, as *Sir Anthony*, is taking leave of Mrs. JOHN WOOD, as *Mrs. Malaprop*, is genuinely effective. To see Mr. FARREN as *Sir Anthony*, to note his facial play, and to mark the artistic pauses in his acting, is well worth a theatrical student's visit. That



Bob Acres Grimaldi. "Odds clowns and contortions! Here we are again! Oh, please, Sir, don't! 'Twasn't me! 'Twas the other boy!"

Mr. FARREN overdoes the laughing I am certain; and that they all follow his lead up to so extremely dangerous a limit, that one half-step over boundary-line would be immediately resented by the audience, is evident.

Mrs. JOHN WOOD as *Mrs. Malaprop* is "immense." Mr. SYDNEY BROUGH is quite the overgrown boyish *Captain Absolute*—promotion was rapid in those days—up to any tricks to win his lady-love, on the soldier's unprincipled principle that "all is fair in love and war." It struck me what a really good *Tony Lumpkin* Mr. SYDNEY BROUGH might make if *She Stoops to Conquer* were the next revival at the Court Theatre, that is, if this part were for once not given to an "experienced low comedian." Mr. BRANDON THOMAS is an "illigant" *Sir Lucius*, an exile from the most distressful country, a penniless Irish baronet in search of an English heiress, and one of the "fine old Irish gentlemen," every inch of him. Mr. NYE CHART's *Fag* is neat; Mr. CHERSMAN's old family servant *David* good, but rather overdone, especially his laugh too; all "the laughs" appear forced. Miss NANCY NOEL looks charming, and plays *Lydia Languish* very prettily, but perhaps without sufficient touch of old-world exaggeration, such as is implied in the name given her by SHERIDAN.

Poor *Julia* and *Faulkland*! Who can sympathise with either when they are both on together! I suppose Miss VIOLET RAYE is as good as *Julia* can be, and that the same may be said of Mr. SUGDEN

as the dunderheaded *Faulkland*. *Bob Acres* makes Mr. ARTHUR WILLIAMS amusing, but owing to the topics being necessarily those of the eighteenth century, Mr. ARTHUR WILLIAMS has no chance of introducing up-to-date allusions, and so "making" the part of *Bob Acres* attractive to his more youthful admirers. It is a matter for curious speculation as to what an up-to-date, eccentric comedian, "full of wheezes and modern instances," as is that other ARTHUR, yclept ARTHUR ROBERTS, could do if necessity compelled him to be cast for *Bob Acres*! Of course ARTHUR ROBERTS would bring in topical songs and several disguises somehow, no matter how. But this is to imagine too curiously. Suffice it that at the Court, with the present caste, the good old *Rivals* ought to be played to crowded and delighted houses up to Easter at least.

SOME MINOR HYPOCRISIES, AND THEIR MEANINGS.

The Honest Man to his Friends.

"I HAVE no doubt whatever that JONES would behave as an honourable man, under temptation; still, it would not be quite fair to expose him to it."

"My dear fellow, I cannot say that I like engaging in this affair of yours; still, if you really wish me to do so, and are positive for it, I will sacrifice myself in your interests."

"What are difficulties but simply temporary obstacles, made to be overcome? What are reverses but simply temporary barriers erected by Providence against the too speedy gratification of our headstrong desires? For my own part, I rejoice in difficulties and reverses of all kinds. When I see either one or the other that is seemingly insurmountable, I say to myself, here is a pleasure in store for me; let me not be too eager to compass it, lest, by exhausting it speedily, I cut short my enjoyment."

"My dear Sir, pray do not imagine that I take your advice in ill part. I assure you my greatest happiness and satisfaction will be in endeavouring to profit by it; and the freer you are with me, the better I shall like it. Good heavens, Sir! what a wretched world this would be if our dearest friends and nearest relations were debarred by inexorable custom from giving us their counsel in due season."

"I confess, for my own part, that a good, healthy, vigorous opposition is a thing I rather enjoy. Too much prosperity is bad for any man; just as too much power and freedom are bad for any government."

"First class! Do you mean to tell me you travel first class? Why what, in the name of all that's wonderful, possesses you to do that. I always travel third class; it is so much more comfortable; you avoid the snobs, and there is much less danger of infection from contagious diseases."

The Honest Man to his Soul.

"I HAVE no doubt whatever in my own mind that JONES would succumb to temptation the moment it were offered him. Besides, I covet the opportunity for myself."

"What a blockhead the fellow must be not to see that I am dying for want of an opportunity to have a finger in his pie. Now that I have it there, I honestly believe I shall make my fortune out of it."

"Every kind of obstacle to the gratification of what we esteem our proper and reasonable desires is, *per se*, detestable. I never encounter an obstacle but it fills me with rage, nor a difficulty but it makes me rail against Providence. Still, on a platform, in a pulpit, in a book, or among one's friends, it is necessary, of course, to hold quite contrary language."

"Confound the pragmatistical idiot! Will he never cease plaguing me with his tiresome advice? What have I done that I should be persecuted in this manner? But I suppose I must be civil to him, and humour him; otherwise he has it in his power to make my life a very burthen to me."

"I rather flatter myself I scored a point that time. It was good policy on my part to appear as if I were pleased with the opposition which I encounter. Still, I wonder what my opponents will do next? Ugh! how I hate them!"

"I would always travel first class if I were rich enough, but I am not so; so must needs make a virtue of my necessity."

"VERY FISHY!"—"During last month," says the *Times* of November 12, "the officers of the Fishmongers' Company seized thirty-one tons of fish at Billingsgate Market as unfit for human food." "Billingsgate" used to be synonymous for extra-strong bad language; but that it should ever come to be synonymous for extra-strong bad fish is too terrible to contemplate.

THEY were discussing the merits of various Oxford Colleges. "Well," said a certain matron, emphatically, "I would never send any son of mine to such a place as *Belial* College, Oxford."

TO A. BALFOUR.

By a Lady Member of the Balfour Habitation
of the Primrose League.

"I believe it was the Primrose League that recognised the great truth that, whether women ought or ought not to have a vote. . . they are rather more than half the human race in these islands . . . and have a right to make their influence felt through the electoral machinery of the country."—*Mr. Balfour in Glasgow.*

AIR—"Isadore."

I.

BEFORE the Primrose Eves,
Gathered by Clyde's dark shore—
Clustering from roof to floor,
Shaking with joy like tremulous leaves—
Waving thy snowy clasped hand,
Which Primrose Dames adore,
Last night, oh bliss! I saw thee stand,
Like a fair Prince from Fairyland—
Enchanter of the Primrose band,
Most beauteous A. BALFOUR.

II.

Oh, it was like a dream
To dear mamma and me,
Thy big soft eyes to see!
Upturned they did o'erflowing seem
With the deep untold delight
Of Party victory!
Thy classic brow, like lilies white,
And pale as the Imperial night
Pictured by EDGAR,—who was right,—
Enthralled my soul to thee!

III.

Ah! ever I behold
Thy dreamy poet eyes,
Calm as the languid skies,
Yet with true patriot fervour bold.
How clear the woman's mission grows
To Primrose women wise!
We're roused from our too long repose,
We votaries of the Earl's Primrose
Persuasions press—which spiteful foes
Persist in calling—fibs!

IV.

Like music heard in dreams,
Like strains of Hope unknown,
Or felt for ever flown,
Audible as the voice of streams,
I hear thy dulcet tone.
"Day to day work," that is a spell
For Dames who with the Primrose dwell
How right thou art! I know it well,
Who work—for thee alone!

V.

In every district heard,
Fair Primrose Dames thou'lt see
(Just like mamma and me).
"Keep at it?" Ah, yes!—"like a bird."
The Union cause is thine, and mine.
The Primrose doth not flee!
Of thine own Habitation, thine,
Am I, PRINCE ARTHUR, bland, benign!
Brave BALFOUR! Ah! that name divine
To me seems melody!

* "The silent influence which women can exert when properly organised operates perpetually upon classes whose conversion can be effected by no ordinary agency. They are always 'at it,' as Mr. BALFOUR has found some perspicacious opponent declaring."—*Times.*

QUESTION (by an earnest inquirer into the
"Denominational teaching controversy").
What is "Catechism"?

Anti-Denominationalist's reply. "Catechism" is "Dog-matism." [Exeunt severally.]

A HOT DIPLOMATIC DISH (for the season).
—Currie'd Turkey.



"THE TRILBY MANIA GROWS Apace. IT HAS REACHED PECKHAM. AUNT MARIA WENT TO THE FANCY DRESS BALL OF THE PECKHAM SEASON AS TRILBY IN HER FIRST COSTUME."—*Extract from Letter of Miss M. Brown to Miss N. Smith.*

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

(A Hint from Hawarden.)

[MR. GLADSTONE, writing of Mr. SPIELMANN'S *History of Punch*, says: "I shall be happy to see in my library a work recording the history of a prosperous and successful effort not only to associate sound art with politics, but also to humanise the warfare connected with a trying mode of life."]

MR. PUNCH is happy to acknowledge this tribute so happily expressed, and hopes that the happiness of the illustrious recluse of Hawarden has before now been increased—as it must be—by a careful perusal of Mr. SPIELMANN'S excellent *History*, of which it need only be said, that it is worthy of its subject.

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said
I'd like to fathom many a mystery
Concerning Mr. *Punch's* history?
If such there be, let him be shamed
By the great statesman, old, world-famed,
Who, far from party animosity,
Keeps up intelligent curiosity
Concerning England's other glory,
As well shown forth in SPIELMANN'S story.
If such there breathe, let the poor dunce,
In true contrition, send at once,
Swift—aye, as England's champion wheel-
man—

For the great book of Mr. SPIELMANN,
And share, as *Punch* will hope he can,
The "happiness" of our Grand Old Man!

"THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH (?)."

(A Glimpse into the Possible Future.)

SCENE—*The Horse Guards.* PRESENT: the Commander-in-Chief. The illustrious official is engaged in glancing at reports, and adding his signature to dictated letters. Enter to him, after knocking, the Adjutant-General.

Commander-in-Chief (looking up). Well, my good friend, everything working smoothly Adjutant-General. Yes, Sir. I looked into that saddle-cutting case, and it seems that it was confined to one troop. I don't think there will be any further trouble in that quarter.

Com.-in-C. Thank you very much. Will you kindly ask the Inspector-General of Fortifications to look me up?

Adj.-Gen. Certainly, Sir. [Salutes, and exits.]

Com.-in-C. (turning over plans). Dear me, now where is that map of Gib.? Ah, here it is! (Enter, after knocking, the Inspector-General of Fortifications.) Well, have the guns been mounted as arranged?

Insp.-Gen. of F. Yes, Sir. I looked into the matter, according to your instructions. It appears the delay was caused by having to take over the carriages from the Admiralty. However, it's all right now.

Com.-in-C. Thanks, very much. I suppose you talked it all over with the Inspector-General of Ordnance and the Quartermaster-General?

Insp.-Gen. of F. I did, Sir. I thought it better to see that the tents were all right—as you mentioned them.

Com.-in-C. Quite so. And now, if you will be so kind, send the Military Secretary, the Director of the Intelligence Department and the Director of Mobilization to me.

Insp.-Gen. of F. Certainly, Sir.

[Salutes, and exits.]

Com.-in-C. What a lot of time I have to devote to seeing these fellows! But perhaps they might be offended if I did not consult them now and again. (Enter, after knocking, the Military Secretary, the Director of the Intelligence Department, and the Director of Mobilization.) Glad to see you, Gentlemen. Pray be seated. And now have you anything to report—of course for the information of the Secretary of State?

Mil. Sec. Speaking for my colleagues, Sir, I think not. If you remember, Sir, you said we had better leave mobilization alone until the season arrived for the Autumn Manœuvres.

Com.-in-C. To be sure, so I did! I am really very sorry to have troubled you unnecessarily.

Mil.-Sec. Not at all, Sir.

[Salutes, and exits with his colleagues.]

Com.-in-C. There, that's done, and now I can get back to my work.

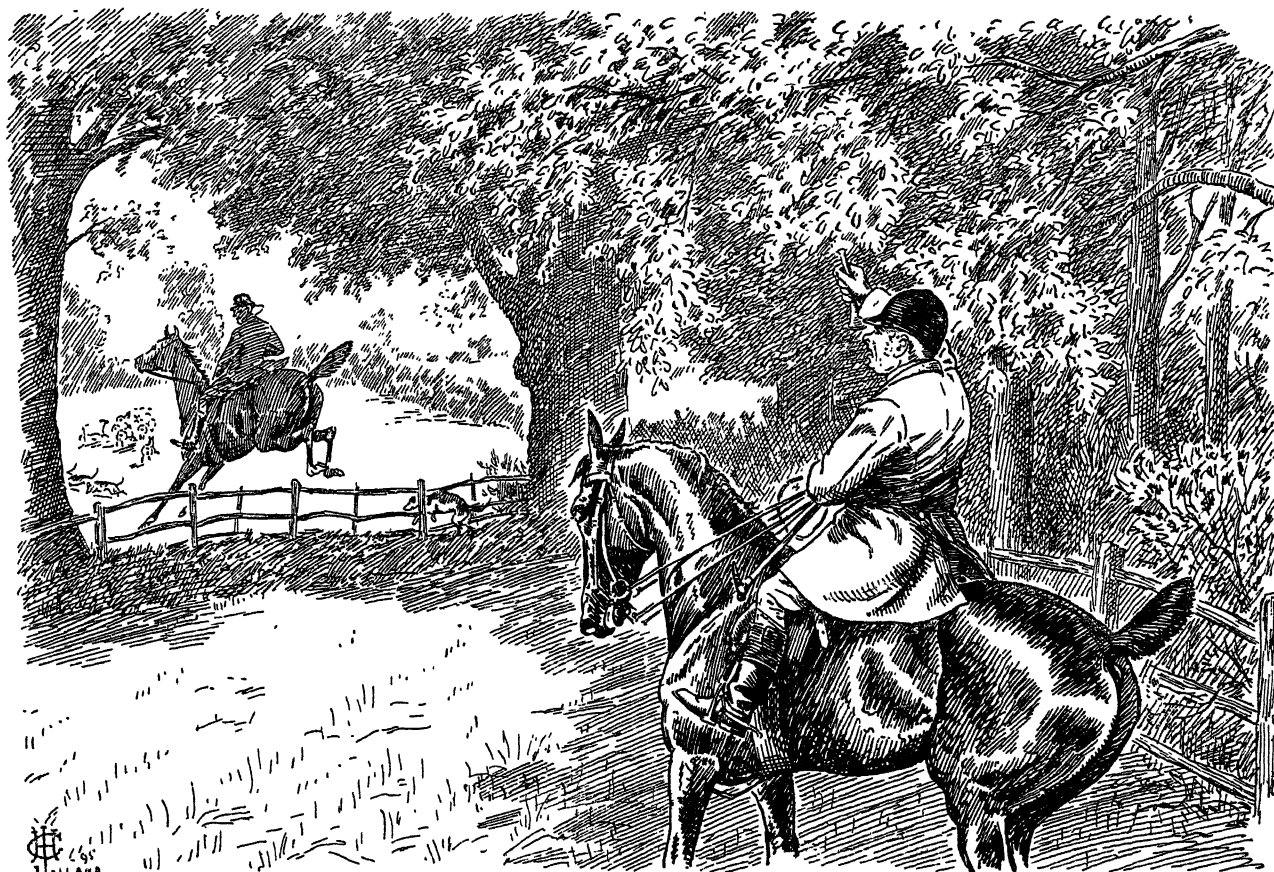
Secretary of State (entering). I hope I don't intrude, my dear Field-Marshal.

Com.-in-C. Intrude! Why, I am delighted to see you. Can I do anything for you to-day? Only too pleased!

Sec. of S. Well, thank you very much; but as the House is not sitting, I don't think I require your advice. All going on to your satisfaction? (Com.-in-C. bows.) That's right. I won't interrupt you any longer. Good-bye, and thank you very much. [Exits.]

Com.-in-C. A most sensible and courteous colleague, or should I say Commanding Officer? Yes (smiling), I should say Commanding Officer, and think what I like. On my word, it is a little difficult to distinguish in what respect my position varies from that held by the dear old Duke! (Ponders.) Oh, I know! I have a different signature!

[Scene closes in upon the illustrious official returning to his work.]



A RARE CHANCE!

Huntsman. "Hi! STOP 'EM, SIR! THEY'RE ON AN OLD 'UN!"
 Hard-riding Gent (who is very seldom able to afford a "day out"). "ALL THE BETTER, OLD CHAP—ALL THE BETTER." (*Sotto voce*, as he disappears over fence). "DIDN'T PAY TWO GUINEAS TO WALK!"

A NOVEL EDUCATION.

"One of the latest of the new academic studies instituted in the United States is 'a course of modern fiction.' . . . The modern fiction class in Yale University numbers no fewer than 258 members."—*Daily Telegraph*.]

THE tutor of St. Mary's, Cambridge, was sitting in his rooms after Hall interviewing a succession of undergraduates.

"Sit down, please, Mr. JONES," he said to the last comer; "I wish to speak to you very seriously on the subject of your work. The College is not at all satisfied with your progress this term. For instance, Professor KAILYARD tells me that your attendance at his lectures has been most irregular."

"Well, Sir," said JONES, fumbling with the tassel of his cap, "I didn't think they were important—"

"Not important? How do you expect to be able to get up difficult authors like CROCKETT and MACLAREN unless you've attended a course of lectures on Scotch dialect? Do you know the meaning of 'havers,' 'gabby,' or 'yammering'? I thought not. Then your last paper on 'Elementary Besantics' was very weak. Have you really been giving your energies to your work, or have you been frittering away your time over other books?"

JONES looked guilty, but said nothing.
 "Ah," resumed the Don, "I see how it is. You've been wasting your time over light literature—HOMER and VIRGIL, and trash of that sort. But you really must resist temptations of that kind if you wish to do creditably in the Tripos. Good evening."

JONES departed, to be succeeded by another undergraduate.

"I sent for you, Mr. SMITH," said the Tutor, "because—though your work on the older writers is pretty good—your acquaintance with modern realism is quite insufficient. You will attend the course of anatomy lectures at the hospital, please. You can't study your 'keynotes' intelligently without them."

A third student made his appearance in the doorway.

"Mr. ROBINSON, I'm sorry to say that your work is unsatisfactory. On looking at your MUSE list, I find that you've only taken out ten novels in the last month. In order to see whether you can

be permitted to take the Tripos this year, I'm going to give you a few questions, the answers to which must be brought me before Saturday. You will find pen and ink on that table. Kindly take down the following questions, as I dictate them."

The tutor cleared his throat, and began:

"Question one. Explain 'P.W.D. accounts,' 'a G.T.,' 'G.B.T. shin-bones.' Trace the bearing of the history of MOWEL on the Darwinian theory."

"Question two. The truth shall make us free.' Give context, and comment on this statement. Conjugate, in accordance with the library catalogue, *The Woman who*—, noting which of the tenses are irregular."

"Question three. 'There were two Trilbys' (*Trilby*, Part VIII.). Explain this statement. What had Mr. WHISTLER to do with it?"

"Question four. Give the formulæ for the employment of (a) the Mad Bull; (b) the Runaway Horse; (c) the Secret Marriage. What would you suggest as the modern equivalents of these?"

"Question five. Rewrite the story of *Jack and Jill*,—(a) in Wessex dialect; (b) as a 'Keynote'; (c) as a 'Dolly Dialogue.'"

"That will do for the present," concluded the tutor. And, as his pupil left the room, he seated himself at the writing-table and began Chapter XXIX. of his "Prolegomena to *Three Men in a Boat*."

BY OUR OWN SCHOOLBOY.

Q. Translate "*Tertium quid*."

A. It means a third sovereign.

NOTES ON THE BUSBY BICENTENARY.—According to his biography given in the *Times* on the occasion of Dr. BUSBY's bicentenary, that eminent public schoolmaster, who held his headmastership of Westminster under Monarchy and Commonwealth, seems to have been a precursor of the celebrated *Vicar of Bray*. In memory of their great headmaster the Westminster Boys' Corps of Volunteers will always wear "the Busby."

LEAVES FROM THE HIGHLAND JOURNAL OF TOBY, M.P.

LEAF LAST.—FULL STOP IN THE DAWDLE FROM THE NORTH.

"HERE's a go," I said, turning to SARK, after carefully looking round the station to see if we really were back at Oban, having a quarter of an hour ago started (as we supposed) on our journey, already fifteen minutes late.

"Well, if you put it in that way," he said, "I should call it an entire absence of go. I thought it was a peculiarly jolting train. Never passed over so many points in the same time in my life."

"Looks as if we should miss train at Stirling," I remark, anxiously. "If so, we can't get on from Carlisle to Woodside to-night."

"Oh, that'll be all right," said SARK, airy to the last; "we'll make it up as we go along."

Again sort of faint bluish light, which I had come to recognise as a smile, feebly flashed over cadaverous countenance of the Stranger in corner seat.

Certainly no hurry in getting off. More whistling, more waving of green flag. Observed that natives who had come to see friends off had quietly waited on platform. Train evidently expected back. Now it had returned they said good-bye over again to friends. Train deliberately steamed out of station thirty-five minutes late. Every eight or ten miles stopped at roadside station. No one got in or got out. After waiting five or six minutes, to see if any one would change his mind, train crawled out again. Performance repeated few miles further on with same result.

"Don't put your head out of the window and ask questions," SARK remonstrated, as I banged down the window. "I never did it since I heard a story against himself JOHN BRIGHT used to tell with great glee. Travelling



"What hill?"

homeward one day in a particularly slow train, it stopped an unconscionably long time at Oldham. Finally, losing all patience, he leaned out of the window, and in his most magisterial manner said, 'Is it intended that this train shall move on to-night?' The porter addressed, not knowing the great man, tartly replied, 'Put in thy big white yedd, and mebbe the train'll start.'

Due at Loch Awe 1.32; half-past one when we strolled into Connel Ferry station, sixteen miles short of that point. Two more stations before we reach Loch Awe.

"Always heard it was a far cry to Loch Awe," said SARK, undauntedly determined to regard matters cheerfully.

"You haven't come to the hill yet," said a sepulchral voice in the corner.

"What hill?" I asked.

"Oh, you'll see soon enough. It's where we usually get out and walk. If there are on board the train any chums of the guard or driver, they are expected to lend a shoulder to help the train up."

Ice once broken, Stranger became communicative. Told us his melancholy story. Had been a W. S. in Edinburgh. Five years ago, still in prime of life, bought a house at Oban; obliged to go to Edinburgh once, sometimes twice, a week. Only three in all that time had train made junction with Edinburgh train at Stirling. Appetite failed; flesh fell away; spirits went down to water level. Through looking out of window on approaching Stirling, in hope of seeing South train waiting, eyes put on that gaze of strained anxiety that had puzzled me. Similarly habit contracted of involuntarily jerking up right hand with gesture designed to arrest departing train.

"Last week, coming north from Edinburgh," said the hapless passenger, "we were two hours late at Loch Awe. A little late to-day, aren't we?" I timidly observed to guard. "On aye! we're a bit late," he said. "Ye see, we had a lot of rams, and we couldna' get baith them and you up the hill; so we left ye at Tyndrum, and ran the rams through first, and then came back for ye."



"I hope we shan't miss the train at Stirling?"

Fifty minutes late at Killin Junction. So far from making up time lost at Oban, more lost at every wayside station.

"I hope we shan't miss the train at Stirling?" I anxiously inquired of guard.

"Weel, no," said he, looking at his watch. "I dinna think ye'll hae managed that yet."

This spoken in soothing tones, warm from the kindly Scottish heart. Hadn't yet finally lost chance of missing train at Stirling that should enable us to keep our tryst at Woodside. But no need for despair. A little more dawdling and it would be done.

Done it was. When we reached Stirling, porters complacently announced English mail had left quarter of an hour ago. As for stationmaster, he was righteously indignant with inconsiderate travellers who showed disposition to lament their loss.

"Good night," said cadaverous fellow-passenger, feebly walking out of darkling station. "Hope you'll get a bed somewhere. Having been going up and down line for five years, I keep a bedroom close by. Cheaper in the end. I shall get on in the morning."

FOUND IN THE MINISTERIAL LETTER-BOX.

(Post-mark, Berlin.)

MY DEAR LORD,—Noting that you have been so kind as to grant the request of the SULTAN to make a speech upon a subject of his Imperial Majesty's selection, I ask you to afford me the same obliging courtesy. I have less hesitation in asking this favour, as it seems to me that some of the more recent of your orations have been rather barren of interesting matter. Have you noticed that I have recently published a very excellent drawing, which has been reproduced in black and white? Thanks to peculiar advantages I possess for furthering the circulation of periodicals with which I am personally connected, I have been able to induce the Trade to take the picture up with (to me) gratifying enthusiasm. But I feel that a few words from you, spoken at the right time, in the right place, would work wonders for it. Could not the LORD MAYOR get up a second edition of his banquet? I merely throw out this suggestion as a hint. No doubt your fertility of invention will produce something better. At any rate I inclose a circular giving full particulars of my cartoon, which may be of use to you. The terms are "net cash," but a reduction will be made on taking a quantity.

Always yours sincerely,

(Signed) W. KING AND EMPEROR.

(Post-mark, St. Petersburg.)

MY DEAR LORD,—Of course I do not wish to put you to any personal inconvenience. But as you have established a precedent I act upon it. Would you be so very obliging as to make a speech at your next big meeting correcting the prevailing false impression that I am an autocrat? I can assure you, on my honour, that this is not the case. By the constitution of my beloved country we all do what we please. The only advantage I have is to do what I please before the opinion of my subjects is consulted. What I wish to-day, everyone in Russia wishes to-morrow. This undoubted truth has been fully explained to a distinguished correspondent in Paris by one of my agents. However, you will do no harm if you repeat the story at your next public meeting. Yours most truly,

(Signed) N. EMPEROR.

(Post-mark, Brussels.)

MY DEAR LORD,—Of course the \$6000 recently sent over to England was merely to satisfy current expenses. Justice will follow later on. However, that this may be plain, will you kindly say you have received this note when you make a speech at your next public dinner. With many apologies for troubling you,

Yours most sincerely, (Signed) L. KING.

(Post-mark, Ashanti.)

GREAT CHIEF,—I hear you speak much. I speak little. But when you make another speech speak to me. You speak for benefit of that SULTAN, why not you speak to respectable coloured gentleman? What I ask you is this—Someone took my umbrella nearly twenty years ago. Why not you return it?

KING OF ASHANTI X his mark.

(Post-mark, Fleet Street.)

MY DEAR LORD,—Don't see what else you could do. Still prefer your own eloquent words to the flowery periods of that unfortunate potentate.

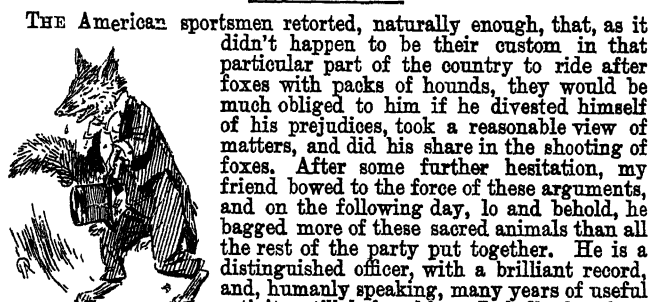
(Signed) PUNCH (no further title requisite).

HENRY HAUTHOR JONES is a sensible man. He has adopted the advice of his best friend Mr. Punch, and is not going to change his name and drop the classic JONES. The dramatic descendant (English branch line) of IOW of CHIOS, son of ORTHOMENES, is right.

ROUNDOABOUT READINGS.

OF THE SHOOTING OF FOXES.

THE other day a friend was relating to me his shooting experiences in the United States of America. Amongst other incidents he mentioned that, during one of his expeditions, he came to a place where there were many foxes. These he was expected to shoot; but, on the first day, his British hunting instinct revolted from the idea, and he refused to fire at bold Reynard. In reply to the remonstrances of his American companions he could only urge that having, during a long course of years, pursued the fox in England with no weapon but a hunting-crop, he could not immediately rid himself of the British prejudice which ranks vulpicide and paricide together as the two chief crimes known to the Calendar.



THE American sportsmen retorted, naturally enough, that, as it didn't happen to be their custom in that particular part of the country to ride after foxes with packs of hounds, they would be much obliged to him if he divested himself of his prejudices, took a reasonable view of matters, and did his share in the shooting of foxes. After some further hesitation, my friend bowed to the force of these arguments, and on the following day, lo and behold, he bagged more of these sacred animals than all the rest of the party put together. He is a distinguished officer, with a brilliant record, and, humanly speaking, many years of useful activity still before him. I shall, therefore, keep his name secret, lest, by divulging it, I should ruin him in the estimation of his fellow-countrymen, and compel him to retire into the unmerited obscurity of half-pay.

IN this country, of course, the extermination of the fox provides sport and the most glorious of healthy exercise for thousands and thousands. It teaches not merely good horsemanship, but courage, quickness of resource, and endurance. It provides an engrossing pursuit to men who might otherwise find no vent for their energies: without it conversation in certain parts of the country would languish and die. For all these reasons fox-hunting, according to the conventions we have established here, is a sport that it would be the merest folly to oppose. And unless fox-shooting were made a quasi-capital offence there would soon be very few foxes left to be chased by *Tearaway*, *Tipstaff*, *Trimmer*, *Musie*, *Melody*, and all the rest of the celebrated hounds who stream every day over our countryside.

I WAS once a member of a shooting party in Yorkshire. One of us was an excellent old sporting parson, whose gun did great execution amongst the partridges. As we were walking through a turnip-field where the cover was very thick there was a sudden flash of brown fur in front of the parson. "Hare," said one of the beaters, incautiously: "No, no; fox," shouted another; but he was too late. The reverend gentleman had fired, and a fine dog-fox lay quivering about twenty yards in front of him.

THE incident cast an impenetrable gloom over the party. We did not dare to joke about it. The occurrence was too tragic, the involuntary fox-murderer was too deeply plunged in melancholy. He unloaded his gun, gave it to one of the keepers, and said, in a voice of stony despair, "I'll shoot no more to-day." A little later he seemed to cheer up, smoked a pipe with apparent zest, and was able to take a little solid food at lunch. But at tea-time, when our hostess asked him not to give way, but to bear up for the sake of his family and his attached parishioners, he could only shake his head gloomily and murmur, "Ah, what will they think of me now?" It was in vain that she rallied him, and said that one might imagine he had shot a child. "I almost wish I had," was the sorrowful reply.

OF course the old man saw clearly enough what would be the consequences of one rash moment. What did it avail him that he had been a zealous minister of the gospel, that he had conducted his Sunday-school with credit, that he had preached two sermons every week with exemplary regularity, that he had on more than one occasion entertained the archbishop of his province, that his wife had organised coal and blanket funds, and found an abundance of needlework for the leisure of the female parishioners, and that he himself had sung "*There's a bower of roses by Bendemeer's stream*" at countless concerts with constant favour? All this record of good works, he knew, would count for nothing. Henceforward he would be known far and wide as "the parson who shot a fox." In short, joy had gone out of his life for ever, and though he might water his pillow with his tears he would never be able to wash away this terrible stain. Therefore he did right to be unhappy.

WHAT became of him afterwards I cannot say with certainty. But last week, as I was passing through Bury Street, I saw a musical family in rags and tatters slowly singing its way up the street. There was a shrunken, miserable father; a shawled and tearful mother walked beside him leading two wibegone children, and all were singing the most despairing and melancholy strain. As I passed I looked at the father. Something in his face seemed familiar; could it be?—but before I had time to make any inquiries he grasped his wife by the arm, the singing ceased, and the whole dismal troupe shuffled away into Jermyn Street. If this was indeed, as I more than half suspect, my old clerical fellow-sportsman, it must be admitted that his punishment has been severe, though not, perhaps, unjust.

"A MONTAGU!"

(Mr. Punch's Appeal on behalf of the Montagu Williams Blanket Fund.)

"For we are all one flesh,
And need one flannel—with a proper sense
Of difference in the quality."

SO said Mrs. BROWNING, qualifying obvious truth with a touch of feminine satire. The first portion of the quotation would make no bad motto for "The Montagu Williams Blanket and Clothing Fund (Worship Street)." The fund was started by that worthy magistrate, and man, whose too early loss is still deplored, "because he saw how much the poor of the East End suffered through lack of clothing, and especially the children, many of whom are sent to school half clothed and half fed." "Such cases" (says Mr. JOHN MASSEY, C. E. T. S. Missionary, writing to the *Daily News*), "receive our first attention."

"Quite right!" says Mr. Punch. "Think of the comfort for the comfortless represented by the distribution of 2000 blankets!"

Oh respectable cits with warm hearts—and slow livers—
Just picture poor children a prey to "the shivers,"
A slight fit of which, when the wind's in the East,
Upsets the rich man at his fireside or feast.
With them they are chronic one half of the year,
For fires they can't pay for, and blankets are dear.
Oh satins and silks have their laureates fine
In whom fashion and splendour inspire every line;
But who'll write an Ode to a Blanket? The theme
Might inspire a true bard more than mere morbid dream.
Punch must pen it some day! But his present intent
Is to help, and increase by a hundred per cent.,
Good MONTAGU WILLIAMS'S Fund. Gentle readers,
To you at this season come plentiful pleaders.
But what you *can* spare for one more worthy channel,
Punch gives you his tip—Put the cash into Flannel!

Misapplied? Mr. MASSEY bears witness that since the fund was initiated four years ago one blanket only has found its way into the pawnshop (and that was returned by the worthy pawnbroker), though nearly 2000 have been distributed. 560 families or 4600 persons, have been helped, and "many men and women have been re-started in life by a gift of decent clothes, restoring them to the level of respectability."

What more need be said? Save that contributions may be sent to the magistrates, Mr. H. J. BUSHEY and Mr. HADEN CORSE, at Worship Street Police Court, for the Blanket and Clothing Fund; whilst parcels of clothes will be gratefully received by Mr. JOHN MASSEY, at 20, Albion Road, Dalston, N.E. As *Portia* might have said:—

The quality of MASSEY (*like that of his blankets*) is not strained,
It droppeth like the sun's warm rays from heaven
Upon the poor when winter chills that sun;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes
(Those blankets, following kindly MONTAGU),
And earthly wealth seems then least Mammonish
When MASSEY moves its mercy.

PORTSMOUTHIANA (*from our Special South Coast Inspector*).—The Town Council is ultra-monarchical, boasting two Kings; while the Bench rivals Temple Bar, having a Griffin of its own. The sea forces are, appropriately enough, in charge of a Salmon; a rare Davis looks after those in *terris*. Democratic opinions appear to prevail in the Dockyard, for Prince George is being continually hammered. The arrival of the Russian squadron has created a rise in tallow.

A SURE CARD.—By this time the Christmas Card should be played out. It isn't; but, instead, it is "dealt out" by RAPHAEL TUCK AND SON, who hold good hands, mostly trumps.



A SOFT ANSWER.

"SUSAN, JUST LOOK HERE! I CAN WRITE MY NAME IN THE DUST ON THE TOP OF THIS TABLE!" "LOR, MUM, SO YOU CAN! NOW I NEVER HAD NO EDGERGATION MYSELF!"

THE COMPANY PROMOTER'S VADE MECUM.

Question. Is it absolutely necessary that a constructor of companies should have any capital?

Answer. Not in coin; but it is desirable that he should be able to draw on a reserve fund of unlimited assurance.

Q. And is it essential that he should enjoy a spotless reputation?

A. Of course such an endowment would be extremely advantageous, but it is scarcely imperative.

Q. Ought he not to be a well-known man?

A. If his record is irreproachable, but otherwise it might be convenient were his identity unrecognisable.

Q. Should the company he proposes to promote be suggestive of an attempt to satisfy a want?

A. No—not necessarily. The objects of a company must not be confused with the aims of a charity.

Q. Then what should be the end of an association of limited liability?

A. The acquisition of enormous profits.

Q. Should the means taken to obtain this end be of a praiseworthy character?

A. To be perfectly safe they should recommend themselves to the approval of the company's solicitors.

Q. What is the first step towards forming a company?

A. The drafting of the prospectus.

Q. How should a prospectus be drafted?

A. In such a manner that the maximum of effect may be produced at the cost of the minimum of deception.

Q. Should an appeal be made to the benevolence of investors?

A. Only as an additional advantage to speculation; the chief object of attack should be human cupidity.

Q. What argument should be used in obtaining the public support?

A. That investors had already secured large profits by taking part in some scheme of a kindred character.

Q. Should there not be a strong board of directors?

A. Yes, and that strength should be shown

in the titles in abundance, either before or after the names of the members.

Q. Why do you draw a distinction between before and after?

A. Because, if a director is neither a peer nor a baronet, he should be at least the chairman of some other company.

Q. Are not hereditary titles nowadays rather at a discount?

A. Amongst seasoned speculators, but they are still popular with those who are investing their money for the first time.

Q. Having published a prospectus and obtained a board, what must the promoter do next?

A. He must see that the expenses and remuneration incidental to his own labours are not absorbed by the amount expended upon advertisement.

Q. The shares having been allotted and a handsome sum appearing at the bankers, what should be the promoter's next care?

A. To obtain a cheque of adequate value payable to bearer.

Q. And having cashed it, what should be his consolation should the company hereafter enter into liquidation?

A. That if thousands were ruined, he had taken the precaution to keep on the right side of the law.

URBS IN RURE—THE FARMER'S FUTURE.

PARSON says "I ought to be glad to be an Essex farmer breathing pure air into my lungs." I tell parson "pure air won't pay my rent for me." He says rents have been reduced. Yes, but they aren't reduced as much as I am. He says "living off the land" is the healthiest thing a man can do. Wish I had a chance of living off the land. Wouldn't live on it. When will somebody do something for us?

Somebody has! G. E. Railway has reduced its rates to London. Can send double as much now for a shilling as I could before. Must use company's own boxes, however. Still, I don't mind that. Orders for fowls, turkeys, fresh eggs, vegetables and fruit coming in fast, from London families. Chance of making the boys useful. Keep them at work of nailing and directing boxes all the morning.

Hurrah! Government has "reduced local burdens." Rates cut down to half what they were. Glad I voted Tory. Hullo! Notice from landlord that "in consequence of great decrease of local charges he thinks the time has come to raise my rent!" Sorry I didn't vote Radical. Shall next time. If it weren't for the rent, now, I should be clearing a good profit.

Rent needn't trouble me, it seems. Strong Radical government. Going to "nationalise the land." Light railways being built all over the place. Can send ton of potatoes to town for twopence-halfpenny. Jam factories started everywhere, too—no difficulty in getting rid of my turnips now. Chimneys don't look pretty in the fields, certainly. Rush from towns to country. Building going on everywhere. Makes air rather smoky. Still a good thing to "put people on the land," I suppose.

Got three railways coming past my front door. Jam factory in next field. Rows of cottages down by the stream where trout used to be. No trout now. Parson tells me that grass is growing in streets of Bayswater owing to this movement into the country. Says his church is to be enlarged. He hates it all. So do I. Why can't the people stay in London? Taken to growing their own produce, and don't want mine.

Parson off to a living in East End of London. Says he "must have pure air." Whole of Essex densely populated. County has become a larger London. People have been "put on the land," and no mistake. Every man his own farmer nowadays, so no need for me. Sell farm, and away to Canada!



HERCULES AND THE FARMER.

(Old Fable—Modern Version.)

HERCULES-SALISBURY (*quoting from recent Speech at Brighton*). "I AM CONSCIOUS THAT WHEN THE GOVERNMENT HAS DONE ITS BEST, EVEN IF THE GOVERNMENT WERE ABLE TO ADOPT THE ROMANTIC DREAMS OF SOME ESTEEMED FRIENDS AMONGST US, THEY WOULD ADVANCE BUT A VERY SMALL DISTANCE IN DIMINISHING THE SUFFERING WHICH THE HAND OF PROVIDENCE HAS INFLICTED—"

BRITISH FARMER. "O IOBI!"



Fussy Old Lady. "NOW DON'T FORGET, CONDUCTOR. I WANT THE BANK OF ENGLAND."
Conductor. "ALL RIGHT, MUM." (*Aside.*) "SHE DON'T WANT MUCH, DO SHE, MATE?"

WHEELS WITHIN WHEELS.

Dialogue between two Young Gentlemen, dressed in Knickerbocker Suits, Gaiters, and Golf caps. They have the indescribable air which proclaims the votary of the "Bike."

First Young Gentleman. Yes; I certainly agree with the French view of it. Cycling shouldn't be indulged in without care.

Second Y. G. They say in Paris that no one should become an habitual cyclist without "medical authorisation."

First Y. G. Yes. Quite right. Then, when you are permitted, you ought to travel at a moderate pace. About five miles an hour is quite enough for a beginner.

Second Y. G. Enough! Why, too much! You can't be too careful! Then, if you break off for a time, you ought to begin all over again. You should "gradually acquire speed"; not rush at it!

First Y. G. Certainly. I read in the *Lancet* only the other day that merely increasing the pace of a bike a couple of miles an hour was sufficient to send up the normal pulse to 150!

Second Y. G. Most alarming! And yet I

can see from your costume you are a cyclist.

First Y. G. Not at all. I am pleased with the costume, and, like yourself, have adopted it. Now do not laugh at me. But between ourselves, I have never been on a bicycle in my life!

Second Y. G. No more have I! [*Curtain.*]

WANTED, A BRUMMAGEM DICK WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT!—In the P. M. G. last Saturday there was a startling heading to a paragraph, "Birmingham Overrun by Rats." The authorities, it said, have taken no steps to abate the nuisance because Mr. CHAMBERLAIN (the "Mahdi," or "Maloodhi," or is it "the Melodious" that the Bechuanaland Chiefs style him?), when he was mayor, declared that rats "were good scavengers," and being garbage-iverous, prevented disease. But now, can our JOSEPH any longer object? Or is he, on principle, dead against any sort of "ratting"?

SOMETHING LIKE A PARLIAMENTARY DIVISION.—The present condition of the Irish Nationalistic Party.

SONG TO SIMS REEVES.

(*A long way after Hood's Hymn to the Sun.*)

BY AN OLD ADMIRER.

GIVER of golden notes!
Though now a god of scarce-remembered days!

Others may follow
Some new Apollo,
I love thy song, and gladden in thy praise.

King of the tenor tribe,
Still poets' hymns of right to thee belong,
Though some are cold
Who heard of old
Thy matchless phrasing, thy mellifluous song.

Lord of the gracious bow,
The listeners to thy ballads held their breath.
Still dost thou save
From Time's chill grave
Such lingering sweets as love would snatch
from death.

Dreams of a greater day,—
When loud acclaim like incense-clouds did rise
At thy last note,—
Before me float,
And bring the mist to an old buffer's eyes.

Truly "*My pretty Jane*"
Shall never more be sung as sung by thee.
Shall we applaud
Another "*Maud*"
As we did thine when all seemed youth and glee?

Our dear old DIBDIN, too!—
When shall the Jack Tar's laureate find a
To sing in tones [voice]
Grim Davy Jones
Might melt at, how tars fight, love, grieve,
rejoice?

That song!—"Here a sheer hulk!"—
Ah! how mellifluous memories come rolling
Like eve's soft haze,
With that first phrase
Of thine immortal, magical "*Tom Bowling*!"

Our noble NELSON's death,
MACGREGOR's mingled battle-whoop and wail,
Despair that lay
In Biscay's bay,
And the swift rapture of that shout, "A sail!"

Who like our own SIMS REEVES
These varied lyric moods in song could render?
ELIJAH's woe,
Or the blent gloom and glow
Of the great grief-thrilled Master's love song
tender?

If now a lesser stage
A lessening light illumines, "*Tom Bowling*"
still
Draws loving cheers,
And the crowd's ears
To the great tenor's tasteful warbling thrill.

Of late a sportive GRACE
Gathered the well-earned meed of thirty
years.
Is Song less strong
To win the throng
To something more substantial than their
cheers?

May fifty years of song,
Matchless in its pure art as PATTI's own,
No guerdon claim
Beyond high fame,
And mere word-tribute, to cold custom grown?

Pride of the lyric stage,
Not all remember thy melodious prime;
But it shall leave
On winds at eve
A pleasant echo to the end of time!



"FACILIS DESCENSUS!"

Bukist (gaily). "HERE WE GO DOWN! DOWN! DOWN! DOWN!"

The Same (very much down). "NEVER AGAIN WITH YOU, MY BIKEY!"

MOATLHODI!

[The Bechuana chiefs have conferred on Mr. CHAMBERLAIN the title of MOATLHODI, meaning, it seems, "the man who puts things right."]

O MIDLAND "JOE," "SILOMIO"

Must envious feel of your new title;
Which for a lot of party "rot"—

In "calling names"—should prove requital.
KHAMA & Co., O Chieftain JOE!

Ingenious seem in nomenclature,
Which Temperance cranks moves to warm
thanks

And angry faddists to good-nature.
Sir WILFRID thinks you're down on drinks,

And LAWSON laudeth *anybody*
Who giveth tongue 'gainst tyrant Bung,

So gives three cheers for MOATLHODI.

The angry Rad, who thought it sad

That JOE should turn a Tory-toady,
Thinks if you bar strong drink and war,

You are in sooth a MOATLHODI.

The might and sleight to "put things right"

Is what we want, JOE, in our leaders.

If *that's* your game, in fact as name,

From *your* side you'll find few seceders.

Then KHAMA's praise in sounding lays

We'll echo with exuberance hearty;

Each patriot who knows what's what

Must join the Moatlhodi Party!

THE LATEY-IST EDITION!—The Red, White and Blue Christmas Annual of the *Penny Illustrated*, edited by JOHN LATRY. Messrs. BYRON WEBBER and GODFREY TURNER responsible for Po'try, and ANNIE THOMAS, MANVILLE FENN, MACKAY, RICHARD HENRY, and others for Prose in this *Latey's and Gentleman's* Christmas Annual. *Prosit!*

SHOOTING PAINS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—I am told that a great fuss is being made because some editor or other has reproduced someone's portrait without his permission. Now I can't understand anyone *objecting* to this being done, unless, of course, the portrait in question were used to illustrate an article on "Ugliness" or some such dreadful subject as that. Nothing pleases *me* more than to see myself in all the papers, and I'm so afraid that this agitation may frighten editors that I want to say to everybody that I'll give away any number of photographs, so long as illustrations are made out of them. Perhaps as I'm writing I might say that I'm a very gifted young actress, in addition to being extremely beautiful. I could play *The Second Mrs. Pondebury*—*no*, I mean *Mrs. Tanqueray*—as easily as I could act *Juliet*. All I want is a chance.

Yours-on-the-make-up,
Brixton. ROSE ST. CLAIR.

AT MR. HENSCHER'S last concert HERR VON DOLONG was unfortunately indisposed, and could not sing BRETHOVEN'S "*Buss-kied*." Surely it needn't have been omitted, as Mr. HENSCHER, being there, the "*Buss-kied*" could have been sung by "*The Conductor*."

THE DECAY OF BURGLARY.—The Chief of the Police almost deplores the decay of burglary, without suggesting the cause. Perhaps the burglars have gone into the mining market?

TRILBYANA.—At the Haymarket, contrary to precedent, it is very evident that bootless feet cannot be without a Tree.

"ENCORE 'MOATLHODI'!"

(A Ballad of South Africa.)

THERE were three black Bechuana men,
King KHAMA, SEBELE, and BATHOEN—
Though far they'd travelled, they fairly were
gravelled

On seeing the Chief, JOCHAM BERLEN.

There had never appeared within their ken
Such a putter to rights as CHAM BERLEN.
"A fig for BARNATOS and BAMANGWATOS!"
Said KHAMA, SEBELE, and BATHOEN.

They journeyed to England and back agen,
This one to his kraal and that to his den,
And the third to his scanty remains of a
shanty— [BERLEN!]

They'd seen, though, the Chief, JOCHAM
They said, "Let us make him a citizen
Of Umtiwayo, this CHAM BERLEN—
A new blood-brother to each and the other,"
Said KHAMA, SEBELE, and BATHOEN.

What name for our country's new denizen?
Asked KHAMA, SEBELE, and BATHOEN;
It was promptly bestowed, he was titled

"MOATLHODI"; [SEBELE.
For He-Who-Rights-Things is CHAM
"MOATLHODI" they christened him there
and then,

No more to be known as CHAM BERLEN;
Their own *novus homo* to rank with SILOMO
Have KHAMA, SEBELE, and BATHOEN.

RIDER HAGGARD must look to the fame of
his pen,

When KHAMA, SEBELE, and BATHOEN
Go stealing his thunder, and making us
wonder [LAIN!]

At names that they coin for JOE CHAMBER-

THE OLLENDORF SYSTEM OF INVASION.

(Under the Patronage of Pall Mall and Whitehall.)

Is the South African Expedition ready to start? Yes, it is ready to start, by the kind consent of the good neighbour at the War Office. Has the good neighbour at the War Office made great preparations for the Expedition? The good neighbour at the War Office has made great preparations. What preparations has the good neighbour made? The good neighbour has supplied boxes of ammunition, food, and camp equipment. Has the good neighbour supplied anything else? Yes, the good neighbour has selected large numbers of special service officers, inclusive of a Royal Prince. Has the good neighbour supplied any one else? Yes, the good neighbour has also supplied several privates. Why has the good neighbour done this? The good neighbour has done this to afford paragraphs for the daily papers. Have there not been envoys from Ashanti in England seeking in vain an interview with the Colonial Secretary? Yes, there have been envoys in England from Ashanti seeking in vain an interview with the Colonial Secretary. Have the envoys been long in England? Yes, the envoys have been very long in England. Have they not said that they were the faithful envoys of the good King of Ashanti? Yes, they have said so (*id est*, so have said). Did any one believe the faithful envoys of the good King? No, for a long time no one believed the faithful envoys of the good King. Did



À DISCRÉTION.

"OH, MADGE! THE BASKET ALREADY QUITE EMPTY! I DIDN'T MEAN YOU TO EAT ALL THOSE FIGS AT ONCE!"
"NO MORE I DID, MUMMY DEAR. I EAT 'EM ONE BY ONE!"

they ever obtain an interview with the Colonial Secretary? Yes, indirectly, at the last moment. Did this cause any inconvenience to the good neighbour at the War Office? No, it did not cause him any inconvenience. What did the good neighbour order to be done? The good neighbour at the War Office ordered the tons of ammunition, food, and equipment to be sent to Ashanti. Did the good neighbour order anything else? Yes, the good neighbour ordered the large number of special service officers (inclusive of a Royal Prince), and the several privates also, to proceed to Ashanti. When all these people get to Ashanti what will they do? They will return. Will they have any fighting at Ashanti? No, they are not likely to have much fighting in Ashanti, but they are sure to get a medal.

"YOUTH WANTED."

A dingy shop, a squalid street,
Small ragged urchins fighting,
What here to stay my wandering feet?
What sight or sound inviting?
A sprawling legend on the pane
That speaks a common need,
A smile, a sigh, a smile again—
"Youth wanted," so I read.
A louder creaking of the door
On somewhat rustier hinges,
A shade more stiffness than of yore,
A few more gouty twinges,
Breath scantier than it used to be—
All these one want reveal,
All bring that legend home to me—
"Youth wanted," so I feel.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IAN MACLAREN finds his most dangerous competitor in himself. When Messrs. HODDER & STOUGHTON bring out a new series of stories from his pen under the title *The Days of Auld Langsyne*, the heart, untravelled, fondly turns back *Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush*, and doubts whether anything quite as well can be done. The earlier work had the advantage of breaking fresh ground. The denizens of Drumtochty were new to the poor Southerner, and he was able to accept even more than a reasonable amount of testimony to their uniformly angelic nature—high-minded, high-spirited, generous, poetical—underlying a rugged exterior. In the second collection of records of this remarkable community they are more generous, self-denying, spiritual than ever. To tell the truth, the succession of doses of sweetmeats has a tendency to pall on the palate. For that reason the stories were more effective when they came out at intervals in periodical publication. That only means that the man or woman happy enough to possess the book should not attempt to read it right through at a sitting, or a succession of sittings. One a week will have a wholesome effect, cheering mortals who dwell amid less exalted communities with the assurance that there is hidden somewhere in the Highlands a hamlet where all the men are good and most of the women are better. For real humour and true pathos, expressed in most musical broken English, IAN MACLAREN is, my Baronite says, hard to beat in his latest work.

"Never imagine yourself not to be otherwise than what it might appear to others that what you were or might have been was otherwise than what you had been would have appeared to them to be otherwise," as the Duchess said to dear *Alice in Wonderland*; which lucid remark fairly well defines the irresponsible position of *The Wallpug of Why*, by G. E. FARROW (HUTCHINSON & Co.) The *Girle*, and many of the jokes to be met with in the dreamy Upsidedownness that leads to the Unanswerable land of "Why," are feeble imitations of the immortal *Alice*. It may achieve some popularity aided by the grotesque humour of HARRY FURNISS'S illustrations, and the dainty vignettes of his clever daughter, DOROTHY. *The Wallpug of Why* will be an enter-

taining book when *Alice in Wonderland* is forgotten,—but not till then.

At War with Pontiac, by KIRK MUNROE (BLACKIE AND SON) tells how a hero,—not *Valmond*, "but another,"—not only "came to Pontiac," but was saved from a fiery extinction by the discovery of the Totem of the Bear! The "totem" is a kind of first cousin to the tattoo—a sort of sign, in that part of the globe, by which the generally long lost brother is recognised.

Apparently we are losing something of our former British insular pride, for S. BARING-GOULD reproaches his countrymen with their appreciation of things, even literary, "made in Germany" and elsewhere, to the neglect of home-grown talent. In defence he has gathered together a deliciously quaint set of *Old English Fairy Tales* (METHUEN), wherein children will find the native fairy quite as charming as her foreign relatives.

Most appropriately appeared, a few days before the ninetieth birthday of Mrs. KEELEY was celebrated by a public ovation in her honour at the Lyceum, a book entitled *The Keeleys*, published by BENTLEY, and written by Mr. WALTER GOODMAN. "Good man and true;" no better man could have been selected to do the work. The most memorable character that Mrs. KEELEY ever played, indeed, her favourite part, was *Jack Sheppard*. Now how came Mrs. KEELEY to be "cast" for *Jack Sheppard*? whose inspiration was it to select her for this rôle? "I remember," quoth the Baron, "seeing KEELEY as *Mouser*, and his wife as *Betsy*, in *Betsy Baker*; both inimitable, being one among those few gems of acting whereof the playgoer retains a life-long recollection." As a small boy, that is as small a boy as the Baron could be, he retains a vivid impression of Mrs. KEELEY, as a Peri, singing and dancing in an extravaganza, and of Mr. KEELEY as *Isaac of York* in a burlesque of *Ivanhoe*, also as *Mrs. Gamp*, with Mrs. KEELEY as *Young Bailey*, in *Martin Chuzzlewit*. To have remembered them, and to have forgotten those who played with them (with the exception of WIGAN as *Montague Tigg*), is clear evidence of the impression these "two clever ones" made on the receptive mind of the then

BOYISH BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.



"PHOTOMANIA."

"Dot." "I SAY, WALTER, DO YOU KNOW THAT THEY ARE KILLING A PIG TO-MORROW?"
 Walter. "YES; AND, DASH IT ALL, I HAVEN'T MY INSTANTANEOUS PLATES!"

THE PLAIN TALE OF CINDERELLA, TOLD BY THREE AUTHORS.

No. I. By R-DY-RD K-PL-NG.

"By the Hoof of the Wild-goat uptossed
 From the Cliff where she lay in the Sun,
 Go, stalk the red deer over the Heather,
 And find the glass Slipper, and the Story
 While the Snaffle holds, and the Long-Neck stings
 Fields, and Forces, and Fun." *Padded-room Ballads.*

THE manner of it was in this way. Understand clearly that there was not a word to be said against CINDERELLA—not a shadow of a breath. She was good and lovely, with green eyes under eyebrows as black and as straight as the borders of the *Indian Gazette* when a big man dies. But— Well, her step-sisters were jealous of her. Which is curious.

One evening they went to a Ball at Government House, leaving CINDERELLA at home, crying. After that, I don't know what happened. This much is certain. CINDERELLA went to the ball, with no chaperon, and no card of invitation. And a wonderful dress. Gorgeous. I can't describe it, but it was a thing that hit you straight between the eyes and made you gasp. Don't ask me how it was all managed. All I know is, that, in two twos, her card was full. She was a success with those Up Above. The Prince fell in love with her. These sudden madnesses often affect the sanest men. You cannot account for them. CINDERELLA married the Prince, and went Home. I neither know, nor very much care, how it all happened. I have told you quite enough. You can just find out the rest for yourselves. There was a case once. But I will tell you of that later on. If you are not careful. What I want to know is,—How do people like CINDERELLA come to marry Princes?

You will say that this story is all made up. Very well, then, I want the person who says that, dead or alive. But dead for preference.

SOME PAPER, SOME PENS, SOME INK, SOME BLOTTING-PAPER, AND FISHER UNWIN.

(A SCRAP.)

No. II. By J-EN OL-V-R H-BBS.

PROLOGUE.

THOSE who live in glass slippers should be careful not to catch chills.

CINDERELLA appeared to have been kicked up into a powerful existence from the very *débris* of bricks, mortar, ill-temper, and common-sense. To look at her was to think of a scaffolding. Hair dishonestly golden, sparkling with peroxide and insincerity, framed a face of such extraordinary beauty that to behold it was to doubt the genuineness of the creation.

All CINDERELLA's relatives were more skilful at eating an expensive dinner than at ordering a cheap one; and CINDERELLA, who did the cooking, made it the business of her life to lead her family out of temptation; she knew greediness to be their special snare, and in helping them to conquer their tastes she found many opportunities of gratifying her own. For instance, every evening during the week CINDERELLA made rice-pudding, as she knew her step-sisters especially disliked it: and every time her father dined at home there was sure to be some dish containing onions; for he loathed them, having, indeed, such fastidious tastes, and such a repugnance for plain facts, that he would only eat straw when it was made into a bran mash.

(To be continued.)

CINDERELLA WATERS.

No. III. By G-RGE M-RE.

(A Fragment of a Drama in Muslin and Glass.)

.... THE lamp had not been wiped, and the room smelt slightly of paraffine, which nearly overpowered the smell of grease and the acrid and warm odour of a baked potato, a fragment of which remained on an unwashed plate. The mahogany dresser, with its rows of shining plates and dishes, the saucepan, frying-pan, sieves, the spit on which a half-raw leg of mutton was hanging, all proclaimed, to the practised eye of a connoisseur, the kitchen. On the floor, in front of the fire, sat a short, square-faced girl in a dirty mauve print dress, obviously not made for her. Her face seemed to wear the expression of the country that produced her; a Saxon face with the Sussex hills and downs clearly outlined on the cheeks, green-grey, quiet eyes, like the sea on a calm morning, and a protuberant white cliff-like brow. A girl of twenty, short, strongly built, with curiously short arms and firm sausage-like fingers. Her neck was plump, and her hair of so extraordinary a brown that it passed unnoticed. Her face usually escaped observation, being generally taken for one of those masks that children are wont to put on in the fashionable West End on the fifth of November.

In the still water of the sink, the shining plates and saucepans had all the magic of reflected things. The kettle on the fire sang plaintively, like the wind in the valleys where the wind never wholly rests. The coal-scuttle seemed full of charm, of the fascination of deciduous objects. CINDERELLA WATERS toyed with the cinders, large and small cinders, cinders like pebbles, and beetle-like cinders. Black smuts hung caressively on CINDERELLA's oyster-shell-like ears, on her flaxen eye-lashes, and her Saxon cheeks. Her flesh warmed under the fire-light, but she sighed as she thought of her hard life, work from week's end to week's end, never a holiday, never a little amusement. Outside, a full moon floated like a balloon high up in the sky, and the trees stretched out their arms like faint phantoms. In these moments the plausible and wilful sweetness of life tempted CINDERELLA; she longed to be in the place of her sisters, she had dressed them for the servant's ball. The eldest had put on a black silk dress adorned with a wide collar fastened with a very fine pebble brooch. The other wore a canary-coloured skirt, a red velvet bodice, and a drab feather boa. Pale blue sashes floated from their hips, and one could hardly have recognised them as servant-girls.

With a sigh, she tried not to think of the glare and rustle of silk, of waltz tunes. She rose and began slowly ironing out some ragged dusters. . . . Then she started and her flesh burnt, for the red-hot flat-iron that she had accidentally dropped on her foot seemed to her like a message from a lover. . . .

NEW TITLE FOR MR. P-NCH AND MR. CH-MB-RL-N.—According to *The Times of Africa*, quoted by the *Times* of London last Thursday, the Bechuanaland Chiefs style Mr. CHAMBERLAIN "Moathodi," which is a Sechuana word, signifying "He who rights things." In this case the Chiefs will style Mr. Punch The Great Moathodi, or, "He who writes things which right things."

SUGGESTIONS FOR NOVELTIES IN SLEEVES.

(By Our Own Fashion-plate.)

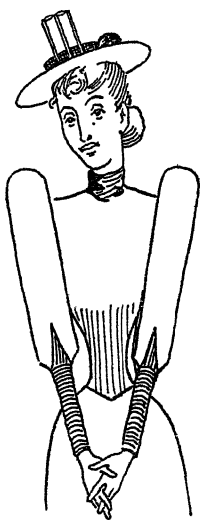


Fig. 1. Cricket-bat Sleeve (with Splice for married ladies).

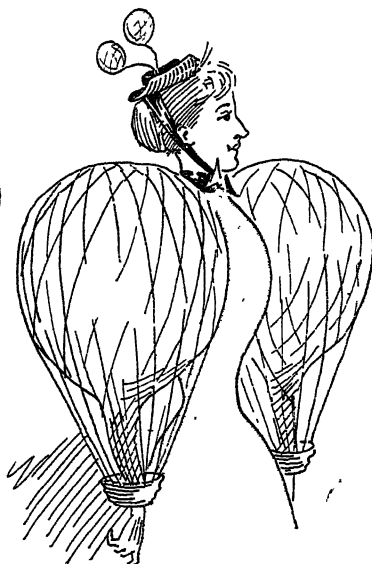


Fig. 2. Balloon Sleeve.

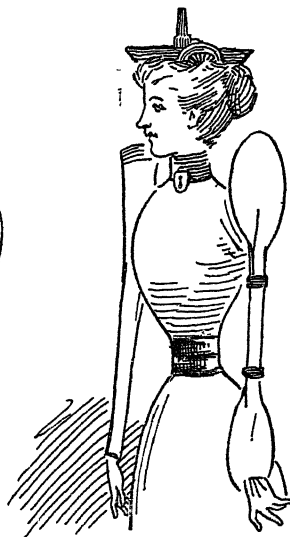


Fig. 3. Scull and Paddle Sleeve.



Fig. 4. Saddle Sleeve.

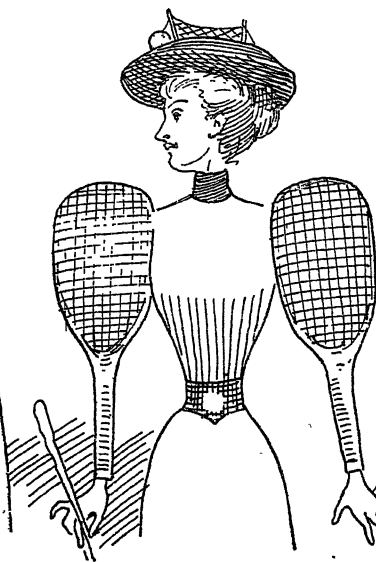


Fig. 5. Racket Sleeve.



Fig. 6. Gun Sleeve.

A MODEST PROPOSAL FROM
BABOO JABBERJEE.

TO THE HON'BLE — PUNCH.

VENERABLE AND LUDICROUS SIR,—Permit me most respectfully to bring beneath your notice a proposal which I serenely anticipate will turn up trumps under the fructifying sunshine of your esteemed approbation.

Sir, I am an able B.A. of a respectable Indian college, now in this country for purposes of being crammed through Inns of Court and Law Exam., and rendering myself a completely fledged Pleader or Barrister in the Native Bar of the High Court.

Since my sojourn here, I have accomplished the laborious perusal of your transcendent and

tip-top periodical, and, hoity toity! I am like a duck in thunder with admiring wonderment at the drollishness and jocosity with which your paper is ready to burst in its pictorial department. But, alack! when I turn my critical attention to the literary contents, I am met with a lamentable deficiency and no great shakes, for I note there the fly in the ointment and *hiatus valde defendendus*—to wit the utter absenteeism of a correct and classical style in English composition.

To the highly educated native gentleman who searches your printed articles, hoping fondly to find himself in a well of English pure and undefiled, it proves merely to fish in the air. Conceive, Sir, the disgusting result to one saturated to the skin of his teeth

in best English masterpieces of immaculate and moderately good prose extracts and dramatic passages, published with notes for the use of the native student, at weltering in a hotchpot and hurley-burley of arbitrarily distorted and very vulgarised cockneydoms and purely London provincialities, which must be of necessity to him as casting pearls before a swine!

And I have the honour to inform you of a number of cultivated lively young native B.A.'s, both here and in my country, who are quite capable to appreciate really fine writing and sonorous periods if published in your paper, and which would infallibly result in a feather in your cap and bring increase of grit to the mill.

If, Honored Sir, you feel disposed to bolster yourself up with the wet blanket of a *non possumus*, and reply to me that your existing quill-drivers are too fat-witted and shallow-pated for the production of more pretentiously polished lucubrations—aye, not even if they burn the night-light oil, and hear the chimes at midnight!—I will not be hoodwinked by the superficiality of your *cui bono*, and shall make you the answer that I am willing for an exceedingly paltry honorarium to rush into the Gordian knot and write you the most superior essays on every conceivable and inconceivable subject under the sun, as per enclosed samples which I forward respectfully for your delightful and golden opinions, guaranteeing faithfully that all of your readers in every hemisphere and postal district will fall in love with such a new departure and fresh tack.

The specimens I send are *not my best*, only very ordinary and humdrum affairs, but—*ex pede Herculem!* Hon'ble Sir, and you will see how transcendently superior are even such poor effusions compared to the fiddle-faddle and gimcrack style of article with which you are being fobbed off by puzzleheaded and self-opinionated nincom-poops.

I can also turn out rhymed poetry after models of Poets TENNYSON, COWPER, Mrs. HEMANS, SOUTHEY, & Co., *done to a tittle*, so as not to be detected, even by the cynosure, as mere spurious imitation, but in every respect up to the mark and the real Simon Pure.

Therefore, Hon'ble Sir, do not hesitate to strike while the iron is incandescent and bleed freely, even if it should be necessary, prior to engaging your humble petitioner's services, to turn out one or more of your present contributions crop and heels, and lay them on the shelf of their own incompetencies. Remember that the slightest act of volition on your part can exalt my pecuniary status to the skies, as well as confer distinguished and unparagoned ennoblement upon your *cacothetes scribendi*.

I remain, Respected

Sir,

Your most obsequious Servant,
HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.

P.S. and N.B. — Being entirely unacquainted with the limner's art, I cannot at present undertake the etching of caricatures *et hoc genus omne*. However, if such is your will, Hon'ble Sir, I will take the cow by the horns, after preliminary course of instruction at Government Art School, all expenses, &c., to be defrayed on the nail out of your purse of Fortunatus, seeing that your esteemed correspondent is so hard up between two stools that he is reduced to a choice of Hodson's Horse! H. B. J.

[Ed. Note.—Mr. JABBERJEE's disinterested offer is at present receiving our most careful consideration.]



UNEARNED INCREMENT.

Sir M-ch-l H-cles-B-ch. "AH, MY BEAUTY, IF YOU KEEP PUTTING ON FLESH AT THIS RATE, WE SHALL ASTONISH THEM AT THE SHOW!"
Farmer H-ro-rt. "YES; BUT DON'T FORGET IT'S MY FOOD AS HAS DONE IT."

"The receipts into the Treasury, up to last Saturday, amounted to over five millions and a quarter more than in the corresponding period of the previous financial year, while the expenditure had but little increased."—*Daily Paper.*



THE REMEDY FOR AGRICULTURAL DEPRESSION.

HER HEART AND HAND.

(Being the Last Chapter of an Unpublished Romance.)

So they two paced up and down the garden path in the moonlight. Their future course (like the garden path) lay clear before them. With the death of EDWIN's unscrupulous rival by a convenient railway accident in the previous chapter, every obstacle at length had been removed. ANGELINA felt that the *dénouement* was close at hand, but a few more lines were required to complete the volume. She paused beside a rose-bush.

"You have something to say to me, EDWIN?"

"ANGELINA," murmured EDWIN, "will you give me your hand?"

"Oh!" cried ANGELINA. "That's really too old-fashioned a proposal. Try again."

"Nonsense, ANGELINA; I wasn't speaking of marriage. I want you to give me your hand literally—so," and taking her dainty fingers in his own, he bent reverently over her palm. Then neither of them moved for a few moments.

"Do be quick," said ANGELINA, impatiently. "You can kiss it if you like, and then I'll snatch it away, while a rosy blush mantles over my cheek. But this is all horribly old-fashioned."

EDWIN suddenly dropped her hand with a gesture of dismay.

ANGELINA gasped.

"All is over," he said, solemnly. "The line of life is fairly well marked; but the line of the heart shows that you are utterly devoid of real affection. Then the abnormal development of the mount below the little finger—"

"That came from rowing you up the river yesterday!"

"—betokens obstinacy and bad temper. Nay, 'tis useless to expostulate, ANGELINA. In chapter twenty-two, if you remember, you found me in the library, trifling with a book. That book was the latest manual of Palmistry, which declares that 'it is the height of folly to choose your partner for life without carefully studying the infallible revelation of character afforded by the hand.' I have acted on that advice, and our marriage, consequently, is out of the question."

"But then," cried poor ANGELINA, "what has been the good of all the previous chapters? And what will the readers say?"

"They will regard it as a strikingly original termination," said EDWIN, with gloomy satisfaction.

"I shall bring an action for breach of promise."

"You cannot," retorted EDWIN. "We are on the last page already."

ANGELINA's composure gave way utterly. "It's too bad!" she sobbed. "I did think we were to be married, and to live happily ever after. Now I suppose we shall appear in a horrid modern series, with a cynical title, *The Folly of Romance*, perhaps!"

EDWIN smiled slightly. "No," he replied, "it will be called *The Wisdom of Chiroprancy*."

New Version.

(For Would-be Wooers of American Heiresses.)

MALBROUCK *s'en va-t-en guerre*,
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine;
Wins a Yankee millionaire,
And then comes home again!
With a hip-hip-hip, hurrah!
With a golden bride in his train!
For he's a jolly good wooer,
And so 'd be all of us!

FOR A' THAT, AND A' THAT.

(Modern I. L. P. Version.)

[It is said that Mr. TOM MANN, in the interests of the Independent Labour Party, intends to oppose Mr. JOHN MORLEY at the Montrose Burghs.]

STANDS Honest JOHN for fair Montrose,
The poor man's friend and a' that?—
The Eight Hours Bill he dared oppose!—
We'll him oppose for a' that.

For a' that, and a' that,
His honest pluck and a' that;
On rank and wealth we want to stamp,
TOM MANN's the man for a' that!

What though on Home Rule JOHN's in line,
A rare good Rad, and a' that;
If our pet nostrum he'd decline,
He's not our man, for a' that.

For a' that, and a' that,
His learning, sense and a' that;
The honest man we will throw o'er,
TOM MANN's our man for a' that!

He'd mend or end the House o' Lords,
Who burke our Bills and a' that;
But to our fads small aid affords,
So he's our foe for a' that.

For a' that, and a' that,
His firmness, faith, and a' that;
JOHN has an independent mind!
We like him not for a' that!

Then let us pray that polling day—
'Tis coming soon for a' that—

His sense and worth may cast to earth,
Though we may lose, and a' that.

For a' that, and a' that,
A Tory win and a' that;
To keep out JOHN, and ROSEBERRY spite,
TOM MANN's our man for a' that!

MOTTO FOR AMERICAN MILLIONAIRESSES.—
"Marry, come up!"

SERVING OUT BLANK CARTRIDGES

SIR,—I am sure you will believe me when I say that I wish to treat our new Commander-in-Chief with the greatest respect, but it is difficult to know what to say or think when Field Marshal Viscount WOLSELEY delivers himself of the following extraordinary opinions. The place was the Royal United Service Institution, and the occasion was the delivery of a lecture upon "The Training of Volunteer Officers," by Colonel EUSTACE BALFOUR. Here is a report of the remarks to which I have the honour to take exception:—

"He had often watched out of his room a non-commissioned officer drilling a squad of recruits. The language which he used was perhaps not of the choicest description, but it was very effective. (*Laughter and "Hear, hear."*) It was addressed to men who thoroughly understood it. (*Laughter.*) The drill sergeant made use of that language with great effect on the men, and he impressed on them that they should be absolutely obedient to every expression, every word of command."

Now, Sir, if this means anything, it suggests that in future "the big, big D" of the past should become the amplified curse of the present. The Commander-in-Chief has



LA BELLE DAME SANS "MERCI."

written a *Soldier's Pocket-Book*, and no doubt in the next edition a dialogue between a drill-sergeant and his recruits will, from a civilian point of view, become entirely unfit for publication. In lieu of "order arms," we shall have "—!!" instead of "fix bayonets," "—!!" and to replace "prepare to charge," "—!!!" Should this be? Yours respectfully,

THOMAS ATKINS, *Private*.
P.S.—What *would* the dear old Duke have said! Our ancient commander, as all the world knows, hated strong language.

TO TRILBY.

(On Daisy Lines.)

TRILBY, Trilby,
Oh what a hullabaloo!
Crazy we *will* be
All on account of you.
Though others may charm,
we'll still be
Quite true to our own dear
Trilby.
For you do look sweet,
And with those nice feet
You'll run—till there's something new.

SUGGESTION.—If sufficient funds exist or can soon be raised to defray expenses, why pull down the Trinity Alms-houses? Why not add Wings to the alms-houses?

THE LITTLE DINNER OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

A Forecast by Mr. Punch's Own Clairvoyant.

ACCORDING to the "Daily Chronicle," "an American professor is looking forward to the time when cooking and dining shall become lost arts, and we shall take our sustenance in the form of tablets of concentrated things." Our esteemed contemporary appears to think that such a system would necessarily do away with all conviviality and social intercourse; but, unless Mr. Punch's Clairvoyant is liable to error (which is absurd), we need not take quite so gloomy a view of the future. People will still entertain, only the dinner of the next century will be a more economical and less tedious function, and, instead of having to go through a trying interview with her cook, the coming hostess will merely look in at the nearest Food Chemist's, when some such conversation as the following will settle the whole business.

Hostess. We've some people coming in to take a few tablets with us this evening, what do you think I'd better have?

The Food Chemist. You will require soup, of course, Madam. I could send you one of these patent soup-sprinklers, exceedingly simple to work, and quite the fashion in the highest circles; the butler sprays each guest before showing them upstairs. We supply the machine, charged with the very best soup, at ninepence a night.

Hostess. No, I don't want anything fussy, it's quite an informal little gathering. An ounce of those mock-turtle ju'ubes at fourpence I had last time will do very well.

The F. C. Very good, Madam. Then, with regard to fish? I can strongly recommend these bi-carbonate of cod and oyster sauce lozenges, or I have some sulphate of salmon and cucumber pastilles, that I think you would like, ninepence the quarter-of-a-pound.

Hostess. I'm afraid I mustn't be extravagant. I'll take a small bottle of condensed smelt tabloids (the sixpenny size) and what are left will come in nicely for the children's dinner next day.

The F. C. Precisely so, Madam. And as to entrées—will you have cockscornb cachous or sweetbread pilules?

Hostess. It makes such a long dinner. I don't want a lot of things.

The F. C. In that case, Madam, I think I have the very article—a most elegant electro-chemical preparation, combining entrée, joint,

and bird, with just a trace of vegetable matter, put up in small capsules, at one and elevenpence halfpenny the box of one dozen.

Hostess. That would be cheaper than having each course in separate tablets, wouldn't it? I think I'll try a box. What wonderful improvements they bring out nowadays, to be sure!

The F. C. They do indeed, Madam. I am told that the Concentrated Food Stores will shortly be able to place on the market a series of graduated wafers, each containing a complete dinner, from a City banquet to a cutlet, at prices to correspond with the number of courses required.

Hostess. Delightful! And then the most expensive dinners will be all over in a minute, instead of dragging on to ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, as I've known them to do sometimes! I've often thought what a pity it is that we waste so much precious time as we do in merely supplying our bodily wants.

The F. C. We are improving, Madam, slowly improving. And what about sweets, cheese, and savouries?

Hostess. I might have one of those two-inch blocks of condensed apple-tart, and a box of cheese pills—no savouries. You see it's only a family party!

The F. C. Exactly so, Madam. And shall you be needing anything in the way of stimulants?

Hostess. Let me see—you may send me in a couple of ounces of acidulated champagne drops—the *Australian* quality, not the French, they're twopence an ounce dearer, and so few people notice the difference nowadays, do they?

The F. C. (to himself). Not until the next morning! (*Aloud.*) And liqueurs? Any brandy-balls with the coffee creams? We have some very fine essence-of-dessert jellies—

Hostess. Nothing more, thank you. (*To herself, as she departs.*) I'm sure I've spent quite enough as it is on JOHN's stingy old relations, who never ask us to have so much as a lunch-lozenge or a tea-tabloid with them!

COMING CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENT.—At the Trinity House will be performed by the Elder Brethren the famous comedy of "Our Buoy."

MOTTO-HEADING FOR SOUTH AFRICAN GOLD MINE REPORTS.—
"Se non e vero e Ben Barnato."

ROUNABOUT READINGS.

THE SORROWS OF SATAN—AND ONE OTHER.

I MAY as well unburden my mind at once by making a confession. It will give pain to a great many whose good opinion I value, but I can't help that. It is better that they should be told the whole truth, better that they should know at once the very worst that can

be said or thought of me, than that I should continue to win their respect by acting a lie. And, after all, who amongst us is entirely faultless? Is there one who can lay his or her hand on his or her heart and say with sincerity "I have never erred"? Not one, I am certain. My friends, therefore, may possibly forgive me (not immediately, perhaps, but later on after time has dulled the pain of the first shock) when I admit sorrowfully that I have been reading *The Sorrows of Satan*, by Miss MARIE CORELLI.

CERTAIN points I might urge in extenuation of my conduct, in mitigation of sentence. I might say, for instance, that I have always been subject to a distinct weakness for silver wings on a green ground. Whenever I have met them in real life I have invariably done something wrong.

Now, Miss MARIE CORELLI's book is bound in a green cover, and on the front of it is stamped the picture of a really lovely pair of wings in silver. They are long wings, somewhat sparsely feathered, perhaps, but they taper beautifully. Anyhow, at the sight of them reposing peacefully on one of Messrs. W. H. SMITH AND SON's best bookstalls, my moral nature crumbled, so to speak, and bang went six shillings.

I MIGHT add that I didn't read the whole book. Two solid thirds of it I read, and then suddenly something inside me snapped, and I began to skip as joyfully and heartily as any village schoolgirl with her simple rope. These were not ordinary skips, but good, full-blooded, lofty leaps, that carried me through, panting and breathless, but safe, to the very end. As I say, I might urge these points in extenuation, but I prefer not to. I have pleaded guilty: let me be punished, if any further punishment should be thought necessary. All I can say is, that I promise never, never to do it again.

So far as one can judge from the book itself, Miss CORELLI's object in writing it appears to have been to "have a smack" at various people who had incurred her enmity for having publicly expressed their dislike of some of her previous work. If Miss CORELLI keeps a diary, I can imagine that a page of it would be something in the following style:—

"I am going to give everybody fits. It's no good anybody trying to hold me back. Bah! I scorn the puny fetters of literary convention. Why should the wicked flourish like a green bay-tree (this is a quotation)? I have often thought about it. Now I'm going to show them. I'll make your flesh creep (quotation). I'll make you wish your grandmothers had never been born. *A bas les reviewers* (French); *Vivat Satanas* (Latin). Saw a fat, idle woman of Society passing by in her luxurious carriage, lolling back lazily, her face mottled with the purple and red signs of superfluous eating. She didn't bow to me. Shall put her in the book. Read article in *The Metropolis*. Critic says "Miss MARIE CORELLI has not quite reached the level of GEORGE ELIOT." Shall put him in the book. Happen to know he was bribed with half-a-crown and a free pass to a music-hall to write against me. Oh world, world, ever spurning your greatest and best. PLATO seems to have failed (or was it ARISTOTLE or SOCRATES—I know one of them was tortured with the hemlocks, a sort of Greek thumbscrew), and lots of other people failed. Shall I fail? Not much. Met TIPPINS, a reviewer. He took off his hat, but never looked back at me. Shall put him in as well-known forger, perjurer, and drunkard. Ha, ha! I'm getting on. I'll make them talk about me. They've all sold themselves to—Eureka (Greek), I'll put the devil in my book. Nobody has ever done that before. Grand notion."

ACCORDINGLY Miss M. C. wrote her book. She introduces us (which, after all, is the proper function of an M.C.) to a great many characters. There is the pair auld deil, there are lords and ladies, and Society women, whose superfluous guzzlings are described with what I may call overfed detail; there are bounders and snobs

(the hero, *Geoffrey Tempest*, is a boulder-snob, of unexampled ferocity); there are purblind publishers, venal journalists; and there is one female novelist, of extraordinary genius, whom the persistent malevolence of reviewers cannot depress or dismay. Her name is, if my memory serves me, *Maris Clarelli*, or something of that sort. She writes wonderful novels, and keeps a big St. Bernard, who smells out the devil and flies at him,—these dogs are celebrated for their sagacity;—and she is a butterfly thing in a white gown, a slight, feminine creature, ideally fair, like a wood-nymph. Moreover the forgiving, generous creature, keeps a flock of doves, whom she calls after the periodicals that slate her, and feeds with corn and peas, and various grains, in lavish quantities.

THEN there is the devil, *Prince Lucio Riménez*, a magnificent, handsome, fabulously wealthy, dangerously beautiful, dark, flashing, mysterious, *Guy Livingstone* of a devil, with extraordinary eyes, a glorious baritone voice, and any amount of other diabolical attributes. He is lavishly described in a kind of water-Ouida style, and when last seen he is in company with a well-known Cabinet Minister. The devil is "the same as ever,—the perfect impersonation of perfect manhood! . . . his countenance, pale, proud, sorrowful yet scornful, flashed upon me like a star! . . . I saw them ascend the steps and finally disappear within the House of England's Imperial Government,—Devil and Man,—together!" There, isn't it dreadful. And yet I suppose the customary policemen were on guard. And with that I think we may dismiss Miss CORELLI's *farrago* (Latin) of balderdash and vanity.

CARLO, THE CYNIC.—A Fable.

CARLO, the Puppy, one day took it into his head to become a great cynic. There are few puppies that have not at some time or other conceived the same mad project. Says *Carlo* to himself, "To be a great cynic, I have, of course, nothing to do but to snarl at everybody and everything, and nothing is more easy, as everyone knows.

In the first place, I will never bark with joy nor wag my tail when either my master or mistress addresses me. In the second place, I will be always growling. It will be in vain to attempt to coax me into an appearance of good humour. I will have only to figure to myself the consequences of endeavouring to please others; the inconvenience of barking, and the trouble of wagging my tail. I will then only think on things which contribute to the uneasiness of dog-kind; my digestion will be always out of order; my appearance as disengaging as it can possibly be. Still, all this is so easy that there is really no merit in accomplishing it."

Carlo then retires into his tub, determined to play the part his folly assigns him. No sooner is he embarked on a sulky nap, than an opportunity presents itself to him to act up to his new character. The son of his master passing by at that moment, *Carlo* springs out upon him, and attempting to seize the little fellow by the leg, proceeds to terrify him with his growlings. The child, alarmed by the dog, calls loudly upon its father and the puppy's master, who, attracted by the noise, rushes out of the house, and seeing his son in terror of the dog, snatches up a stick, with which he proceeds to chastise the misguided *Carlo*.

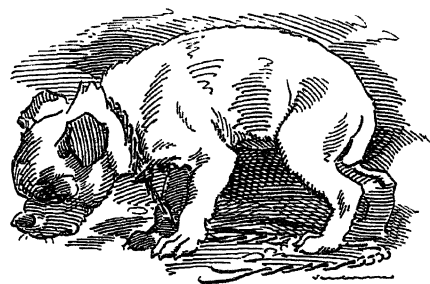
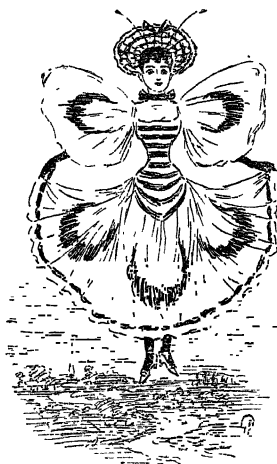
"Ungrateful Puppy," cries the enraged Master, addressing the crestfallen cynic, "was it for this I rescued thee from the butcher, and fed thee, and took thee in? Behold how he requites my kindness! Be off with thee at once, ungrateful animal! I will have nothing more to do with thee."

THE COMING STRUGGLE.—*False Alarm!*—"Our Correspondent" at Constantinople wrote on Thursday last in the *Times*:—

A shoal of porpoises, mistaken in the moonlight for a torpedo-catcher, drew a brisk cannonade the other night from one of the Dardanelles forts, causing much alarm in the neighbourhood.

Bleah my shoal! what a mistake! Regardless of their doom, the little victims were playing. However, the gunners have, of course, apologised, and said they "didn't fire on porpoise to hurt 'em."

THE SULTAN'S MOTTO.—What's done by Kurd must be endured.





A TERRIBLE INFANT.

Swoikey. "I GOT THAT BROODINGNAGIAN BREAKFAST SERVICE IN SWITZERLAND."

Tommy. "I SUPPOSE THOSE MUST BE THE CUPS PAPA SAYS HE SO OFTEN FINDS YOU IN!"

OUR NAPPING FATHERLAND.

(Commended to the notice of Crass and Unpatriotic Capital on the Clyde and elsewhere.)

AIR—"The Happy Fatherland."

O WE Britons are a blundering lot, and too apt to miss our tips.

Once on a time we supplied the world with fine engines and big ships.

But we're very blind, and we're very cross, and seem daily growing wuss;

Therefore the Fatherland, the Un-napping Fatherland, keeps a watchful eye on us.

O those Teutons are a wakeful race, and you bet they know *their* book;

And they've learned all that we had got to teach them, by hook and eke by crook,

And more and more all the things we use are now "made in Ger-ma-ny."

Whereat the Fatherland, the Artful Fatherland winks its eye with wondrous glee.

Napping Britons have a notion still that Britannia rules the waves;

But to party spleen and class enmity (if to nothing else) we're "slaves,"

Which we swore we'd "never, never, never" be, and we quarrel might and main,

Wherein the Fatherland, the Chuckling Fatherland, spies a prospect of great gain.

For we Britons in our shipyards big know the way to build a fleet,

Which for strength and speed and for engines prime is tarnation bad to beat.

But we bring it all to a dire dead-lock by a dodge called a "lock-out,"

Whereat the Fatherland, the Teuton Fatherland, laughs and hugs itself, no doubt.

For the men of old having played the fool, now the masters take *their* turn, And though better far they did ought to know, they too stubborn seem to learn. Since they stop their works, and shut out their men, from what they call "sym-pa-thy," What time the Fatherland, the Clever Fatherland, snaps up business from J. B.

Strikes drove the ship-trade from the Thames to the Tweed and to the Clyde.

And now lock-outs close the northern yards, which were once the Briton's pride.

So the Chinaman and the Jap will have for to get their ships elsewhere;

Where—the Fatherland, the Un-napping Fatherland will make *its* especial care.

O, these masters are a mulish lot, for it seems *their* fault this time;

Such unpatriotic and stubborn greed is a folly and a crime.

And it's time JOHN BULL did put down his foot, for that matter *both* his feet.

Before the Fatherland, the Teuton Fatherland has to build the British Fleet!

We've a Fatherland, unto which belong both the masters and the men.

If we nap too long nations wide-awake will snap up our trade, and *then*?

Mr. Punch desires with the smashing force of an Armstrong *plus* a Krupp

To tell our Fatherland, our Napping Fatherland it is high time to WAKE UP!

"À PROPOS DE BOTTES."—The Shoeless Children's Winter Fund. Send subscriptions to the *Svn.* Can't do better for their bodies and soles.

OVER-BEHRING CONDUCT.

[By the arbitration of Paris, judgment was given in favour of Great Britain with respect to the Behring Sea Dispute, but the precise amount of the damages was left for settlement to the two Governments. The British Ambassador and Mr. GRESHAM drew up an agreement, duly signed and sealed, fixing the sum at £85,000, but the House of Representatives in February last rejected the vote. Fresh negotiations have now to be entered on.—*Daily Paper.*]

Sir Julian Pauncefote sings dolefully:—

I THOUGHT it all was done
When their case was lost, ours won,
By decision of the Paris arbitration,
That the Behring Sea affair
Would no more cause *mal de mer*,
And a cheque on BARINGS settle compensa-
tion.

But alack! and welladay,
Cousin JONATHAN won't pay,
But insists upon renewed negotiations,
And his method democratic
Is not strictly diplomatic.

Or according to the laws that govern nations.
Says JONATHAN, "Friend JOHN,

We don't want to split upon
A matter in which you have all the glory,
For we own, with due contrition,

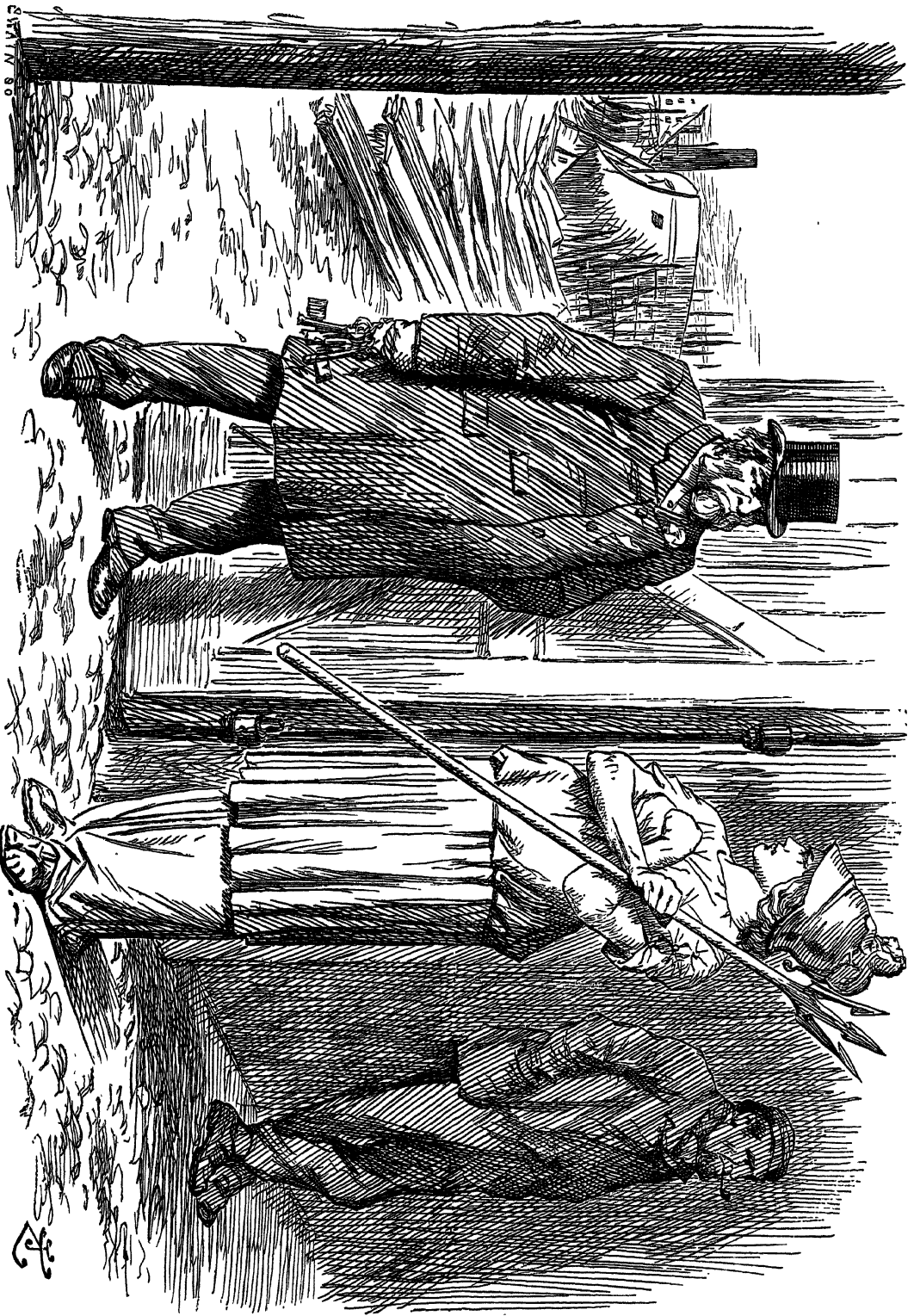
That we hold a false position—
But there—parting is a very different story.

It is true, in manner handsome,
You gave *Alabama* ransom,

And you paid your cash without recrimina-
tion;

But *we* know a thing or two,
And we're cuter, JOHN, than you,

So sealing-wax is all your compensation."



THE "DEAD-LOCK."

BRITANNIA (to MASTER SHIP-BUILDER). "COME, SIR! YOU AT LEAST OUGHT TO KNOW BETTER! AM I TO 'RULE THE WAVES' WITH A FLEET 'MADE IN GERMANY'?"



INFORMATION.

First 'Arry (with newspaper). "I SAY, 'ARRY, YOU'RE A TOFF. WHAT'S A 'COLLAR DAY' AT COURT?"

Second 'Arry. "DUNNO 'XACTLY. SUPPOSE IT'S A SATURDAY WHEN THINGS COME 'OME FROM THE WASH." *First 'Arry.* "OH, I SEE—'CLEAN COLLAR DAY'!"

A BOY ON THE BUSBY CELEBRATION.

BICENTENARY of BUSBY!

Why should *that* be noted us by?

Pedagogue most supercilious,
Chiefly famed for power of spanking!

Next with heroes they'll be ranking

HORACE'S ORBILIUS!

Old PLAGOSUS *might* be pardoned,

Since he flogged, and doubtless hardened,

That arch foe of youth, old FLACCUS.

But why BUSBY?—Save in joy, Sir,

That that bugbear of the boy, Sir,

Can no longer whack us?

"THE COURT OF COMMON SENSE."

MR. JUSTICE ROMER will be henceforth installed as Chief Judge in this Division, by reason of his admirable decision in the case of *Bartlett and Others v. H. Marshall and Son*. Let all householders, tenants and residents-in-chambers make cause-lists of their grievances, and unite forces so that a common fund may be available for actions and pro-

secutions. Thus will various nuisances be stopped for ever, and we may hopefully look forward to the day when a decision from the Romanian lips will cause the banishment of discordant German bands and maddening organ-grinders. O, that these grinders were by now extracted! But the day will come when all such nuisances having been either abated or abolished, we shall gratefully, and with more or less classical correctness, exclaim, "*Romer locutus est, causa finita est.*"

A QUESTION OF FRANKNESS.

[At the banquet to Mr. JOHN HARE, Sir FRANK LOCKWOOD complained that the Government, whilst continuing for a time his legal services and emoluments, had withheld from him their confidence.]

My Tory friends, they kept me on,

As their S.-G. I took their pence,

They gave me their emoluments,

But not, alas! their confidence.

This treatment showed a woeful want

Of real reciprocity—

Though I was always FRANK to them,

They never would be frank with me!

KEEPING HIS "I" IN!

To "run the Empire on business lines,"
Is the way—so they say—to which JOSEPH inclines.
And no doubt he'll remark, with an emphasis
sly,
"Betwixt 'run' and 'ru(i)n' there's only
'I'!"

THE AMATEUR ACTOR'S VADE MECUM.

Question. Can you give me a list of the qualifications necessary to produce an average amateur actor?

Answer. Self-assurance, and an unreasonable desire to attract attention.

Q. Is it essential that you should be able to act?

A. Not absolutely. If you have a fairly retentive memory, and can imitate—more or less—the manner of some recognised theatrical star, you should be perfectly satisfied with the performance.

Q. Assuming that you neither can recollect nor copy, how should you supply the deficiency?

A. By a blind reliance upon the prompter.

Q. What should be your relations with the audience?

A. If possible, of a friendly character. You may do much to insure this desirable condition by the distribution of free tickets amongst the more imbecile of your acquaintances.

Q. Can you circulate gratuitous cards of admission in other quarters with pleasing results?

A. Certainly. If you are of a vindictive disposition, you can present the peace-destroying cartels to your enemies.

Q. If the audience shows signs of dissatisfaction, to what cause may you attribute this attitude of hostility?

A. To the incompetency of your fellow-actors.

Q. Then you may assume that you yourself are above criticism?

A. Unquestionably; save, perhaps, in the avowedly theatrical periodicals.

Q. If your efforts to instruct and entertain are treated with contempt in those sources of information, to what influence may you confidently trace this unappreciative treatment?

A. To professional jealousy.

Q. With what object should you take part in a private performance?

A. With the intention of pleasing myself, and with the desire of giving the organiser of the entertainment an opportunity of affording lavish hospitality.

Q. Why should the hospitality be lavish?

A. Because ample light refreshments and an excellent supper in front of the footlights cover a multitude of mistakes behind the green curtain.

Q. What should be your object in taking part in a public performance?

A. The same as in the case of a private representation, an additional advantage would be increased notoriety.

Q. What should be done with the proceeds of such an occasion?

A. The money collected should be devoted to the payment of the necessary expenses.

Q. If there should be a balance, what should become of it?

A. That is a question that would seldom come within the range of interrogatories of practical value.

Q. But should there be such a balance, to what end should it be devoted?

A. (after a long pause). Oh, of course—to the benefit of some deserving charity.

A MATTER FOR FURTHER CONSIDERATION.

(Extract from a Volunteer's Note-Book.)

12 Noon.—I have been posted as a sentry near this bridge to wait for something exciting my suspicions. When this happens I am to "retire at once and give the alarm." Quite so; but many a battle has been won by using one's own discretion. I read in the report of a recent lecture that a Frenchman, by disobedience to orders in the Franco-German War, did something or other that saved the honour of his country. So far so good. Nothing stirring.

12.30.—I can see something moving to the right. It may be cavalry or a cow. Toss up. Heads soldiers, tails cattle. The latter wins. Not going to "give the alarm" when threatened by a cow, of course not. So pass cow. All's well.

12.35.—Fancy I can make out something stirring to the left. Evidently artillery or a waggon. Sorry I did not bring my glass. Give the waggon



THE LATTER-DAY TASTE.

Author. "I'VE GOT HERE SOME SHORT STORIES THAT I AM ANXIOUS TO PUBLISH."

Publisher. "LET ME WARN YOU. MAY I ASK IF THEY'RE WRITTEN IN ANY UN-INTELLIGIBLE SCOTCH DIALECT?"

Author. "CERTAINLY NOT."

Publisher. "THEN I'M AFRAID THEY'RE NOT OF THE SLIGHTEST USE TO US."

the benefit of the doubt. Waggon can't do much harm, and I shall not bother my officer about that. Pass waggon. All's well.

12.40.—Believe something approaching in front of me. Here again I can use my discretion. If I were not a man of intelligence, I should jump to the conclusion that I was confronted by a regiment of infantry. Premature, to say the least. Consequently, assume that I am faced by a flock of sheep. Certainly. Pass sheep. All's well.

12.45.—This must be a very hurried entry. The something moving to the right was a troop of cavalry. Again, the waggon to the left was imaginary—in reality, a battery of artillery. Then, to the centre, what I took for lambs, turn out to be skirmishers. The cavalry have begun to charge, the guns to fire, and the riflemen to pepper! Scarcely pleasant! So I think now is the time for disappearing. Consequently retire at the extra double to my officer in the rear, to seek for further directions! Pass missiles! All's well—when I am out of reach of you!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

My Baronitess tells me that in *The Silver Fairy Book* (HUTCHINSON & Co.), the youthful reader will find fairies and genii of every nation ready to show how happily life succeeds in The Land of Magic. She also informs me that ARTHUR FORBES'S Australian story, about the man who went for *His First Kangaroo*, is calculated to make the reader sit up—to read it. BLACKIE AND SON are also determined that youthful readers should, in *Two Gallant Rebels*, learn something about La Vendée and La Guillotine. Both cheery subjects for Christmas.

Lost Chords, by Mr. ARTHUR RICKETT, is a practical joke, capitalily carried out by author and publisher. It is bound to deceive, the cover being a closely burlesqued reproduction of that of the well-known Yellow Book, only with tuning-fork instead of key, as emblematical of *Lost Chords*. Some of Mr. RICKETT'S parodies are capital.

In *The British Barbarians*, Mr. GRANT ALLEN, at some length but not without ingenuity, has perpetrated a literary "sell." Not without a laugh will the interested reader reach the climax, but he will probably wish that this climax had been the finish; likewise would he prefer to the somewhat prosaic ending that a few disjointed lines should have finished off the romance, the author laughing in his sleeve, contentedly. It is one of the bunch of keys of the Key-note Series, and 'tis published by JOHN LANE of the Bodley Head.

Stirring are the incidents of Mr. JOSEPH HATTON'S *When Greek Meets Greek*. Let not the name affright the unclassical reader, who may be inclined to fight shy of Homeric heroes. None such will be found here; they are of the Revolutionary period in France, under the misrule of ROBESPIERRE ET CIE., a period when, as JOSEPHUS HATTONIUS HISTORICUS well says, "The Revolution, with the cry of 'Liberty, equality, fraternity' on its lips, not only revived the secret and bloody horrors of the Middle Ages, but outdid them in private and in public." The Middle Ages were not in it with the Darkest Revolutionary Age. The dialogues in this story are a bit diffuse, and diffuseness in either dialogue or descriptive narrative is apt to irritate the reader in a hurry. For, mind you, most readers are in a hurry nowadays. Though, personally, the Baron prefers taking everything easy. "Easy reading, in easy chair," quoth—

THE B. DE B.-W.

THE CRY OF COMMERCE (some way after GOETHE).—"Light, more light—railways!"

DOD THE DODGER!

SCENE—In the Library of a Club. JONES in a condition of great excitement. To him enter BROWN.

Brown. Hallo, my boy, you seem to be disturbed! What's the matter?

Jones. Disturbed! I should think so! And so would you be were you in my position. Here am I trying to find out the President of the Local Government Board, and I am hanged if I can.

Brown. What book are you consulting?

Jones. Why *Dod's Parliamentary Companion* to be sure.

Brown (laughing). Then I wish you joy, my boy. If you really want a good hearty guffaw go to "*Dod*."

Jones. Yes, it's all very well to grin, but when a fellow's in a hurry, he's in no mood for practical joking. They may well call it *Dod's Parliamentary Companion*, for I never met with anything so irritating in all my life.

Brown. But surely it tells you the name of the boss at the Local Government Board?

Jones. It does more than that—it gives you a choice of Presidents. On one page Mr. WALTER LONG is mentioned; on another, Mr. RITCHIE; on a third, Mr. CHAPLIN. But the Editor isn't quite satisfied about the last, because in another part of the book he hails him as President of the Board of Trade. What shall I do? I don't like to toss up, and writing a circular letter to all the lot will take up a deal of time, and look rather foolish to the wrong ones.

Brown. Well, of course, if you will consult "*Dod*," you must take the consequences. Let me have a look at the book. (Turning over the pages.) Why, here's another mistake. He insists that Sir HENRY CAMPBELL BANNERMAN was president in the days of Mr. GLADSTONE.

Jones. Oh yes, I noticed that. It is a wonder he didn't call him Sir HERBERT CAMPBELL.

Brown. That would have been quite in his line of humour. And he might have said that Sir HERBERT CAMPBELL resigned the office to form a cabinet with Mr. DAN LENO, to run the pantomime under the Premiership of Sir AUGUSTUS DRUBOLANTUS.

Jones. Yes, that's all very well. But business is business; and it has given me a headache.

Brown. Then try something less intricate. (Giving volume.) Just cast your eye over this.

Jones. Ah, come, this is much better! [Scene closes in as the ex-reader of "*Dod*" consults "*Bradshaw*."]]

"THE HARE APPARENT."

THE send-off dinner at the "Métropole," last Tuesday week, to Mr. JOHN HARE was in every way a great success. No one wants to "send off" JOHNNIE HARE, but as he *will* go to America, it is best to send him off amid cheers and with a hearty "very glad to see you back again!" It occurred to some of us on hearing Mr. PINERO's post-prandial lecture how excellently he could play *Dr. Pangloss* or *Dominie Sampson*. Mr. COMYNS CARR, rallying *Dominie Pangloss-Pinero*, went at first lightly as a Ralli-Carr; but suddenly became serious, and his audience solemn. The speeches of the evening were made by DAVID PLUNKET, in his new character of "Lord RATHMORE," as representing the Upper House, and by Sir FRANK LOCKWOOD, Q.C., M.P., T.P.C., for the Lower. Both admirable; and neither fully reported next day.

A CURIOUS SPELL.

(To a Fair Correspondent who apologised for her Spelling.)

A CURIOUS speller; that's your firm and fast Opinion of yourself. Your friends you tell Me read your letters, and then say, aghast, "A curious spell!"

So that's your story, and I may as well Just say I think it's fudge from first to last, Your own chimera, or, maybe, a fell Invention circulated in the past. Your spelling's just as clear as any bell. But tell me, pray, why over me you cast A curious spell?

SO LIKE THEM!

["A man is entitled to get drunk if he chooses."—*Mr. Chur, the Police Magistrate at the South-Western Police Court.*]

OTHER declarations that may be confidently expected:—

"There is something inexpressibly noble in the character of the Turk, and the present SULTAN appears to me to be one of the most benevolent rulers that has ever adorned humanity." W. E. GL-DST-NE.

"The real cure for agricultural depression is to evict the landlords without compensation, and to nationalise the land."

S-L-SB-RY.

"No institution appeals so powerfully to my sympathy and admiration as a board school, unless it be a school board."

THE ARCHBISHOP OF C-NT-RE-RY.

"A little judicious smoking up the chimney is good for a growing boy, even though it may be contrary to meddlesome school regulations." B-SBY REDIVIVUS.

"After all, there are few things that exercise a more profoundly elevating influence than a modern music-hall." MRS. CH-NT.

"The Legislature ought certainly to interfere to check the paying improprieties of the modern decadent novelist."

GR-NT ALL-N.

"If there is one pastime which I would recommend to the youth of England as likely to lead to true manliness and muscle, not to mention an occasional testimonial, it is—parlour croquet." W. G. GR-CE.

"All speculation should be sternly discouraged." OUR OUTSIDE BROKEN.

"Labour is all very well, but the idle classes are the backbone of the country."

J-EN B-RNS.

"It is best never to help others, but always to help yourself to anything you can see belonging to anybody else."

POLICEMAN X 14.



THE BALANCE RESTORED.

Mrs. Henry Peek. "BAH! I ONLY MARRIED YOU BECAUSE I PITIED YOU, WHEN NOBODY ELSE THOUGHT ANYTHING ABOUT YOU!"

Mr. Henry Peek (wearily). "AH, WELL, MY DEAR, EVERYBODY PITIES ME NOW!"

TO PREVENT MISUNDERSTANDING.

A VERSE for you, my little friend,
If you will let me hold you so,
High on the list, you may depend,
When counting up the friends I know.
Friendship is best; for Love, maybe,
Poor hearts and eyes with grief will
blister—

For friendship's sake remember me—
I send a message—to your sister!

I like to hear you play and sing,
To be your partner in a game,
To talk to you, and deftly bring
The talk around to—just one name.
I wish that you might call me "DICK,"
(I hate my surname with a "Mister,")
Because—how *reasons* halt and stick—
I'd be "DICK" also—to your sister!

You may have faults—I will not say—
I only know you sweet and kind,
Your voice and manner seem to play
On memory's chords within my mind.
So, for your kindness, hand in hand
We'll walk down friendship's pleasant
vista,
And even more—you understand—
Because you are—your sister's sister!

"SOMETHING LIKE A 'SWELL.'"—"Last evening Lord LONDSEBOROUGH filled nearly three rows of stalls and two boxes at the Royalty Theatre to witness *The Child Widow*."—*St. James's Gazette*, Wednesday, November 27.

SUBJECT FOR A BICYCLIST BURLESQUE.—
"Wheelikins and his Dinah."

LONG AGO LEGENDS.

Y^E YEOMAN WITH A PAST.

UPON a tyme a Yeoman was a takynge hys walkes abroad when he was overtayken by y^e Knight of y^e Shyre. Nowe, y^e Yeoman hadde once beene a harde drynker, and mannin y^e tyme in hys roysteringe dayes hadde he been trundell'd home after curfew by y^e drawer of y^e "Pied Pigge" in a burrowe, and hadde knowne not what it was



nyght by nyght toe go toe bedde boot-lesse, butte nowe a Ribande of Bleue dyd flutter prouddie on hys cheste.

"Good morrowe, worthie Yeoman," sayd y^e Knight of y^e Shyre, who was of joyvyl countenance; "will y^e share a blacke-jacke of ale withe mee at yon hostelrye?" For y^e Knight of y^e Shyre was notte proude, and electyon tyme was a cominge rounde apace, butte thys by y^e waye.

"Nay, worshipful Knight," sayd y^e Yeoman, "I drynke only water frome y^e rylle. Oh, my fryende, be warned

in tyme of y^e grete horryble serpente Drinke. Lerne, lyke me, toe hate as y^e woulde Beelzebubbe y^e cruel Juggernaut."

"Theyre," cried y^e Knight of y^e Shyre, merrilie, "I am one withe thee." (Atte thys y^e Yeoman did smyle, thinkinge he hadde made a converte) "I tooe hate y^e jug o' nought. Geve me a jug full to y^e brymme of somthing humming and stronge." At thys, wich was meant as a right merrie conceit and a goodlie syde-splytter, y^e Yeoman did looke sore stryken with sadness, and, it is sayed, never did smyle more.

ROBING-ROOM RUMOURS.

THE address of the distinguished Junior* who was anxious to learn the destination of the £600 per annum voted by the Inns to the Bar Committee is believed to be Pump-Handle Court. The learned gentleman who honours that famous locality with his presence, on hearing that the money was *not* to be expended in helping "the deserving professionally unemployed," expressed himself dissatisfied with any other arrangement.

It is understood that no part of the £600 will be used as a "reserve fund" for the smoking concerts given by the Bar Musical Society.

It is said that none of the money will be devoted to furthering the interests of the excellent forensic charity feebly fostered by the Bar.

It is declared that at present the fate of the money is shrouded in mystery. However, it is pretty certain that it will not be employed (to any serious extent) in building alms-houses for decayed Masters of the Bench.

It is not improbable that a prize will be offered by the B. C. for the best essay answering the question, "What shall we do with it?"

The enterprising forensic *perruquier* who adorned the window of his shop with a placard bearing the legend, "Our Lord Chancellor's Wig Club has commenced," is receiving daily a number of subscriptions from the younger members of the Junior Bar.

There are strong reasons for believing that the rumour that the only advice tendered to his new colleagues by a law officer of the Crown who served in two consecutive Ministries, was "to resign," is not a *canard*.

Finally, to return to the subject of the hour, it is whispered that the Inns of Court will raise the grant of £600 by permitting smoking at lectures and making a profit out of the sale of cigars.

FROZEN FLOWERS.

[A fine collection of blue and white water-lilies has been sent from a leading florist in Sydney for presentation to the QUEEN. They were frozen in ice, received here as long ago as August last, and have just been delivered in perfect condition at Windsor.]

JACK FROST, so long fancied the foe of the flowers,

You turn up to-day as their friend and preserver!

Though bred by the sun and refreshed by the showers,

Their sole aids, 'tis clear, are not moisture and fervour.

The poets, who often are sciolist sillies,

Should stoop to consider these iced-preserved lilies.

Their figures and tropes they must once more revise.

They have thriven long years on conventional fiction;

But if—without frenzy—they use their own eyes

The dickens 'twill play with their secular diction.

Good gracious! How many fine rhymes had been lost,

Had they known about flowers made immortal by frost!

Frozen food, meat or fish, may, though tasteless, keep fresh,

For an æon or so without causing great wonder;

But flowers are much frailer and finer than flesh,

And to freeze *them* immortal makes fancy knock under.

It may front an ice-preserved beef-steak or kidney,

But think of iced lilies six months out from Sydney!

The blue and white beauties full-bloom in the block

Outmarvel that elephant found in a glacier.

Great Flora, it comes on the Muse as a shock,

Makes bard-inspiration yet foggier and hazier.

Tinned dreams, pickled moonbeams and pemmican song,

Sound scarcely more funny, and hardly more wrong.

If flowers can be frozen and kept years in ice,

Why not—say, a few minor poets? They'd realise

TENNYSON'S *Day Dream*,* and that *would* be nice!

(Science makes fact of what singers idealise.)

Only—sad thought which would fill them with pain!—

Posterity might not release them again!

* Well, were it not a pleasant thing
To fall asleep with all one's friends,
And every hundred years to rise
And learn the world, and sleep again?
Tennyson's *Day Dream*.

NOT WITHOUT A PRECEDENT.

(From Our Prophetic Correspondent of a Future Campaign.)

WE are now settling down in our quarters, and really everything is extremely comfortable. The camp is capitally arranged. The first line is used exclusively by our general officers, the next by those of field rank, then come captains of companies, and the remainder of the tents go to subalterns.

"Don't you find it rather awkward?" I asked our Brigadier commanding-in-chief.

"Well, no," he replied; "you see, we don't expect there will be much to do, save to march to the capital and back again. And special service men can do that quite as easily as TOMMY ATKINS."

"Do you expect to use the guns much?"

"I hope not," said our gallant leader. "They put spears and bows and arrows completely out of competition. However, the enemy will probably bolt before we can get to him."

"And what is the muster roll?"

"Let me see—we have two hundred colonels, three hundred majors, and—"

"Yes," I interrupted; "but how about the rank and file?"

"I am glad you reminded me," was the response. "I knew I wanted to show you something. Come along."

Thus invited, I followed our Brigadier. We walked through the lines until we came to a tent, pitched at some distance from the rest of the encampment. Startled by the clank of his commander's sword, the occupant came smartly to "Attention."

"And who may he be?" I asked, as I walked away.

"The greatest curiosity of the expedition," was the prompt response. "He is *THE* private."

"Has he no comrades of the same rank?"

"None. You see, we required all the accommodation of the ships for the special service officers."

"Then, why bring him? Surely he can be of very little use?"

"There you are wrong," said the Brigadier; "he saves the situation. He is out of place, but we must sacrifice *something* to appearances!"

And, on consideration, I think the speaker was right. Where everyone is an officer, it becomes necessary to leaven the mass with one private. Something *must* be sacrificed to appearances!

SEASONABLE.—"How to make Plum Pudding for Christmas Day"—a stirring narrative.



"BEHIND THE SCENES."

First Judge. "BREACH OF PROMISE STILL RUNNING!"

Second Judge. "GOING WONDERFULLY. NO STANDING ROOM. WHAT ARE YOU DOING?"

First Judge. "A BUILDING CONTRACT. WRETCHED BUSINESS: NOT A SOUL IN THE PLACE!"

CABBY; OR, REMINISCENCES OF THE RANK AND THE ROAD.

NO. XII.—A BALLAD OF CABMAN'S BURDENS.

(Sort o' parody-like written for "Hansom Jack" by his young literary chum, Jerry Fowler.)

I.

THE burden of smart women! These delight
In "getting at" you in a shameful way.
They take you far from stables late at night,
They have no heart for your tired oss by day,
And bare fare is the utmost they will pay.
They'll squabble hours with you about your
hire.

To see them not, nor listen to their say,
This is the height of Cabby's heart's desire!

II.

The burden of old misses! This is sore.
A burden they, and burdens—big—they
bring,
Of these I've numbered, with one fare, a score.
A score, including that most awesome thing,
A parrot on a pole, or in a ring.
With shrieking voice, and eyelids red as fire,
To throttle that most wretched, raucous
thing,

This is the height of Cabby's heart's desire!

III.

The burden of big bundles! "Half-a-crown
For two miles and a ton? Nay, verily!"
Weights that would weigh a market-waggon
down

Old Grampus won't allow too great for thee.
Pelion on Ossa piled till you can't see
Your oss's head above the close-packed pyre!
To punch his bloomin' head for that two-d—
This is the height of Cabby's heart's desire!

IV.

The burden of three toppers! These you fear
Waking, and, sleeping, hold them still in
dread.

They, their slim gingham, and their gar-
ments queer,
All get mixed up, and heel collides with
head.

They shout, sing, smash your glass, then
sleep like lead;

At last, between them, cannot raise your hire.
To duck them in a horse-pond till half
dead,

This is the height of Cabby's heart's desire!

V.

The burden of old fozzles! These get in
Blue-funked, with instant yearning to get
out.

They spy dread danger in the gentlest spin,
Thump on the roof, and through the trap-
door shout,

With their umbrellas prod you all about,

And threaten you with dim "proceedings"
dire.

To bind and gag them, stodgy, stupid, stout,
This is the height of Cabby's heart's desire!

VI.

The burden of Old Prodders! She is dead,
But O her like is still the Cabman's cuss.
She haunts us like a modern Gorgon's head,
Although in sooth more like a monthly nuss.
Dread incarnation she of fudge and fuss,
Quarrelsome Billingsgate and bullying ire.
To make her turn a ghost, and haunt a 'bus,
This is the height of Cabby's heart's desire!

VII.

The burden of the bilkers! Out of sight
And out of reach—we mus'n't use our
hands!—

The artful dodgers best us day and night.
Sometimes as pugs, in broken-nosed big
bands,

They take us miles—and hours—from off
our stands,

And when we ask our fare fierce threatenings
To see such ruffians lagged, in distant lands,
This is the height of Cabby's heart's desire!

VIII.

The burden of bad weather! Frost, fog, dust,
Blizzards by day and blinding sleets by
night;

Lumbago that is like a bayonet thrust,
Rheumatics that like blazes burn and bite,
And gnarled knotustill our shape's a sight,
Hunched as a camel; crooked as a lyre!

Ah! to escape—some day—to home, rest,
light!

That is each honest Cabby's heart's desire!

L'Envoi.

Big-pots, and ye whom pleasure quickeneth,
"It ain't all lavender" with us coves you
hire!

To have a little rest before our death,
That is the height of Cabby's heart's desire!



"The burden of big bundles."



SHOCKED!

H.I.M., *Em-p-e-r-r of R-ss-a*, "WELL! I'M A BIT OF AN AUTOCRAT MYSELF; BUT HOW HIS PEOPLE CAN STAND HIM!! OH!"
 "A private University teacher has been sent to prison by the Emperor of Germany for "writing a letter in praise of a certain kind of soap."—*Daily Paper*



THE PROVERBIAL STRAW.

"HAVE A CIGARETTE?"

"THANKS—IF YOU CAN SPARE ONE. DON'T CARRY 'EM MYSELF. AFRAID OF EXTRA WEIGHT, YOU KNOW!"

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER PRODUCER'S VADE MECUM.

Question. Is it necessary that every periodical of any importance should have a Yuletide supplement?

Answer. That is certainly the impression of the Public in general, and the advertisement agents in particular.

Q. What is the chief aim of the Christmas Number?

A. To be seasonable at all costs of probability and even possibility.

Q. From a producer's point of view, what is seasonable at Christmas?

A. Snow, ice, holly, and mistletoe. Everything that is picturesque and sociable. In a word, all that will "illustrate" effectively.

Q. But is Christmas invariably made up of these ingredients?

A. As a rule, quite the contrary. Very frequently it happens that December is warmer than May, and the Yule-log better adapted to Midsummer Eve than Twelfth Night.

Q. Does this fact interfere with the success of a Christmas Number?

A. Certainly not; as these publications are invariably produced months before the nominal date of their appearance, their representation of Noel has to be accepted more as a prophecy than a record.

Q. Should the bright side of the merry season be kept to the front?

A. Unquestionably. About nine-tenths should be made up of grandpapas kissing granddaughters under the mistletoe, decking the old churches with holly, drinking success to the new year in ancestral halls, and dancing with the yeomen at tenants' balls. The remaining tenth may be utilised for sketches of "Christmas at Sea," "The Dying Clown," or "Yuletide with the Man in Possession."

Q. In concocting a seasonable supplement, should the pen have precedence of the pencil?

A. No. Every author worth his salt can "write up to" a drawing, but it is not every artist in black and white who can illustrate a novel.

Q. Should there not be an extra plate?

A. Yes, in many colours. The subjects should be domestic, martial, or mysterious. For instance, one might represent "Taking Tea with Dolly," the next "The Death of Richard the Third after the Battle of Bosworth," and the last "Chevrina, or the Child of the Snow Fiend." The latter would show a diaphanous damsel

resting in a pool on a snow-capped mountain amidst icicles and moonbeams.

Q. Is this presentation plate appropriate to the customs of the season?

A. Only in the publishing trade. But being considered appropriate by this connection, its abolition would be distinctly injurious to the paper inaugurating the suspension.

Q. Is it necessary to secure local colouring that the stories should be written and the pictures drawn in December?

A. On the contrary; both are usually composed in June and completed in July.

Q. And what are the artists and writers doing at Christmas?

A. Preparing for the Summer Number.

Q. But, as a matter of fact, are not some of the Yuletide extras so mixed up that they might do equally well for either season?

A. They might, and therefore those intended for the winter should be clearly identified and brought up to date by the introduction, somewhere or other, of the time-honoured legend of "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

"PALMAM QUI MERUIT FERAT."

[The egregious Parks Committee have recently purchased \$2000 worth of palms, which are now rotting away in a pit subject to occasional flooding.

St. James's Gazette, December 4.]

The London County Council Parks Committee]

Has spent two thousand pounds to purchase palms,

Intending, doubtless, that this sooty city

Should rival Monte Carlo in its charms.

So far the only palms within this city

Were hands, that had no work, imploring alms,

Two thousand pounds a sensible committee

Might spend to give some work to human palms.]

But no, don't think of poverty or pity,

To waste two thousand pounds can do no harm.

The palms are dying; let the Parks Committee

As champion noodles bear away the palm.



Little Guttersnipe (who is getting quite used to posing). "WILL YER WANT ME TER TIE MY BUN DOWN?"

THE BALLADE OF THE SACRED SONG.

THERE is one song sacred in my esteem,
Though its words are secular—quite—in
tone,
And its music critics would scarcely deem
The work of HANDEL, or MENDELSSOHN.
Yet it is not music and words alone
That may crown a song with a halo ring,
And the one in question, I frankly own,
Is a simple ballad you used to sing!

Ah me, that quaint little sad refrain—
Have you forgotten its old-time thrill?
How it takes me back to the days again
At the grey old manor beneath the hill!—
In my waking dreams I can hear it still,
To that grey old manor my thought takes
wing,

Where I sat, and watched you, and drank my
Of the simple ballad you used to sing! [All]

That sacred ballad I'll ne'er profane—
My voice, I'm told, is distinctly bad—
And to hear it sung, save by you, again,
To my wrecked illusions one more would add.
Vain human wishes! It's rather sad—
In the street a woman in rags, poor thing,
At this moment's screeching away like mad
The simple ballad you used to sing!

All sacred things, though you guard them well,
A common touch in the dust may bring;
And, alas! a beggar has spoilt the spell
Of the simple ballad you used to sing!

CLYDE REMEDY. — "James's Powders."
Safe treatment for feverish symptoms.

SPORTIVE SONGS.

THE FOXHUNTER TO HIS LADY-LOVE.

I DREAM of thee, my darling,
When the primrose tints of dawn
Rouse the blackbird and the starling
To their breakfast on the lawn.
When I too am just awaking,
With a longing for my tea,
Oh, it's when my thirst I'm slaking
That I'm dreaming, love, of thee!

I dream of thee, my blessing,
When the razor scrapes my face,
When in "pink" and "tops" I'm dressing
For the pleasures of the chase.
When the fox has broken cover,
And the hounds stream o'er the lea,
Then, a reckless, eager lover,
Still I'm dreaming, dear, of thee!

I dream of thee, my sweetest,
When the run is done at last,
When the brush is for the fleetest,
And the pads are for the fast;
When the ruddy sun is sinking
In a grey and misty sea,
Oh, it's then of love I'm thinking,
And I'm dreaming, pet, of thee!

I dream of thee, my dearest,
When the guests are dropping in,
When the champagne's pop is clearest
'Mid the dinner-table din.
But when whist and pool are finished,
And at length sleep comes to me,
Though my love can't be diminished,
Yet I never dream of thee!

A BY-WAY OF HISTORY.

LAST Saturday, Mr. EDWARD CUTLER, Q.C., wrote to the *Times* informing the public how, two years since, he had written to the Chamber of Commerce at Boulogne complaining of the quality of the refreshments served at their station, and pointing out how well he had invariably been served by the buffet at Calais after having been buffeted by the merry sea-waves. But this is an old story. Often has Mr. *Punch*, as Universal Traveller for Everybody, remarked how well the Calais buffet is managed; how you get everything hot and hot (if your mind is only made up beforehand as to what you are going to take), and how everything hot, or cold, is, as the bar-man, not the Q.C. who writes about the Cu-sine, but the bar-man at Monte Carlo used to say, "Of the best, of the very best!" To the muchenduring, much suffering Ulysses, there is only one route to Paris, and that is, from Victoria, per L. C. & D., *via* Dover and Calais; and at Calais there is only one restoration which can restore the weary traveller, and that is at the Gare Maritime, to the mutual profit of "Q.C.," i.e., "Queer Customer," and proprietor. As CHARLES the SECOND said to ROCHESTER, when, after landing on the coast of France, he had supped well and heartily at the small hostelry, which was the ancestor of the present Terminus hotel, "Oddfish, man! but this 'restauration' is a good omen for me!" ROCHESTER was apparently asleep, but he subsequently appropriated the joke, which was quoted as ROCHESTER's own by PEPYS, and recorded as his by Sir JOSEPH MILLER, K.J., much to the King's annoyance. (*Vide extract from Mr. Dick's Diary under the Be-Heading of Charles.*)

LITERARY NOTE.—There is all the difference between what JAMES used to call "a literary gent" and what Sir WALTER now calls "a literary agent."

ROUNABOUT READINGS.

ON MRS. GAMP.

I YIELD to no one in my sincere admiration for Mr. A. B. WALKLEY. Week by week I watch him with delight wielding his dexterous and flashing rapier in the field of dramatic criticism. No man understands better than he, none practises with greater praise, the difficult art of literary swordsmanship in connection with the theatre. I say this to clear my conscience, for I want to have a little bout with Mr. WALKLEY.

In last week's *Illustrated London News* appears an article on ALEXANDRE DUMAS, by Mr. WALKLEY. It is a subtle and discriminating piece of criticism. Certainly I have not the least desire to impeach its arguments or its conclusions. But—Mr. WALKLEY will forgive the "buts"; he knows their value, and their occasional necessity—I am moved to protest against one incidental sentence, which has nothing to do with the main purport of the article. "DUMAS," says Mr. WALKLEY, "at last began to see that man is as weak as woman—as weak as flesh, if not weaker," as the lady in *Martin Chuzzlewit* said of her husband's wooden leg."



Sairey Gamp trotted out Mrs. Gamp, and never call her "out of her name again."

WHY, why, I ask, should our adored Mrs. Gamp figure as "the lady in *Martin Chuzzlewit*"? Is this Mr. WALKLEY's concession to the preposterous refinement of a generation which is supposed to find the "vulgarity" of DICKENS's characters little to its taste? Are all these immortal creations to be similarly disguised? Shall we be asked to admire *Captain Cuttle* as "the ex-navigator in *Dombey and Son*"? Is *Sam Weller* to be known as "the well-known valet in the *Pickwick Papers*"? And is Mr. Peggotty to be disguised as "the Yarmouth smack-owner in *David Copperfield*"? No, no, Mr. WALKLEY, give us back Mrs. Gamp as we have always known her, that is to say, as

"SAIREY," says Mrs. Harris, in a awful way, 'tell me wot is my individdle number.' 'No, Mrs. Harris,' I says to her, 'ex-cuse me, if you please. My own,' I says, 'has fallen out of three-pair backs, and had damp door-steps settled on their lungs, and one was turned up smilin' in a bedstead, unbeknown. Therefore, Ma'am,' I says, 'seek not to protipicate, but take 'em as they come and go.' 'Mine,' said Mrs. Gamp, 'mine is all gone, my dear young chick. And as to husbands, there's a wooden leg gone likewise home to its account, which in its constancy of walkin' into wine-vaults, and never comin' out again till fetched by force, was quite as weak as flesh, if not weaker.'"

THERE is the full quotation. Mr. WALKLEY knows it, of course, quite as well as I do, but I could not resist giving it. It is a pure delight merely to write it down. And one other passage, one from the many that are immortal, I am impelled to quote. Here it is:—"Which, Mr. Chuzzlewit," she said, 'is well bekknown to Mrs. Harris as has one sweet infant (though she do not wish it known) in her own family by the mother's side, kep in spirits in a bottle; and that sweet babe she see at Greenwich Fair, a travellin' in company with the pink-eyed lady, Prooshan dwarf, and livin' skelinton, which judge her feelins when the barrel-organ played, and she was showed her own dear sister's child, the same not bein' expected from the outside pieter, where it was painted quite contrary in a livin' state, a many sizes larger, and performing beautiful upon the 'Arp, which never did that dear child know or do: since breathe it never did, to speak on, in this wale!'"

Yes, you may rail at DICKENS as you will (this sentence, *bien entendu*, is not addressed to Mr. WALKLEY), you may declare your dialike of his exorbitant gift of easy tears, of all his stilted Tom Pinchism, with its "thou" and "thy" and its blank verse; but when you are brought face to face with such passages as those I have set forth, the master humorist resumes his throne, and all you can do, having doffed a respectful cap, is to pay him the irresistible tribute of laughter. When I think of the mawkish, dreary, decayed, problem-posing rubbish which encumbers our bookstalls, I can only thank heaven for allowing us still to revel in the generous sparkling wine of DICKENS's humour.

WE may thank heaven, too, that never shall a Mrs. Gamp or any of her kind attend one of us in an illness. From the world of nurses she has vanished. In her place comes an angel in a long veil, a

pure white collar and bands, and a dark dress—an angel of mercy and pity, with a gentle voice, who soothes our aching head, and ministers to our wants, and smiles upon us when long hours of pain and weakness have made us fretful. When I remember the perfect devotion, the simple, unselfishness, the untiring care of one of these dark-robed ministers, her watchful patience by the bedside of a beloved friend, her eager zeal to anticipate his every want, to relieve his suffering, my heart goes out in deep thankfulness to the whole sisterhood.

If there be any, who still hesitate how they shall bestow their Christmas gifts, let them think of the nurses and their quiet work. Is there not a pension fund for nurses? If I knew the name and address of its secretary I would set them down here, so that some rivulet at least from the stream of Christmas benevolence might flow in that direction.

"WELL PLAYED!"

THE *Squire of Dames*, by Mr. R. C. CARTON, at the Criterion, is not what it is the fashion nowadays to style "a problem play." All plays must necessarily involve a problem; the principal problem being its success. The *Squire of Dames*, originally the *L'Ami des Femmes* of DUMAS FILS, belongs to a class of which the *Scrap of Paper* and *Delicate Ground* are well-known types, and such a play as *Still Waters* a variation. The *Squire of Dames* is not dramatically a very strong play, but quite strong enough to enjoy a good run, and to retain its popularity when other plays, more immediately striking, have lost their temporary hold on the public. The *Squire of Dames* is pleasant to see; it is interesting to follow; in morality, it keeps on the safe side, and inculcates a wholesome lesson in the cheeriest possible manner. Mr. Kilroy, a gentleman with a past and a present, and most decidedly a future, who springs from nowhere, belongs to no profession, and who is as near an approach to an impermanent coxcomb as a kind of genial Sherlock-Holmes-Lavater-Paul-Pry, self-elected as the good genius of several people, can be, is a part played, as I venture to think, to perfection, by Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM, whose sole fault is his excessive laughter, which seems strained, and therefore unnatural.

MISS MARY MOORE represents the misunderstanding and misunderstood wife very sweetly; and, than Miss GRANVILLE, no one could be named as a fitter representative of the handsome, fashionable, good-hearted wife of *Professor Doule*, a character inimitably impersonated by Mr. ALFRED BISHOP.

Little Mr. H. DE LANGE shows what a veritable hit can be made with so small a part as is that of *Lord Eustace*. Mr. FRANK FENTON is simply admirable as *Colonel Dennant*, in whom, though little is seen of him, the real interest is centred. The two scenes, which are incontestably quite the best in the play, are, first, the genuinely touching interview between husband and wife,—and no praise can exceed the merit of this performance, especially in so difficult a part as is that of *Colonel Dennant* in this situation,—and, secondly, the excellent love-making, husband-catching scene between the American millionairess, *Zoë* (what a mistake to have given her the punning surname of "Nuggetson"!), and Mr. Kilroy, when the biter is bit, and the catcher caught. This is a genuine high-comedy situation, full of humour, and perfectly rendered by Miss FAY DAVIS and Mr. WYNDHAM.

What, by judicious acting, is prevented from being the thankless part of *Sir Douglas Thorburn*, the desperate young lover, only elevated to the height of passion in order to make his discomfiture the more ridiculous, is played by Mr. BERNARD GOULD with a rough kind of boyish impulsiveness thoroughness that just wins the sympathy of the audience for a youthful, unformed character in which it is not difficult to recognise great possibilities for future good. It required an artist for this part: we will not go behind the theatrical comedy-mask of "BERNARD GOULD" and reveal a name so well and so favourably known to the art-loving public, but we are sure that Mr. WYNDHAM yielded to a happy inspiration in securing his services, as whatever else he may do, there is no doubt about Mr. "BERNARD GOULD" being able to "draw."

OMISSION.—Last week the First Commissioner of Works sent "four does" to the LORD MAYOR and three to the sheriffs. The Recorder and the Remembrancer received only "one doe" a-piece. Now, as these two officials are lawyers, a *Roe* should have been added in each case, so as to keep up the ancient legal fiction of *Doe* and *Roe*. Pity that old customs should die out.





THE LEVEL CROSSING.

"ARE THERE NO MORE TRAINS THIS EVENING ON THE UP LINE, PORTER?" "No, MUM."
 "AND NO MORE TRAINS ON THE DOWN LINE?" "No, MUM." "IS THERE NO SPECIAL TRAIN?" "No, MUM."
 "NOR AN EXCURSION TRAIN?" "No, MUM. THE GATES ARE TO FOR THE REST OF THE EVENING."
 "YOU'RE QUITE SURE?" "YES, MUM." "THEN COME, AMELIA. WE CAN CROSS THE LINE!"

MOST INVITING.

MR. PUNCH read the other day that "hostesses are putting forth commendable efforts to secure a sufficiency of partners for their young lady friends. Invitations are sent out months beforehand, and accompanying them are chatty and interesting letters describing the charms of the ladies who will be present, and giving other particulars which are calculated to 'snare the particular bird.'"

Now, Mr. Punch's "young men" are proverbially attractive, and a very little inquiry amongst them has elicited the following (amongst other) letters from their large collection. Hostesses hard up, please copy. No copyright of any kind is claimed.

I.—MATERNAL WILES.

The Cucumber Beds, Sunday, December 1, 1895.

DEAR MR. WATTABORE,—I am enclosing a card for our little dance on the 12th of May, but I couldn't resist the temptation of sending you this wee note along with it, to say how *very*, *VERY* disappointed MABEL, RUTH, GRACIE, FLORRIE, MAUD, CONNIE, BERTHA (you know my husband's little joke about our house being in the Seven Sisters' Road?) and I will be if you can't come. Now, do *try* to come; I promise we won't dance you too hard, and of course we shan't think it rude if you sit out half the time. Only, do come. With very kind regards, in which my daughters join,

Yours most sincerely,

INA DIFFIE CULTY.

P.S.—You may be interested to know that charming little ETTA BILLAMILL—you remember her wonderful grey eyes—has *definitely* decided to come, and bring her eyes with her. Then we have a conditional promise from RACHEL LINKIN—the girl with the *Tribby* feet. MILLIE MIX, too,—the charming young actress at the *Jollity*,—has promised ARCHIE she will look in as soon as her performance is over. She will probably wear a wonderful gown she is now having designed for her, which I'm certain you'd like. At any rate, ARCHIE has seen the design, and can talk of little else. If you would like to know any more details, pray don't hesitate to write

and ask me—I always think it's so much better to know beforehand what one has to expect. I. D. C.

II.—GIRLISH INGENUOUSNESS.

145, The Avenue, Hornsey Rise, Monday.

MY DEAR JACK,—Mamma asks me to drop you just a line or two with the enclosed card for our Cinderella two month after next. I'm going to have *such* a jolly dress—white, with delightful pink frills; that will be *very* fetching. By the bye, isn't pink your favourite colour? I fancy when I wore it once before you said something pretty about "pink of perfection." Then we've ever so many nice other girls coming, and from what I hear of *their* frocks, we shall have a very stylish time. Now, you must write and say you'll come. And be sure to say if there's anything you can suggest that we ought to do or have. We're *quite* determined to meet our friends' wishes, and have a successful evening.

Yours ever,

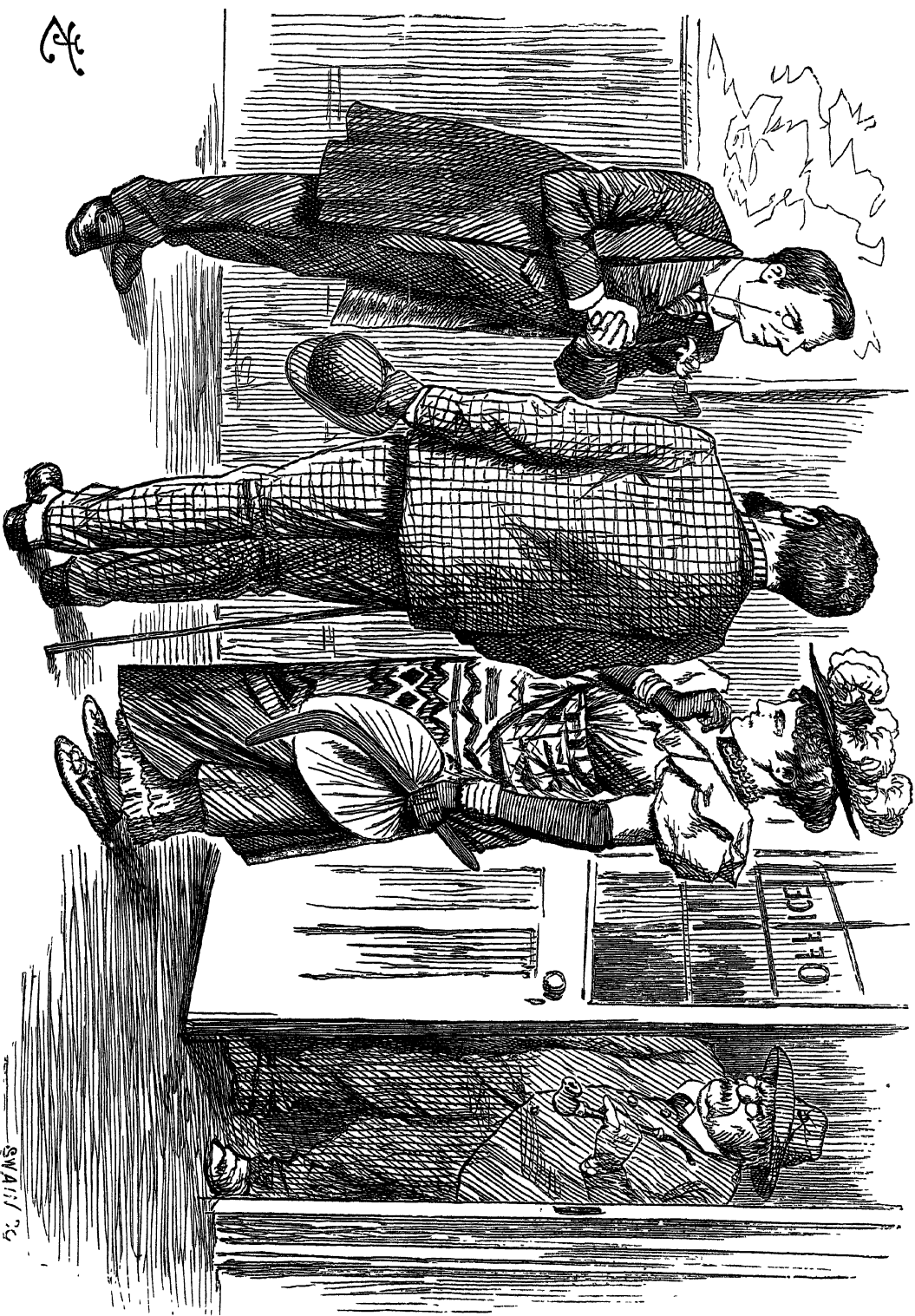
AMIE T.

III.—TERTIUM QUID.

LADY SEPTIMA DYALLS presents her kindest compliments to Mr. I. O. BORNE, and in sending the accompanying invitation desires to call his attention to the fact that the supper on the night of her ball will be supplied by BUNTER'S, and that the champagne has been specially selected by Lady S. herself. Mr. BORNE may also like to know that amongst those who have already signified their intention of being present are Miss BELLA DONNA (who will wear her universally admired pearls), Miss BERTIE BENTON (to whose eyes a sonnet appeared in last week's *Asuseum*), and Miss PEARL WHITE (who has only to show her teeth to display her charms). If Mr. BORNE would desire an invitation for any particular lady, Lady S. will esteem it an honour to forward an invitation if Mr. BORNE will be kind enough to send Lady S. the lady's name and address.

79, Park Palings, W.

HOW TO DEAL WITH "UNCUT BOOKS."—"Cut" them!



THE COLONIAL MATRIMONIAL AGENT.

MR. J-S-PH CH-MB-RL-N (*Manager*). "MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—IF YOU WILL ONLY LET ME KNOW WHAT YOU *BOTH* WANT, I WILL SEE WHAT I CAN DO FOR YOU!"

"I am impressed with the extreme importance of securing as large a share as possible of the mutual trade of the United Kingdom and the colonies for British producers and manufacturers, &c."

Right Hon. J. Chamberlain's Despatch to Governors of Colonies on the Question of Trade with the United Kingdom.

DUDE THE DIFFUSE.

By TOOMUCH TOO HARDY.

DUDE was in a rhapsodically enthusiastic mood. Although the weather was exceedingly foggy, he seemed to see his way along the path leading to his Uncle's, where it was his intention to call and execute a small commission. It being the end of the week, his funds were low; nevertheless, a glow of self-conceit cheered him when he thought of what he had already accomplished. After he had received that memorable, but ignominious, blow from practical Farmer PKEHAM, he determined to give up the occupation of scaring crows, and apply himself assiduously to learning. And so far he had done satisfactorily. "I am already pretty good at the classics, Latin particularly." This was, indeed, no exaggeration of the truth, DUDE's extraordinary acquirements in that language now enabling him to think therein with far greater ease than in his native tongue. "I have translated HOMER's *Odyssey* into the Aztec; I know all the *Iliad* by heart; I have done the *Treaty of Shimonoseki* and *Ruff's Guide* into Greek Iambics; SOCRATES, HESIOD, THUCYDIDES, XENOPHON, ARISTOPHANES, and PLATO are more familiar to me than my own name. No one can teach me much in modern or ancient history; I can repeat from memory any chapter of the *Decline and Fall*. As to mathematics, the intricacies of the differential calculus are plainer to me than the added result of $2 + 2$. I could tell EUCLID a thing or two were he alive. My leisure moments—if I have any—are filled in by researches into Esoteric Buddhism. But all this is nothing—the ignorance of babes and sucklings, the mere shadow of a commencement—in comparison with what I intend to accomplish. My ambition is boundless. I even aspire, some day, to fathom the hidden depths of a Meredithian epigram, and to arrive at a

FANCY PORTRAIT.



"COCKY-LECKIE!"

A "BROTH OF A BOY" FOR DUBLIN UNIVERSITY.

"Rara avis in terris Hibernicis."

Majority, 750.

correct reason for the existence of the *cacœthes Hilltopendi*. The first thing, though, is to make money."

Thus musing, he entered his uncle's residence . . . and upon emerging, after the lapse of a few minutes, recommenced his reverie. As soon as he made an income of £5000 per annum, what an example he would set! He would live up to £10,000, and would give away the rest! What would he be? An eminent botanist! No, on second thoughts, botany was absurd! It had never struck him in that light before! He would draw the line at distinction as a landscape gardener!—DUDE now entered a building, and, making his way to the second floor, rang the electric bell beside a door which bore the legend "New Athens Club." He was admitted into a room full of sage-looking personages who were watching—apparently with great interest—a curious machine that stood in a corner of the apartment and gave forth sharp clicking sounds (which always reminded DUDE of his days with the "clacker"). He went up to two men, who seemed to be in authority near the odd instrument, and said "A dollar each way *Thuringia*." Presently the machine clicked more loudly; DUDE looked anxious, and someone called out "*Burton*, first; *Shore*, second; *Lyric*, third." DUDE sighed, and murmured, "I'll be a maker of books before I have done!"

EVEN-HANDED JUSTICE. — Frenchmen used to taunt Englishmen with "selling their wives at Smithfield." Last week, in the Divorce Court, it was proved that such a case had actually occurred; only not at Smithfield. A husband sold his wife for twenty pounds, and gave a receipt. Then the simple man sued for a divorce, which he did not obtain. So the husband, who had sold his wife, was himself sold. And "sarve him right!"

HEROES AND HAT WORSHIP.

HAVE just been to CARLYLE's house. What bliss to reverently touch his table, to feelingly fondle his fender, to hug—if it were permitted—his hat-case! But joy above all other joys, what supreme happiness to gaze entranced at his old hat! Seem to remember some remarks of his about old clothes, and also about the population of this country being "mostly fools." Wonder if that includes devotees like myself. No, it cannot. This is the true Hero Worship. A bright idea strikes me. I will form a museum of such personal relics. What a noble ambition for a lifetime! Will begin at once by asking all the most shy and retiring writers of the present time to give me what must be useless to them, but invaluable to me—some old clothes. Imagine some entries in the catalogue of my future collection.

MR. GRANT ALLEN. A pair of boots, with stout soles, useful for hilltop climbing, and for trampling underfoot anything disliked by the wearer. Worn by the great writer whilst studying art, as though it were science; science, with the light-hearted gaiety of an artist; fiction, as though it should only deal with unpleasant facts; and facts, as though most of them were pleasing fictions.

"GEORGE EGERTON." A pair of goloshes, which enabled the wearer to wade through some mud hitherto left undisturbed.

MR. ERIC MACKAY. A blacking brush, once used for the boots of a Royal Prince, and given to him by a man employed in a royal boot-cleaning room. Inscribed by MR. MACKAY, "My most valued treasure."

MISS MARIE CORELLI. A glove which she wore on her right hand after Royalty had shaken it, and her waste-paper basket, into which she has never thrown anything which she herself has written.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD. A Japanese umbrella. Attached to it is a poem by SIR EDWIN; but this masterpiece is unhappily as in-

comprehensible to an Englishman, since half the words are Japanese, as it would be to a Japanese, since the remaining words are English.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR. The pen with which he wrote his sermons; the pencil with which he drew his cartoons; the Manual of Harmony and Counterpoint, and the Rhyming Dictionary, which assisted him in the composition and writing of his song; his conductor's *bâton*, and a few other personal effects.

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING. The towel which, wetted, he wrapped round his head when trying to understand some of his own recent writings.

CANON MACCOLL. A fez, presented to him by the Sultan as a slight acknowledgement of his efforts to bring discredit on the Armenians and their cause.

Unhappily, it will be impossible for me, or for anyone, to obtain the shirt-collar of SHAKESPEARE, the dress-coat of DANTE, or the high hat of HOMER. I must be satisfied with a copy of what each has written. Perhaps on the whole their writings may be as valuable and as interesting as their clothes.

REELY! REELY!

THE Scotsman says:—

The Queen is largely made up of contributions by ladies, including the Duchess of RUTLAND, the Countess of JERSEY, Lady JEPHSON, Lady FAIRLIE CUNINGHAME, and Mrs. LYNN-LINTON. The other contributors embrace SIR WALTER BESANT and BERT HARTE.

This is very nice and friendly on the part of "the other contributors," and SIR WALTER BESANT and MR. BERT HARTE are possibly to be envied. But sisterly amenities of this kind should not be talked about. As MR. VINCENT CRUMMLES used to say, "it is really astonishing how these things get into the papers."



Auntie. "WELL, EFFIE, DID YOU ENJOY YOUR PARTY LAST NIGHT?"

Effie. "VERY MUCH, THANK YOU, AUNTIE."

Auntie. "AND I SUPPOSE MAMMA WAS THERE TO LOOK AFTER YOU?"

Effie. "OH NO! MAMMA AND I DON'T BELONG TO THE SAME SET!"

THE HOT-WATER BOTTEL.

A Song of Sensible Sensility.

"Our medical advisers say that they see no harm in keeping our feet warm at night in cold weather. A medical journal has absolutely gone so far as to recommend the use of the bed-bottle."—James Payn in "Our Note-Book."

AIR—"The Leather Bottel."

WHEN I survey the world around,
The chills and colds that do abound;
The cramps that wrack the aged limb,
Rheumatics stern, lumbago grim;
Why, let young fools say what they can,
Comfort is good for an elderly man;
So I wish him joy, where'er he dwell,
Who first found out the Hot-Water Bottel!

When blood runs slow in its aged channel,
A nice warm bottle well wrapt in flannel,
Corked tight, in case of a slip or a spill,
Will keep old toes from getting too chill.
It is better far than a warming-pan,
Or a night-cap (of grog) for an elderly man;
So I hope he's cosy, where'er he dwell,
Who first found out the Hot-Water Bottel!

O, what do you say to the prig who mocks
The eider-down quilt or the warm wool socks,
With which an old buffer will cosset his skin,
To keep out colds that none come in?
Well, they may be as wise as old ARISTOTLE,
But they won't rob me of my nightly bottle.
And I only hope they may—not sleep well,
Who turn up their nose at my Water Bottel!

When a chap grows old, as most all chaps will,
His blood creeps slow, and his feet get chill.

He can't, like a whale, put on more blubber,
So he turns to brown-ware, or to india-rubber.
And then he'll find, if he'd fain be warm,
A warm-water bottle will do him no harm.
So I wish him sense—'twill repay him well—
To try, like me, a Hot-Water Bottel!

'PUNCH TO "LOUISA PYNE."

(An English Song for an English Singer.)

[A public appeal is made on behalf of Madame BODDA-PYNE, formerly LOUISA PYNE, who, during a long professional career of 58 years, contributed largely to the pleasure of the British public by her great talents and beautiful gift of song. . . . She did much for English music—in fact, she may be called the foundress of English Opera. . . . She is now 67 years old—a widow, childless, and in failing health. Money losses, caused by no imprudence, now render assistance very useful. Lady THOMPSON will gladly receive donations if addressed to her at 35, Wimpole Street, W.—*The Times*.]

SWEET-VOICED LOUISA PYNE—dashing HARRISON—the popularisation of BALFE's melodious operas—ah! these be pleasant memories for the middle-aged! What old fogey of fifty or thereabout forgets, or desires to forget, the PYNE-and-HARRISON Company, and especially popular "LOUISA PYNE," as an ordinary public loved to call her, *tout court*, who did so much to encourage that "native music" she sang so well, but which had not then so many "fine friends" as it has now? *Mr. Punch* pauses for a reply. None in the negative! Then now's your time, ye grateful middle-aged music-lovers, to "remember," in an active and practical way, the well-loved lady who so often charmed your youthful ears, and should now charm a generous tribute out of your elderly pockets, plumper now, probably, than in those happy, if scarce opulent, hours.

Madame BODDA-PYNE, to whom MICHAEL BALFE, the musical Hibernian genius owed so much, "began her career" (we are told) "at nine years of age, from which date she contributed to the maintenance of her parents, and educated younger members of her family." And now—Oh! inspired by the name of PYNE, by music and pleasant memories, *Mr. Punch* finds himself, like *Mr. Wegg*, only less woodenly and unsympathetically he hopes, "dropping into verse," and putting his earnest appeal into Balfe-like song. He can imagine her who was "LOUISA PYNE," singing, in her modest heart, if not with her melodious lips, words provided for her by *Mr. Punch*, be it understood, in this wise:—

When other lips from other hearts
Their tale of music tell,
And play and pipe, in modern parts,
And pipe and play so well;
There may, perhaps, in such a scene
Soft recollections be,
Of days that have as merry been,
And they'll remember me!

Now coldness or conceit might slight
The songs men used to prize,
Yet memories sweet may quicken light
In other age-dimmed eyes.
Alone, to-day, I ply life's task,
Once friends would flock to see,
In this sad moment I'd but ask
That they'll remember me!

And *Mr. Punch* hopes—and believes—they will.

IN CAMERA.—The case, *Turkey v. Armenia*, is a truly terrible one, almost too horrible for full publicity. But the way in which it has been tried at last, "in camera" (see those hideous, convicting photographs in the *Graphic*), seems as conclusive as universally convincing. The sun, as eye-witness, cannot be doubted.

THE REAL SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

(A Dialogue suggested by Facts and Figures.)

Representative of the London School Board. Now, my lad, that you have passed the highest possible standard, we are going to spend a bit more upon completing your education. You have learned Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Arabic, and Early Egyptain?

Promising Pupil. Please, Sir, I have been taught them.

Repr. And you have learned mixed mathematics?

Prom. P. Please, Sir, I have been taught them.

Repr. And you have learned geology and the other "ologies"?

Prom. P. Please, Sir, I have been taught them.

Repr. And you have learned dancing, painting, drawing, sculpturing, use of the globes, SHAKSPEARE, and the musical glasses?

Prom. P. Please, Sir, I have been taught them.

Repr. And you have learned all things that were not necessary for your father, and all things that will be unnecessary for your son to learn if you have one?

Prom. P. Please, Sir, I have been taught them.

Repr. That's right. And now, can you think of anything else we can squander money upon, as we are determined to finish your education?

Prom. P. Please, Sir, I should like to learn how to spell "dog" correctly, and to add two to two with the prospect of arriving at the correct total.

[Scene closes in upon the Rate-payers, with the prospect of something like one and two-pence in the pound looming in the immediate future!]



AN EYE FOR PROPORTION.

She. "OH, MR. JONES—THOSE TWO LOVELY POEMS OF YOURS IN THIS WEEK'S—A—A—"

He (a poetical star of the seventh magnitude). "YOU MEAN MY TWO SONNETS, IN THE WEEKLY SUNDAY?"

She. "YES. HOW EXQUISITE THEY BOTH ARE!"

He (much pleased). "AND WHICH DID YOU LIKE BEST?"

She. "OH—THE LONGER ONE!"

MEETING OF FAIRY FOLK.

"[The race has outgrown fairy-tales, and to use them for early educational work is practically to bring about a reversion to type. They express the ideas of a profoundly ignorant primitive man. The hero has more often than not to lie, steal, cheat, be an ingrate, to accomplish his ends."—MR. H. HOLMAN, *Inspector of Schools* in the "Educational Times."]

A MASS meeting of Fairy-tale Heroes and Heroines, was held soon after midnight, to "consider the attempt which was being made to undermine their legitimate influence with children, and to turn them out of the nursery." The moonlight was brilliant, and a very good attendance was the result.

Jack the Giant-Killer, having been voted into the chair, remarked that they had met to protest against MR. HOLMAN'S unprovoked attack on them at the College of Preceptors. Expel him from a nursery! He should like to see the man who would attempt it! (Cheers.) He had conquered bigger giants than MR. HOLMAN ever was or ever would be.

[Loud and prolonged cheering.]

Ricquet with the Tuft (who was cordially received) said that his experience of fairies had been so favourable, that he felt bound to add his voice in support of the able remarks of the distinguished Chairman. Was it proposed to abolish them in the interests of science—(hisses)—or of what? To enable children to study the Classics better? Why HOMER was a legendary person. (Cheers.) So he was told. He didn't know HOMER himself. (Laughter.)

The Sleeping Beauty said she was very wide awake (hear! hear!) to the injury likely to be done to her dear friends (cheers) and herself. (Applause.) She had willingly abandoned her professional engagements just for one evening on purpose to show her sympathy.



"An apology was read for the non-attendance of the Fairy and the Frog—[Cheers. Prince.]

CHRISTMAS EXAM.

(Our own Schoolboy, Master Muddler, takes the Prize.)

Question. What is QUEEN ANNE'S BOUNTY?

Answer. This bounty was started by QUEEN ANNE, and means the custom of giving £3 to any clergyman's wife who has three or more babies all at once. This is still done by our Queen, and is much thought of. Twins is commoner, and therefore don't count.

Q. What do you know about the White Ship?

A. The White Ship was founded with a Prince in the Channel, and when they told the King, he was never even seen to smile.

"Young Mother Hubbard."

(To a Lady with a Lap-dog.)

"LOVE me, love my dog!" you say, So I might, if you would let me. But I fear that on that day.

As you pet Flo, you might pet me,

And if with the same result

As upon that wretched poodle, Horror! Feminine puppy-cult.

Makes dog cur, and man—old foodle!

A DISTINCTION AND A DIFFERENCE.—A Wet-bob at Eton after a long pull is sure to be dry, while a Dry-bob after a long innings is invariably wet.

TRADITIONAL SAYING, WITH EXTRADITIONAL APPLICATION, AS TRANSLATED AND ADAPTED BY MESSIEURS RIBOT AND LEFEVRE. —"Ars est celare Arton."

ANOTHER SUGGESTION FOR A FRESCO IN ROYAL EXCHANGE.—Tom Tiddler's Land in South Africa, 1895.

Puss-in-Boots had been asked by the Marquis of Carabas—(cheers)—to express his regret for non-attendance. The fact was the King's daughter was just a little exacting, and he found it hard to get out at night. But he heartily agreed with the objects of the meeting.

Cinderella (who, on rising, was received with a cry of "Sit down!" supposed to proceed from her two jealous sisters) said that she had every season to be grateful to Fairies. (Cheers.) They all knew her story. Well, where could they find a better warning? —("Pish!")—yes, against stuck-up, proud, ugly females? (Laughter and cheers.) She would like to take that opportunity of explaining that she had never at any time worn actual rags, as reported—no number of sisters would have induced her to disgrace herself like that. (Sensation.) It was a second-best dress that she was wearing when— (Cries of "Order!" "Question!" "Conceit!" and uproar.)

The Invisible Prince was understood to say that he did not see why he should never be heard of, as well as never be seen. (Laughter, and cheers.)

Humpty-Dumpty confessed that he viewed the future with no uneasiness. (Cheers.) He was used to falls; and he was able to pick himself up, too—that was why the king's men never picked him up—he wouldn't let them do it, still less the king's horses. (Cheers.)

The Beast said that Beauty had asked him to attend to tell them that she considered fairy-tales were very useful in teaching them natural history. (Cheers.) He had addressed them in his old shape, but now he would take the liberty of changing into the handsome young Prince he really was. (Cries of "Bosh!" "Off!" "Go to he Egyptian Hall!")

Order having been restored, the resolution was put and carried by acclamation.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

DELIGHTFULLY breezy book is H. W. LUCY's *Log of the Tantallon Castle*, kept on board that magnificently comfortable vessel belonging to the Currie service. Commodore LUCY's log not heavy, quite portable, and having been kept out at sea, not a bit dry. The much-travelled and poly-glotical WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE with his book of the words in his hand, playing at hide-and-seek among the cables, ropes, and rigging of the vessel, offered a tempting subject to the buoyant artist MR. SAMBOURNE, who took him then and there, and placed him as the frontispiece of this book, entitling the picture "Bound for the Baltic," and certainly the G. O. M. does look like it, in fact, he has rather more the appearance of being "Bound in the Baltic" than "for" it, and is in such an entanglement, and in so strait a corner, that methinks the cunning designer meant to suggest, with marvellous subtlety, the difficulties in which Mr. G. had found himself, and from which he had so recently set himself free. Is that the interpretation? "Whatever you like, my little dears," will be the cryptographer's reply, "you pays your money and you takes your choice." Then there is another MR. GLADSTONE drawn by E. T. REED: and again is he "cornered"! 'Tis a cheery narrative, but the sea is too calm, the voyage too peaceable, the log-keeper has an easy task ('tis not even "log-rolling" on board) so calm is it; and, except in one fanciful chapter "*permissu Punchii*," it is all plain sailing and simple steaming! Why, O why was there not (imagined) a wreck? Then Mr. G. cast on desert island! Realises Home Rule. Suddenly *Toby* turns up. O marvellous meeting! This *Crusoe-Gladstone* builds hut: *Toby* builds kennel, fetches wood, keeps log. They talk o'er many things as did *Robinson* and *Friday*. Then a sail in sight appears! 'Tis the *Grantully Castle* with the *Tantallon Castle* in tow! One more castle to make "three castles," and all lips to pipe and tobacco! Bonfire signals. The *Tantallon* had not been wrecked, not a man lost! Only Mr. G., plunging into a Swedish Philosophical work, had suddenly got out of his depth, no dictionary at hand to save him, and so had fallen overboard and been washed ashore, followed by ever-faithful *Toby*. In consequence of Mr. G.'s secluded hide-and-seek habits on board, loss only discovered when trumpet sounded for "all in to dress for dinner."



"How did you reach the shore?" inquires Sir DONALD CURRIE-ously. "How?" replies the Ancient Mariner, gaily. "Why—by *Toby's* barque!" Avast heaving, messmates! All hands and legs for a hornpipe, and so merrily to bye-bye. The Baron must add that this log (an excellent companion for a Christmas fireside) is to be purchased at the stores of SAMPSON LOW & Co. A Promising Pupil of the Baron reports to his revered master that *A Lover of the Day*, by ANNIE THOMAS (Mrs. PENDER CUDLIP), is an exceedingly interesting and well-written novel. The Promising Pupil has had a real good time with it. He says that he considers that the sketch of a suburban *ménage*, with which the story opens, is capital, or, as latter-day critics would describe it, "thoroughly convincing." The studies of character are also of excellent quality. It may be fairly acknowledged that all ends happily, for even the reader will be satisfied. The book is well worth including in "the library list," and the Baron's Pupil congratulates the talented authoress upon having added another item to the long list of her successes.



Who is for Ghost Stories, all gathered about the glowing fire, with just enough light for some one to read them out aloud, the Shadows coming out of the dark corners, and hovering over you, intent on listening to what will make them thrill with goblin-like delight, and cause you to huddle closer together in fearful enjoyment? To such, if any there be in these matter-of-fact days, I say, get *The Shadow on the Buns*, and other Stories, written by Mrs. ALFRED BALDWIN, and published in one volume by DENT & Co., a name hitherto associated in most minds with gloves. Just the book for winter time, "When the lights burn low, And the Whispering Shadows softly come and go"—*vide* old song, and trust the recommendation of one who will not be with you probably after Christmas, but who will, even when retired from the Book-keeping Business, be Ever yours, THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

THE IDEAL AND THE REAL.

The Ideal. See Advertisement.

The Real. As Fact.

FINE spacious mansion house to let, in first-class repair.

A MISERABLE, tumble-down, ramshackle building, which its landlord, unable himself any longer to occupy, will charitably let to some unsophisticated member of an inquiring public.

Plainly, but comfortably furnished.

No decent furniture; carpets in holes.

Within easy distance of rail.

Ten miles from anywhere on the Little Peddlington Railway. Trains once or twice daily. None on Sundays.

Finely situated.

In a hole by a swamp.

Magnificent scenery, splendid views.

Three acres of mildewy meadow, and view of asthmatic cow.

Sanitary arrangements perfect.

A pigstye under your nose.

Good society in neighbourhood.

Doctor and wife (ten miles off).

A little shooting may be had.

At clay pigeons; poachers bag whatever game there may be.

Also fishing.

If you wait until Sanitary Authorities purge stream (five miles away).

Hunting in the winter.

Nearest meet fifteen miles off.

Rent extremely moderate to a careful tenant.

In any case about double the value of the property.

STARTLING ANNOUNCEMENT.—In the *St. James's Gazette* last Friday appeared the heading to a paragraph, "*Letter-boxes attached to Lamp-posts.*" The "Loves of the Triangles" are nothing to this. If the attachment is real, and not sentimental, then why shouldn't the POSTMASTER-GENERAL say, "Bless you, my children! Be united! Be happy!"



LATEST FROM CONSTANTINOPLE. — The favourite air at the European concert:—"Songs without Deeds."

MOTTO FOR REPUBLICAN AMERICA.—"*Mon Roe est Mon Roi!*"

NURSERY SCHOOL EXAMINATION.

In reference to the new "preliminary" examination just instituted by the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, a periodical says,—"Henceforth the Universities are prepared to confer 'honours' upon little children of twelve; only the nursery remains unvisited."

The writer is evidently misinformed. A scheme for the examination of children within this domain has already been drawn up. Subjoined are some of the Regulations for Candidates, and a specimen of one of the question papers prepared by the Examiner:—

REGULATIONS.

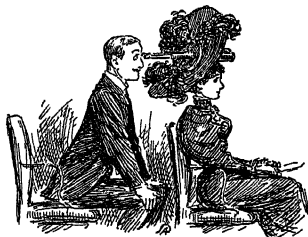
1. No candidate admitted over five or under two years of age.
2. The examination will necessarily be *visà voce*, as few if any of the candidates are likely to know at which end to hold a pen.
3. No candidate will be permitted to enter his, or her, name, unless he, or she, can furnish satisfactory proof that he, or she, can talk. In any case it will be advisable for candidates to bring with them a nurse, or other responsible person, who can understand them.
4. Candidates are cautioned against the dangerous habit of placing anything they may see in the examination room in their mouths; the introduction of feeding-bottles, rattles, woolly sheep, or other articles likely to distract the attention of candidates, is strictly prohibited.

PAPER.

1. Give the literary equivalents of bow-wow, ta-ta, gee-gee, pitty ickle tootsums.
2. Describe the best method, in your opinion, of going down stairs. (Candidates will be required to give later a practical illustration of their acquaintance with this subject.)
3. State the number of fingers you have on each hand.
4. What is your real name? are you ever called anything else? if so, state why.
5. Pronounce B O B, C A T, D O G.

A (MISS) BROWN STUDY.

MISS BROWN, who is a kind of niece to *Charley's Aunt* (her parents are Pa BUCHANAN and MAR-LOWE), is going strong at Terry's Theatre. Apart from the amusing performance of the hero-heroine, Mr. FRED KERR, in the *Kerr-acter* of *Miss Brown* (this is a case in which as the part couldn't be cut down to suit the actor, the actor ought to have been cut down to suit the part), and of Mr. ARTHUR



PLAYFAIR as the somewhat burlesquely dashing cavalry officer *Major O'Gallagher* (without a song! more's the pity!), the piece would be well worth seeing if only for the capital make-up and the well-sustained DAVID-JAMES' like performance of Mr. HERBERT STANDING as *Sergeant Tanner*, the detective; one of the best bits of comedy to be seen just now on the London stage. It is broad without being vulgar;

and, except where the exigencies of farce are supposed to demand some extravagance, it is natural. Mr. L. POWER'S *Irish Servant* is a capital sketch: always funny, never obtrusive.

Very good, too, is Miss EMILY CROSS as the proprietress of Cicero House Academy; and Mr. GILBERT FARQUHAR as *Hibbertson*, the solicitor, gives us one of the best of his character sketches; indeed, if he adopts what may be termed the "Hill-and-Blakely line," and sticks to it, he should be in great demand. Why did the authors select the name of *Miss Schwartz* for the creole pupil at Cicero House Academy? Was it that no better appellation could be found for this dark young lady than the one invented by THACKERAY, namely "*Miss Swartz*," the rich woolly-haired mulatto from St. Kitt's, who fell into "such a passion of tears" when *Amelia* left *Miss Pinkerton's* academy? The authors spell "*Swartz*," "*Schwartz*," which, as will be clear to any unprejudiced mind, makes all the difference in the world, and releases them from any obligation to the author of *Vanity Fair*. *Miss Schwartz* is cleverly played by Miss ADELA MEASOR, and her fury with a dagger hair-pin is something terrible to witness. Here's your health *Miss Brown*, a merry Christmas and prosperity generally.

"AFTER THE DEPUTATION HAD RETIRED."

SCENE—A Private Room opposite the Griffin.

PRESENT—L. C. and L. C. C.

L. C. Well, brother, I think they went away fairly satisfied.
L. C. C. And so they should be. When I was in practice I did not complain. I found no "blook" of business in the Law Courts.

L. C. Nor I either. But then, my dear brother, you must remember that we had a pretty extensive connection amongst the solicitors. We, so to speak, inherited it.

L. C. C. No, my dear Chancellor, it was talent—sheer force of talent with me. And (politely) with you, too!

L. C. You are very kind. Well, I like helping talent—especially when related to myself. Blood is thicker than water.

L. C. C. Yes, and so is "soup," as they used to say at the sessions. But I wonder no one took the hint of "Q.C." Did you happen to see his letter to the *Times*?

L. C. I seldom read the newspapers, but I fancy I did come across something of the sort. Didn't he want us to sit at 10 sharp, instead of at a not too punctual 10.30?

L. C. C. That's the man. And he objected to the intermittent Saturday sitting, and was altogether objectionable.

L. C. What can the profession be coming to when "silk" criticises "ermine"? But he was surely not amongst our recent deputation?

L. C. C. Oh dear no. He never intended to be. In fact, he stated distinctly that he had not the courage of his opinions, and did not expect any of his colleagues of the Inner or the Outer Bar to be any braver.

L. C. I think so, too; and now perhaps the time has arrived for an adjournment with a view to lunch?

L. C. C. I concur in your Lordships' ruling.

[L. C. and L. C. C. take off their wigs, cast away their robes, and prepare to receive chops at the point of their knives and forks.]

EPITAPH FOR A CHAMPION BILLIARD PLAYER.—"Taking his Long Rest."

SHAKSPEARE WITHOUT THE MUSICAL GLASSES.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—No doubt you have seen that *The Comedy of Errors* has been performed at Gray's Inn under somewhat similar conditions to those that existed three centuries ago. In 1594 the members of the hon. society, having none of their body capable of undertaking the task of producing a "revell," called in the strolling players to their assistance, and gave, amidst some confusion, SHAKSPEARE'S comedy. Remembering as I do the great success of *The Maske of Flowers* in 1887, I cannot believe that the hon. society has lost the power of finding members of the Bar able to play *The Comedy of Errors* as well as any one else. I feel convinced that "the Master of the Revels" of that and this period would agree with me. Still, the piece as given last week was worthy of note on account of the absence of scenic accessories and scenic divisions. Were Sir HENRY to adopt the plan, I feel sure he would save many thousands of pounds behind the footlights—whether he would not lose as many more before the curtain is a matter that can only be discussed after the project has been practically tested. To give an opportunity of bringing the matter to an issue, I set down *Becket* as it might be played on the novel principle.

SCENE.—The Green Curtain.

Enter HENRY THE SECOND and BECKET, followed by ELEANOR.

Henry. BECKET, you shall be an Archbishop.

Becket. Thanks, my friend, but I prefer to be Chancellor. If you make me an Archbishop, we shall quarrel.

Henry. So be it, but I will have my way. From this moment you fill the See of Canterbury.

Eleanor. I triumph!

Becket. And now I am Archbishop, I must protect FAIR ROSAMOND, and defy my King.

Henry. You shall do neither.

Becket (bringing in FAIR ROSAMOND). You see how I obey you. On our joint account I defy you.

Eleanor (trying to stab the lady). Thus you die!

Becket. Never! (Wrsts dagger out of QUEEN'S hands.) Baffled murderess!

Henry. Will no one rid me of this pestilent priest?

Three Barons (entering). We will!

Becket. What do you want from me?

Three Barons. Your life!



[They kill him. Curtain.]

Now, the above is not only concise, but fairly intelligible, and, if we are to believe the modern authorities, this was the kind of thing that the Bard of Avon provided for his admirers. Whether he would have done so in our times, had Sir HENRY IRVING accepted one of his pieces, is quite another question. As a good man of business, I fancy the greatest of our poets would have marched with the times and produced something better.

Yours faithfully, SHAKSPEARE TENNYSON SNOOKS.

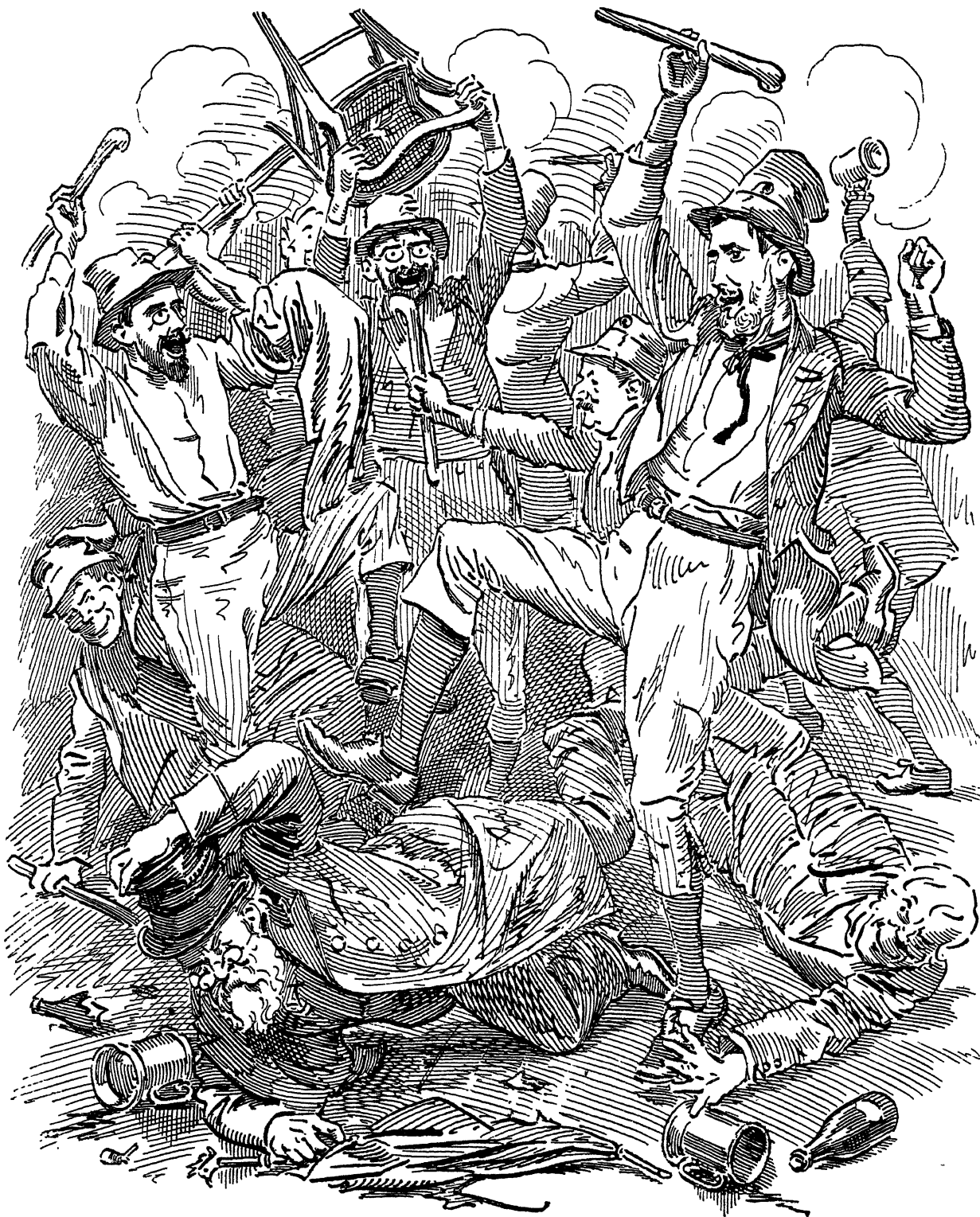
Chaucer Chambers, Peckham.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

ONE of my Baronites reports that he has been reading Mr. WALTER FRITH'S novel *In Search of Quiet*, and can cordially recommend it to those in search of a fresh and pleasant story with a distinctly original literary flavour. It is a study of life and local society in a Berkshire village, told in the form of a journal, with a quaint and delicate humour, a curiously minute observation, and, as the story develops, a power and pathos which should render it attractive. Readers to whom Mr. FRITH is only known as the dramatist of *Her Advocate*, will be agreeably surprised to find how successfully he has resisted the temptation to "bring the odour of the footlights across the hay," to reverse Mr. PINERO'S celebrated phrase.

A youthful Baronitess informs me that Mr. ANDREW LANG has written what he calls *My Own Fairy Book*, all new tales entirely out of his own head! Quite a Pacha of Many Tales! The author is much indebted to certain chronicles of Pantonglia for a true and authentic account of *Prigio's* adventures, and the annals of Scotland provided him with the historical details of the "*Ker of Fairmales*" and the "*Queen of Faery*." His tales are delightfully adorned by GORDON BROWNE, T. SCOTT, and E. A. LEMANN, and published by ARROWSMITH.

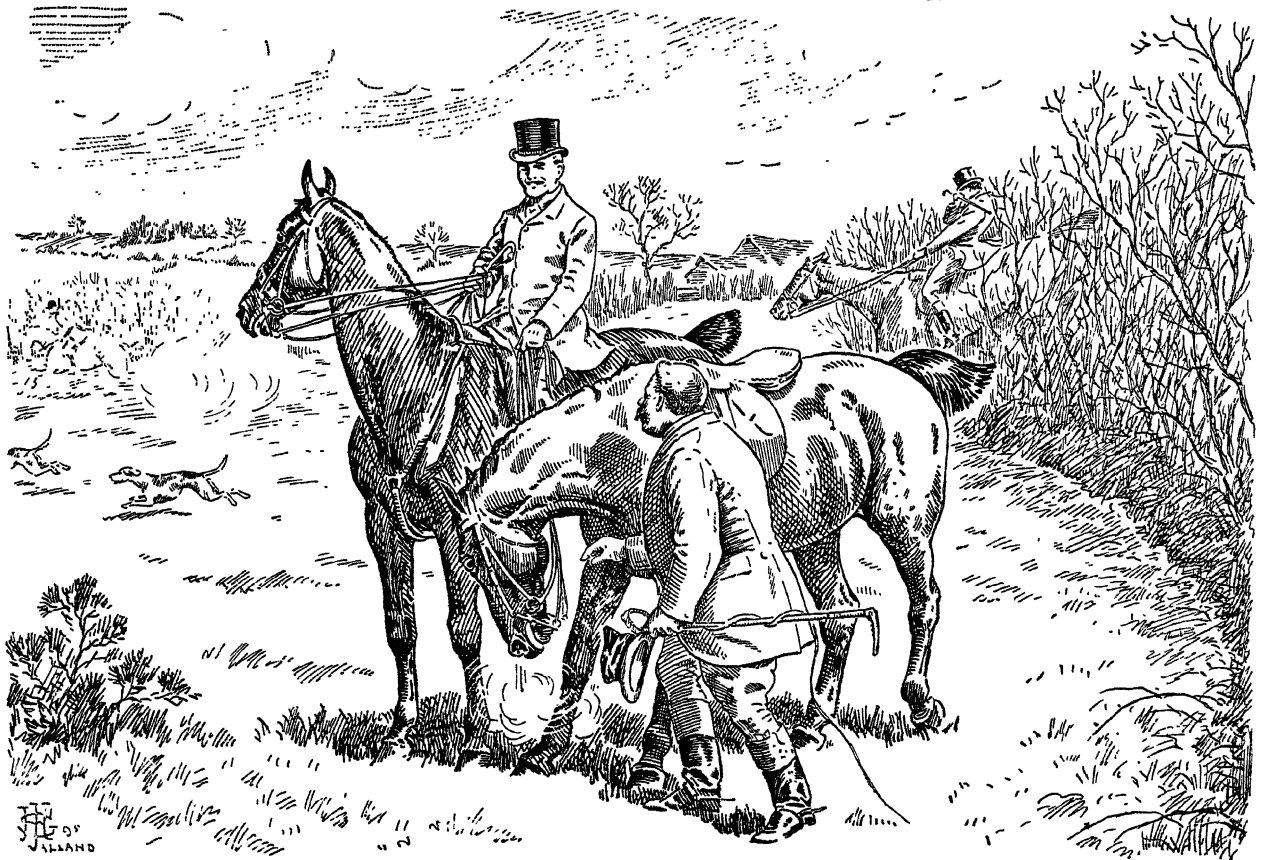
Cards and Calendars, all over the shop! MARCUS WARD'S shop; but a Baronite thinks they've had a slight attack of Yellow-Book jaundice. As to crackers and cossages, we sing "*Vive l'amour!*" Cigars and cognac! Hurrah for the *Cosaque!*" but which is "*the Cosaque*" of the lot not even Messrs. SPARAGNAPANE & Co., the Christmas "*Cosquin Brothers*," could tell us, and they ought to know,—at least, so whispers a little bird from a Christmas Tree to THE MERRY BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.



A MODUS VIVENDI.

"Above all we must try to bring about a thorough reconciliation and thorough unity in the ranks of the Irish Parliamentary Party."

Justin McCarthy on Irish Prospects. "Daily News," Dec. 11.



DISINTERESTED KINDNESS.

Sportsman (just come to grief, to kindhearted Stranger who has captured Horse). "I SAY, I'M AWFULLY OBLIGED TO YOU! I CAN GET ON ALL RIGHT, SO PLEASE DON'T WAIT!"

Kindhearted Stranger. "OH, I'D RATHER, THANKS! I WANT YOU TO FLATTEN THE NEXT FENCE FOR ME!"

ULYSSES AT TAPLOW.

(A Song of Thames-Sirens.)

["Mr. W. H. GREENFELL, of Taplow Court, calls attention in *The Field* to the unnecessary and increasing use of foghorns, sirens, and whistles by launches on the Upper Thames. It is suggested that regulations should be made by the Thames Conservators with a view to checking the nuisance."—*Daily News*.]

SINCE the nymphs are all fled from our Thames,
Which the spirit of prose now environs,
It seems the absurdest of shames
That their place should be taken by—sirens!
Such sirens, too! Voices not sweet,
But husky, cacophonous, raucous;
Compared with their row what a treat
Were the songs of the "daughters of
Phorcu"!

To stop up his ear-holes with wax
Was the dodge of the downy Ulysses,
But *that* would not ward the attacks
Of these modern melodious misses.
Leucosia? Parthenope? Pooh!
Tisiphone's tone, not Ligea's!
Kick 'em out, Mr. GREENFELL, Sir, *do*!
'Tis one of your noblest ideas,
Controlled by some launch-owning brute,
Whom nothing mere decency teaches,
They horribly hoot and root-toot
All about the delicious Thames reaches;
They shriek, and they groan, and they roar,
Up and down till they make your hair bristle.
The launch in *all* ways is a bore,
But heaven save us all from its whistle!

Ah! GREENFELL, you'll gratitude gain
From all who reside by Our River,
Or love it, if you can restrain
The launch, and its victims deliver.
Do make Thames Conservators hear
Your voice through the siren-born shindy.
Their fog-horns and whistles sound drear
As wretched night when the weather is windy.

We might be in the Brocken with *Faust*,
Instead of our well-loved Thames Valley.
Success to you, Sir, in your joust
With red-tape and prolonged shilly-shally!
Against the launch-demon show sport,
Come down on these sirens a thumper,
And, GREENFELL of fair Taplow Court,
We'll drink your good health in a bumper!

MAGNIFICENT—AND WAR
(IF NECESSARY).

THE Channel Fleet has, within the past few days, been strengthened by the addition of the *Magnificent* and the *Majestic*, two of the nine big battle-ships planned and provided for whilst Lord SPENCER was still at the Admiralty. "The modern Muses," Lord SPENCER calls them. Sir UGHTRED KAY-SHUTTLEWORTH was also there, and Sir WILFRID LAWSON says it was after him—or rather in view of his personality—that the ships were thus superbly named. On the *Magnificent*, cheerful "CHARLIE" BERESFORD, in his official capacity at Chatham Dockyard, has bestowed the thought and

labour of two years. What can be done by the unremitted activity of an enthusiastic man of business is shown in the absolute perfection of the condition of the *Magnificent* when, the other day, Vice-Admiral Lord WALTER KERR hoisted his flag, and the crew, eight hundred officers and men all told, gaily tripped aboard. A place for everything, and everything in its place. Decks so spotless that the Admiral might, if he felt disposed, have eaten his dinner off the bare boards. Upon the smallest detail, as on the largest gun—from JOHN PENN's giant-powered engines to the neat coil of spare rope—infinite solicitude had been bestowed. An imposing design loyally worked out. *C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre*, said the French general, watching the charge at Baladava. Our *Magnificent* is war if need be. But the rapidity and certainty with which so terrible an engine has been turned out of the dockyard may, fully considered, be regarded as working for peace. The ship's motto will therefore be, *C'est Magnifique, et c'est la paix*.

HISTORICAL QUERY.—Was the seal recently found in the Thames the one King JAMES THE SECOND dropped into it in 1688?

APPROPRIATE FOR CHRISTMAS.—"The Waits"—represented by "the Powers" in the East.



Old Lady. "NO, THANKS. I DON'T WANT ANY FOR THE GARDEN TO-DAY."
 Boy. "WELL, THEN, CAN WE SING YER SOME CHRISTMAS CAROLS INSTEAD?"

TO CONSTANCE.

(From an Idler to his Lady Help.)

Your charming hand—how many times at night,
 A thousand thousand happy miles from land,
 I bluffed you hard at poker, all to fight
 Your charming hand.

Yes, we were then a merry, reckless band,
 Of all and everybody making light.
 We sailed our summer seas, by light airs fanned,
 The world around seemed very fair and bright.
 Our trip is done. But won't you understand
 How much it cheers me when I see you write
 Your charming hand?

THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.

THE WESTMINSTER PLAY.

A REVIVAL was given on Thursday and Monday last of the *Adelphi*, one of the late Signor P. TERENCE APER's problem-plays. It will be remembered by every student of the drama that the *première* of this clever adaptation from the Greek of M. MENANDER was held at the celebration of the funeral of Field-marshal *ÆMILIUS PAULLUS*, in 160 B.C. We gather from contemporary records that, on this first night, or rather *matinée*, the temporary wooden theatre was crowded to excess, all the leading members of Italian society being present. The audience, as was appropriate to so solemn an occasion, was largely composed of "dead-heads," but a financial failure was averted by the generous

pecuniary support accorded, in pursuance of the custom, by the well-known Consuls, Generals *FABIUS MAXIMUS* and *CORNELIUS AFRICANUS*. A powerful orchestra, consisting of several double Tyrian flutes, was conducted by the most distinguished *maestro* of the day, Signor *FLACCUS*, who plied the *bâton* with marked effect on the backs of his *pifferari*. We cannot quote the cast, as the bill of the play has unfortunately been lost, but the performers were probably only disreputable Tuscan barn-stormers, whose names were scarcely worth preserving. The problem dealt with by the dramatist in his amusing comedy, was the question of educating the heavy Roman father to appreciate the fact that boys will be boys.

THE REAL SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL AGAIN.

(A Peep into the Possible Future.)

SCENE—A Large Apartment. PRESENT—Intelligent Individual. To him enter a Ratepayer.

Ratepayer. Can I see any of the children? *Intelligent Individual.* I am afraid not. Since the abolition of medical certificates—save those issued by the specially authorised doctors—we have had a great deal of sickness.

Ratepayer. Dear me! Then are all the children in their own homes?

Intel. Individ. A great many of them. You see, in serious cases—such as small-pox, diphtheria, and the like—we have no means of dealing with them here.

Ratepayer. But surely their return to their homes would spread infection?

Intel. Individ. So it has occurred to me, but unfortunately I have no discretion in the matter. However, I do my best.

Ratepayer. And what may be that best?

Intel. Individ. If we have light cases, I put them to bed for a few hours, and send them home at the time for closing. It is all I can manage for them, poor little creatures.

Ratepayer. Then those tiny sufferers under the maps and in front of the blackboard are some of your light cases?

Intel. Individ. Yes. We have a few down with influenza, one or two victims to whooping-cough, and three or four sickening (so far as I can judge) for measles.

Ratepayer. Then surely I have mistaken the place. I presume I have entered a hospital and you are the house-surgeon.

Intel. Individ. (smiling). Not at all. This is a board school and I am the master.

[Scene closes in upon the sounds of sic children in dire distress.]

ANSWER TO A CORRESPONDENT.—(1) The sound of the name has misled you. It is spelt "Incas," not "Inkers." And the "Incas of Peru," to whom your inquiry applies, were not journalists. (2) Here, again, sound has occasioned your error. For "Peru's newspapers" you should have understood "Peruse newspapers," implying a command, and involving no allusion to the Press of Peru. N.B.—See that your letters are stamped before posted.

A FOOTNOTE TO HISTORY.—The reign of the Second CHARLES will be ever memorable in the annals of English architecture as the period of the "Wren-naissance."

EXCELSIOR.—Since the French Premier has shaken off his Socialist allies he has been dubbed *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*.

ROUNABOUT READINGS.

ON DIARIES.

In a recent number of the *Spectator* I saw with some amusement a notice of the celebrated Diaries of Messrs. LETTS and Messrs. DE LA RUE under the heading of "Current Literature." Now a diary, when the entries have been made in it, may conceivably be literature; but I must confess that it would not have occurred to me so to describe the blank book which is to receive the daily thoughts of its purchaser. I should as soon expect to find a description of frames under "Pictures of the Day." Who knows henceforth what curious items of intelligence we may not find under "True Stories of Dogs"?

It must be understood, of course, that in saying this I have not the remotest intention to disparage the productions of Messrs. LETTS.



I know perfectly well, on the contrary, that they supply admirably a public want, and no action can possibly be more praiseworthy and honourable than that. All I wish to do is to register a humble protest against the conduct of the *Spectator* in thus wronging literature in order to avoid the trouble of an extra heading. If any one else had done it, one might not have objected so strongly; but, coming from the *Spectator*, the shock was painful. To me, indeed, there had always been something episcopal about that excellent journal. If I personified it, my mind conceived a being in lawn sleeves and invested with a pastoral staff, a sort of Gothic being steeped in the solemn atmosphere of cathedrals, closes and palaces. But if it continues thus

to juggle with the sacred word literature I shall have to degrade it mentally to the level of an ordinary lay-preacher.

To return, however, to the subject of diaries. I can speak with some impartiality on it, for, in spite of the most heroic efforts, I have never succeeded in keeping one for much more than a week at a time, and that was many years ago, in the remote days of my boyhood. Why the keeping of diaries and accounts by their rude, unlettered offspring should give pleasure to parents, I know not; but there are few sons, I am certain, who have not at some time been urged by a father or a mother to make a daily record of their actions, or to tabulate the expenditure of their scanty doles of pocket-money. With girls there is no need for pressure. They rarely keep accounts, it is true; but they all take to diaries as naturally as ducks to the water.

In the matter of accounts, I was firm, and wisely so. How could it have profited me to write, or my parents to read, the most notorious record of my expenses? On two shillings a week (which was, I think, my weekly allowance at that time) you can buy quite a respectable number of jam-tarts, and occasionally you may make a little excursion into the region of ices, or plum cake, or chocolate creams. But I felt, and still feel, that it would have shown a strange lack of judgment on my part if I had set these invariable items down every week, even though they might have been tempered now and then by the purchase of, let us say, a pocket knife, a pot of gum, a bullet mould, or a catapult. Consequently, I never kept accounts, and I fear I never shall.

BUT on the question of diaries I yielded. I came upon the ancient record of my deeds only the other day. Here is the most exciting entry:—"Got up early to fight FREDDIE with bollsters. It was grand. We spoilt both bollsters, and broke the water-jug. It dripped through into Pa's dressing-room. Breakfast. Eggs again. We have too many eggs, and not enough butter. Went out. Fought FREDDIE in stable-yard, and beat him. He howled—I laughed. Had to do bestly holiday task. Read *Copperfield*. In afternoon played stingo, and got F. one on the leg with the five-ball. Took Rover out. No more to-day." For ten days I persevered. Then, apparently, the effort became too much, for the rest of my "current literature" remains a blank.

YET again I made the attempt, but it was not on my own behalf. I had a friend who kept his diary with a religious care, and once, once only, I wrote for him an entry, as I conceived it might be—but not, of course, in the sacred book itself. This was my version:—"Travelled up from Northumberland. A dreadful jolting of the train prevented sleep, and filled my mind with painful thoughts. I found on my arrival at home that there were no letters for me.

Why is this? Surely, surely she ought to have written. But, tush, a manly spirit can best cure such ills. Sauntered into Piccadilly. The street was full of unknown faces: strangers were in all the well-known haunts. Oh, how terrible it is to be alone in this great city. No matter, I must be brave. It would be worse than foolish to give way. In the evening I shook the dust of London from my feet and departed for Oxford."

I WAS afterwards permitted to read the actual entry. This is how it ran:—"Left Newcastle night mail. Dull day in London; lunch at Phlegethon, dinner at Berkeley Restaurant. No one I knew: good job. To Oxford by last train." Nothing more prosaic can be imagined: it just stated the facts sufficiently for reference, and omitted all the sentimentalisms with which my imagination had adorned the entry.

AND, after all, this is the secret of keeping a diary, if one who has never properly kept one may be permitted to give an opinion. Why do you keep it? Not, surely, to register the casual sentiments with which, possibly under the influence of a bottle of generous wine, you embroider your daily life, but in order to state facts as they occurred so concisely and clearly that, looking back in after years, you may reconstruct the scene and live your life over again. It was for this reason and for no other, as Robert Louis Stevenson has pointed out, that the immortal Pepys wrote his diary. He did not foresee publication. His cypher, he believed, guarded him from that. All that he cared for was that many years afterwards he should be able to turn up his beloved diary, and remember by its aid exactly what he did, in whose company, at such and such an hour of such and such a day in his life. He loved himself and all his little life, and wrote its records for himself alone. And thus it comes that we, average men and women of the latter end of the nineteenth century, delight in the true picture of the life of an average man, in the account of his weaknesses, his vanity, his achievements, his disappointments, his jealousies, though the days of his activity were spent more than two hundred years ago.

BUT, to me, priceless above all others, is one little book that I possess, in which a friend had set down briefly the daily events of his life and his engagements in advance. My memory goes back with him to this dinner or that concert, and again we stay together at this or the other country house. They are the barest entries, just a record and nothing more, but my memory fills in the gaps and re-acts the pleasant scenes. For October 26, the entry made in advance is "Jack at Brindisi." But before JACK reached Brindisi the hand that wrote about him was stiff and cold, and the voice that would have welcomed him on his return was silent for ever.

In the mind of every man who has won his way to middle age there is a quiet, sequestered nook peopled with the spirits of departed friends, a verdant, peaceful recess, far removed from the stress and turmoil of daily life. Thence in calm and peaceful moments he can summon forth their shining faces, and be with them as once he used to be. Time can add no line to their brows, they are always beautiful, smiling, and affectionate, young and strong as they were before the shadows closed round them, and they were lapped in alien clay and laid below.

THE REAL EASTERN QUESTION.

Grand Chorus of all the Powers. (Sung sotto voce.)



We don't want to fight. In all lingoos, if we do, We've massed the ships, we've massed the men, we've massed the money too. We've often fought before, we're consistently untrue. The question is, "Who'll have Constantinople?"

THE CORNEY GRAIN MEMORIAL.—Well and wisely done, says *Mr. Punch* to the Committee of the Corney Grain Memorial Fund. They have decided to devote £600 to the establishment of a cot in the Children's Hospital in Great Ormond Street. The rest of the money is to be invested, and the annual interest will form a nucleus for a Corney Grain Children's Christmas Toy Fund in connection with the hospital. Thus, not only will the memory of the genial and large-hearted entertainer be perpetuated, but little sufferers will connect it year by year, as he himself would have wished, with smiles and merriment and joy.



WHY, INDEED!

"MAMMA, DIDN'T THE VICAR SAY THAT THE NATIVES OF GONGALOOLOO WORE NO CLOTHES?" "YES, DARLING." "THEN WHY DID PAPA PUT A BUTTON IN THE BAG?"

CHRISTMAS IN SOMERSET.

(An Invitation to the Farm.)

Good mornin', Mas'r JOHN! Well there,
I zeed ee comin' 'long down road,
But whe'r 'twer you or no—Dear, dear!
'Tis strange like, you be that a-growed!
Ees, nicely thank ee—Missus too,
An' plased to zee ee, I'll be boun',
Were tarkin', were, las' night o' you,
An' hopin' as you mid step down.
'Tis cold, so 'tes—a proper nip,
Do zim like anow, mid be a starm;
But, vrost or no, us do allus kin
A merry Kurstmas down to Varm.

An', if you do be a-minded zo.
Now do ee step down t' our Kurstmas veäst,
I do reckon under mizzletoe
You'll zee arl neighbours, virst and leäst.
Squire zelf be comin', zed her 'ood,
An' Pa'son allus come, no year,

T' zider-wine be tarr'ble good,
Ay, tarr'ble good, zo be, to year.
So plase to try our zider-wine,
'T'cant do ee not the leästest harm,
I'll warr'nt, zo wull, sure 'nough you 'll vin'
A merry Kurstmas down to Varm.

An' singin', too, you mid depen',
'Tis JOE 've a-got the singin' veäce,
You 've a-yeerd his "Never lose a fren',"
Do zim to fair a-shake the pleäce.
An' GARGE'll rubby out a toon
Wi' 's old girt viddle 'gin his knee,
An' zet t' young volk a-dancin' soon,
So purty like 's you ever zee.
An' Missus, her do bid me zay
As us'll gie ee welcome warm—
An' zo us wull, so sure 's the day—
An' a merry Kurstmas down to Varm!

MOTTO FOR BICYCLIST BEGINNERS.—"Non
ri, sed saepe cadendo!"

OPEN CONFESSION;

Or, *The Rhymester's Revenge.*

"RHYME me no rhymes!" the cynic says,
In accents stern and terse;
But I admit my early days
Were given up to verse.

Some say 'tis hard to be a bard,
I did not find it so.
Parnassus in one's own back-yard
Comes easy, don'toherknow.

I'd stretch myself on couch or bed,
And like a blue-fly hum;
And gently rub my chin, or head,
And then the rhymes would come.

I cared not, in my lyric pride,
What *subject* fired my rhymes.
I think I could have versified
A copy of the *Times*.

Like one of those Impressioni-ts
I thought all work was crude
That was not whelmed in muddy mists,
Or could be understood.

And so I rhymed and rhymed away,
As seemed to be my fate;
And felt that I should be, some day,
A Poet Laureate!

Because, whatever theme might flit
Before me, hot-and-hot,
I found I could spin rhymes on it
Much easier than *not*.

But somehow critics had a way,—
And it was very hard!—
Of calling me—*why* I can't say—
A—hang it!—"minor bard."

They'd lump together five or six
Tootlers of tweedledee;
And in that minor-minstrel-mix
They always mentioned Me!

Some of these minor bards were gay,
And some exceeding solemn;
But I was dragged in, any way,
Just to fill up the column.

Now minor critic ways, at times,
Will rile the mildest folks;
And so I gave up making rhymes,
And took to making jokes.

It was not quite so easy, no!
A poet, bard, or scald,
May have a lot of hair, but O,
Your jester's *always* bald!

'Twas not enough to rub my head,
I had to tear and scratch it.
Only six hairs, and they are red,
To-day remain to thatch it.

And now those critics say, at times
I rise to a poor pun;
But that, as minor were my rhymes,
So *minus* is my fun!

De minimis non curat lex!
No, nor the critics either!
But now, their cynic souls to vex,
I rhyme and joke *together!*

And now they swear—their cheek sublime
A saint might well provoke!—
That while my jokings may be rhyme,
My rhymings are no joke!

A CASE OF FIZZ.—The champagne which,
till tasted, most effectually conceals its dry
quality is, of course, *Head-neck*, and that
which keeps its manufacturing secret best is
undoubtedly *Mumm*.



SWAIN-SC

ARMENIA'S APPEAL.

ARMENIA (*Witely*). "GUARDSHIPS! BUT—WILL NONE OF YOU DRAW THE SWORD TO SAVE ME!"

"Armenia is at her last gasp. The work of extermination continues. . . . In the name of humanity and Christianity, save us."—*Fide telegram in "Washington Gazette," December 13.*

SPORTIVE SONGS.

THE CRUEL COMPLAINT OF A CRICKETER.

THE game you couldn't understand
At Lords—asked my advice—
E'en as I took your soft round hand
Your eyes sent such a "tice,"
Your laughing lips with many a pout,
Next challenged me to win;
Yet yesterday I found you out
No longer taken in. [wit,
You scored off me in point of
You caused my slips of style;
If I essayed to make a hit
You bowled me with a smile.
My poor defence 'gainst your attack
Was not an equal match,
For when I dared to play you back
You knew you had a catch.
Last night you cut me at a dance,
"Lost ball!" I madly cried;
To others though you gave a chance,
I never left your side. [doff,
Your colours then I did not
Nor sought my card to fill
Till supper, when you stay'd long off,
While I might long on still.
My wrath you raised to such a pitch
Through all that long, long hop,
That love is now a demon
Must find a long, long stop.
I'll end my innings while I may
The willow wear in peace,
So let another test your play
From off his popping crease!



First Lady. "LOSH, BUT THE DOCTOR WAS GRAN' THE DAY!"

Second Lady. "H'M! D'YE THINK HE IS AS CLEVER AS HE USED TAE BE?"

First Lady (astonished). "CLEVER!—HE'S FAUR CLEVERER, BUT WE DINNA UN'ERSTAN' HIM NOO!"

"BE IT COSINESS."

(By Maw Mereboom.)

WITH gibe and jest, I wrote
my best,
On leaving Alma Mater,
In language quaint defended
paint,
And now disparage Pater.

King GEORGE I chaffed, and
lightly laughed
At 1880 crazes,
In dainty prose I wrote of
hose,
And sang a dandy's praises.

Now London gay I leave for
aye,
A villa I've been buying,
A life-long lease—to live in
peace
The life for which I'm sighing.

Not prince nor CZAR, nor SHAH-
ZADA

(Though gaudy be his turban),
Nor Royal boy can know the
joy
Of cosiness suburban!

All day the news I'll read, and
muse
Of all that was and will be;
If bored I feel, to town I'll
steal,
Once more to witness *Trilby*.

STARTLING INTELLIGENCE!!

—Mr. LECKY, reported as
elected for *Dublin University*
(December 6), is NOT IN
the ninety-seventh edition of
Kelly's Post Office London
Directory for 1896.
"P. O. L. D." out! and
LECKY not in!

STUDIES IN MODERN JOURNALISM.

NO. I.—IN THE TALKING-ROOM.

"WHAT," inquired the Eminent Person, "shall we talk about this week?"

"Oh, the usual subjects," said the Ordinary Man. "Let's begin with the police-courts. We mostly get a paragraph or two out of them. There's always JANE CAKEBREAD, you know, if other subjects fail. We haven't discussed her more than twenty times already."

"I object," said the Poet, firmly. "It's all very well for you. The Journalist studies this kind of thing professionally, the Eminent Person always shows a keen interest in pickpockets, and the Mere Boy can make bad puns on any subject; but where do I come in? Let us choose a topic which will allow me to introduce a few verses—not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith."

"Certainly not," said the Journalist; "the editorial waste-paper baskets are full enough already. No, we'll give our attention to politics. Take the Turkish question, for instance. To begin with a strikingly original remark, let me say that the SULTAN's position is one of some difficulty. To judge by the telegrams—"

"Would be absurd," put in the Ordinary Man. "They are written by Journalists, and all Journalists are liars. You, I believe, are a Journalist."

"For myself," observed the Eminent Person, thoughtfully, "I think we might choose a less hackneyed subject. Perhaps—"

"Hush, please," interrupted the Mere Boy. "It's quite time I made a joke. I always do at the end of a paragraph. Are you ready? Turkey is always seasonable about Christmas. Thank you. Next paragraph, please."

"Is the door locked?" asked the Ordinary Man.

"No," said the Poet, with some surprise, "why?"

* The Ordinary Man rose from his chair, walked across the room, locked the door, stuffed a piece of paper into the keyhole, and returned. "Because I want a little quite private conversation with the rest of you. One of you is a nuisance, and the other three are frauds!"

"Jehoshaphat!" said the Mere Boy.

"You," said the Ordinary Man, looking at him severely, "are the mere nuisance. You make idiotic remarks and atrocious puns. You were amusing once, but we've had enough of you long ago, and the sooner you clear out of the talking-room the better. You other three are frauds—bad frauds. You all talk exactly alike. Mr. Eminent Person, I should be glad to know in what your eminence consists. Your verses, my Poet, are simply beneath contempt. And you, Mr. Journalist, reel off platitudes exactly like the Poet or the Eminent Person, except when you happen to be understudying the Mere Boy. I am sick of the lot of you!"

"Indeed," cried the Eminent Person, with infinite sarcasm; "and how about your own twaddle, please?"

The Ordinary man waved a deprecating hand. "Oh, that is another matter. I only profess to be the Ordinary Man, and I talk like one. Whether it is worth while to print every week the most ordinary remarks of a very ordinary man is, of course, a matter of opinion. But as for you, you contemptible dummies—"

A heavy volume of verse flung by the Poet caught him in the eye. It was the signal for a general scrimmage. Half-an-hour later five men, badly wounded and beaten black and white, might have been seen descending the staircase in silence. They were not on speaking-terms for seven days. Only the Mere Boy, from the force of habit, attempted a final remark to round off the column for that week.

"A Painful Scene," muttered the Mere Boy.

THE END OF THE NEW WOMAN.—The crash has come at last. While we have all been talking, and denouncing, and writing, Society, it seems, has been taking quiet, but decided action. The statute rendering it a penal offence to be a New Woman was passed through all its stages so secretly that no newspaper appears to have had the least inkling of it. However, it is in force, and has been acted upon, for in the *Oxford Times*, of December 7, we read that "the Rev. C. KNIGHT NEWTON, chaplain at Oxford Castle, has been promoted and transferred to the new women's Convict Prison at Aylesbury."



UNSIGNED MAGAZINE ARTICLES.

Keats-Jones. "I SAY, JUST LOOK WHAT SOME ANONYMOUS ASS IN *THE KNACKER* SAYS ABOUT THOSE SONNETS OF MINE, WHICH YOU TOLD ME YOU CONSIDERED AS GOOD AS WORDSWORTH'S!"

Shelley-Brown. "MY DEAR FELLOW, WE'RE IN THE SAME BOAT! YOU KNOW THAT LAST BOOK OF MINE THAT YOU SAID YOU LIKED SO MUCH? WELL, JUST SEE WHAT'S SAID OF IT IN *THE GADFLY*! I WONDER WHO THE FOOL IS?"

[*Keats-Jones is the Author of the "Gadfly" review of Brown's book, and Shelley-Brown writes all the literary notices in the "Knacker."*]

BROWNING AT BROWNING HALL;

Or, Love amongst the (Human) Ruins.

MR. ASQUITH took part, on November 21, in the public inauguration of the Robert Browning Social Settlement, York Street, Walworth Road, a district with more than 115,000 inhabitants, mostly poor, to the square mile. The hall where the meeting was held, known of old as Lock's Fields Meeting House (built in 1790), was once a Congregational chapel in what was long a well-to-do neighbourhood, and was attended by ROBERT BROWNING's family, the poet himself having been baptised there. Mr. ASQUITH well described the business as "an attempt to grapple with some of the most pressing, and at the same time intractable of the social problems of metropolitan life, by planting in the very heart of districts whose necessities were greatest colonies or settlements of educated men and women."

Shade of the Author of "Sordello" sings:—

Can the poet, memory-warmed, do aught but smile
On that mile
Of poverty's scanty pastures, where toil's sheep
Herd and creep,
That square mile of clustering tenement, coster-crop,
And small shop?

'Twas the home once of the well-to-do and gay,
(So they say.)
But the sordid misery settled on it since
Makes me wince.
Chokey court, o'er crowded labyrinth spreading far,
Toil and jar!

Now the square mile hardly boast a spindly tree,
As you see.
Slime and slop replace old verdure; offal fills
Gutter-rills,
Muck you scarce can give a name to shames the sun,
As they run.

Where the Congregational Chapel which I knew,¹
Well-to-do,
Stood, they now have got a building which they call
Browning Hall!
Whence at eve you hear the husky coster squalls
From their stalls.

Where a multitude of cits breathed joy and woe,
Long ago,
Love of fellows pricks the hearts up of a few,
Brave and true,
To make a "Social Settlement," called, I see,
After me!

Well! It does me truer honour, I protest
Than the quest
Of my minor mystic meanings, cryptic, crude,
By the brood
Of "disciples" who at meetings Browning-Clabbish
Talk such rubbish!

HERBERT STRAD, the worthy warden, plies the task, with
Aid from ASQUITH;
It was tireless Canon BARNETT put in motion
This good notion,
Though some chaffed him, as the votaries of Pcoh-Pcoh
Always do.

For "respectables" to settle in such slums,
Where toil hums,
And to dwell amidst much dirt and noise and vice,
Is not "nice";
And Walworth is no Eden (with *such* smells),
For bland swells!

But here Culture, in the spirit of true neighbour,
Lives with Labour;
And with wisdom, love, and unsectarian piety,
Lends variety
To that gloom which for poor workers and their wives
Spoils their lives.

There are lectures, classes, clubs, "larks" not a few,
Outings too!
In- and out-door recreation they all share,
For their care
Is to "chum-in" with poor folk in grief or joy,—
Girl and boy!

Well, a Walworth chap may not quite grasp *Sordello*,
Poor, good, fellow!
But the author of *Sordello* hath the whim
To grasp him;
And for Hall and Settlement to bear his name,
He holds fame!

With this Robert Browning Social Settlement
I'm content.
Over poverty, pain, folly, noise and sin,
May they win.
As I sang, despite wit, wealth, fame, and the rest,
"Love is best!"*

* Last line of BROWNING'S "Love among the Ruins."

GOOD OLD TIMES REVIVED, AND A SUGGESTION.—Years ago, The Finding of the Body of HAROLD used to be considered the subject *par excellence* to be tackled by all aspirants for Royal Academical honours. Now it is "*The Finding of Moses*" which has procured a gold medal and travelling studentship of £200 for HARRY ROBERT MILCHAM. The fact of this picture having won the first prize at the hands of Sir FREDERIC LEIGHTON, P.R.A.,—whom Mr. Punch welcomes back again, as perfectly restored as a Vandyok at an exhibition of Old Masters,—should suggest to the successful young artist a companion subject in "*The Finding of the Jury*."

STARTLING!—The Marquis of LORNE has been taken up by A. Constable,—that is, his Lordship, as an Author, has been taken up by Messrs. A. CONSTABLE & Co., who have published the Markis's book *From Shadow to Sunlight*.

George Augustus Sala.

BORN, NOV. 24, 1828. DIED, DEC. 8, 1895.

Most graphic picturer of the Passing Show

We wayfarers call Life, he passes too,
Midst sorrow's requiem reverent and low;
He who knew all, and whom the whole
world knew.

The curtain falls upon the pageant strange
He loved, and limned in its most striking
phases,

"The world's great raree-show," whose motley
range,

Its wars, its fêtes, its courts, its crowds,
its crazes,

His keen eye followed, his quick pencil caught,
In all its surface tints and shifting humours,
That wondrous pageant with quaint follies
fraught,

And echoing to strange voices and wild
rumours.

Incarnate echo he, of year, week, day,
Or Dionysius-ear through which there
sounded

An Age's gossip genial, graphic, gay;
And though that Age with *ana* has
abounded,

His will be missed; and that distinctive voice,
Trenchant, inimitable, quaint, strong-
hearted,

At which, in youth, we elders did rejoice,
And from whose spell we never wholly
parted,

Many will long remember and regret.
Twice Round the Clock in London years
ago.

He, and McCONNEL, took us. Even yet
We feel the graphic warmth, the humorous
glow,

Of many a well-told story, vivid sketch,
And rambling gossip in that young-old
time,

When it required, in sooth, less force to fetch
Praise to our lips for passing prose or
rhyme.

When *Household Words*, with plain, un-
pictured pages.

Moved by "the Master" and his "merry
men,"
Came to us as the voice of wits and sages.

Well, quidnuncs tell us 'tis not now as then,
Nor is it, verily, since we now are plumbing
A more profound and pessimistic day,

Sadder, and far more shrieky, more be-
numbing

To instinct genial, and to impulse gay.
But memory will not, cannot doff it wholly,
The poor old motley now so out of
fashion;

Nor yield to the new modish melancholy,
Muddy profundity and monstrous passion.

To deal with DICKENS as a fallen Dagon,
And with his "boys" as a mimetic rush,
Old mirth as born of folly and the flagon,

And old humanities as bleat and gush,
May please our younger "lions" when they
bray,

But the "young lions" of GEORGE SALA's
prime,

Roared, in the *Daily Telegraph*, their day,
Whereat let whoso will tilt nose sublime.

Punch parts with an old friend in kindly
sorrow,

Losses an old contributor with grief,
And trusts his kindred solace sure may
borrow

From knowledge that his fame is green of
leaf,
Although the days seem dry-as-dust and
dreary.

For there be many in the haunts of men
Who'll miss the gossip gay, the wisdom
cheery.

That fell for forty years from SALA's pen.

ANAGRAM.—"Sala" . . . "Alas!"



HER FIRST PLAY.

Mamma (who has taken *Miss Effie*, as a great treat, to a morning performance). "HUSH, DEAR! YOU MUSTN'T TALK!"

Miss Effie (with clear sense of injustice, and pointing to the stage). "BUT, MUMMY,—THEY'RE TALKING!"

TO A WESTERLY GALE IN LONDON.

HALL, western wind which blows away
The fog, of all things most depressing;
You are, on any winter day,
A blessing!

And if instead of rain you bring
Some sunshine to this sombre city,
In praise of you we well may sing
A ditty.

You dry the streets, O welcome breeze!
No fog, no mud, no pavements alimy,
And London thus at times one sees
Less grimy.

We almost think of country, you
Blow through the streets, dark, stuffy,
narrow,

With fresher air that comes from Kew,
Or Harrow.

Forgive me if, when praising such
A benefactor, I should mildly
Suggest that you might do as much
Less wildly.

In London, though a cyclone blows,
Sou' westers aren't considered proper;
One must be neat—By Jove, there goes
My topper!

COMPARISON. — "Ah!" quoth our own
School-boy, "I dare say Christmas in the
olden time was very jolly. I'm no *laudator
temporis acti*. Both the Christmas Past,
What I like is the Christmas Present,—and
lots of 'em."

JOTTINGS AND TITTLINGS.

(By BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.)

NO. I.

WHEN I first received intimation from the supernal and spanking hand of Hon'ble Mr. Punch, that he smiled with fatherly benignity at my humble request that he should offer myself as a regular poorly-paid contributor, I blessed my stars and was as if to jump over the moon for jubilation and sprightfulness.

But, heigh-ho! *surgit amari aliquid*, and his condescending patronage was dolefully alloyed with the inevitable dash of bitters which, as Poet SHAKESPEARE remarks, withers the galled jade until it winces. For with an iron heel has Hon'ble Mr. P. declined sundry essays of enormous length and importance, composed in Addisonian, Johnsonian, and Gibbonian phraseology on assorted topics, such as "Love," "Civilization," "Matrimony," "Superstition," "Is Courage a Virtue, or Vice Versa?" and has recommended me instead to devote my pen to quite ephemeral and fugacious topics, and merely commit to paper such reflections, critical opinions, and experiences as may turn up in the potluck of my daily career.

What wonder that on reading such a *sine quâ non* and ultimatum my *vox faucibus hæsit* and stuck in my gizzard with bashful sheepishness, for how to convulse the Thames and set it on fire and all agog with amazement at the humdrum incidents of so very ordinary an existence as mine, which is spent in the diligent study of Roman, Common, International, and Canonical Law from morn to dewy eve in the lecture-hall or the library of my inn, and, as soon as the shades of night are falling fast, in returning to my domicilium at Ladbroke Grove with the undeviating punctuality of a tick?

However, being above all things desirous not to let slip the golden opportunity and pocket the sinews of war, I decided to let my diffidence go to the wall and boldly record every jot and tittle, however humdrum, with the critical reflections and censorious observations arising therefrom, remembering that, though the fabulous and mountain-engendered mouse was no doubt at the time considered but a fiasco and flash in the pan by its maternal progenitor, nevertheless that same identical mouse rendered yeomanry services at a subsequent period to the lion involved in the compromising intricacies of a landing-net!

Benevolent reader, *de te fabula narratur*. Perchance the mousey bantlings of my insignificant brain may nibble away the cords of prejudice and exclusiveness now encircling many highly respectable British lions. Be not angry with me therefore, if in the character of a cursed but good-natured friend, I venture on occasions to "hint dislike and hesitate disgust."

The majestic and magnificent matron, under whose aegis I reside for rs. 20 per week, is of lofty lineage, though fallen from that high estate into the peck of troubles, and compelled (owing to highly social disposition) to receive a number of small and select boarders.

Like *Jephthah*, in the play of *Hamlet*, she has one fair daughter and no more, a bewitching and well-proportioned damsel, as fine as a fivepence or a May-day queen. Notwithstanding this, when I summon up my courage to address her, she receives my laborious politeness with a cachinnation like that of a Cheshire cheese, which strikes me all of a heap. Her female parent excuses to me such flabbergasting demeanour, on the plea that her daughter is afflicted with great shyness and maidenly modesty, but, on perceiving that she can be skittish and genial in the company of other masculines, I am forced to attribute her contumeliousness to the circumstance that I am native gentleman of a dark complexion.

In addition, I have the honour to inform you of further specimens of this inurbanity and bearishness from officials who are perfect strangers to the writer. Each morning I journey through the subterranean bowels of the earth to the Temple, and on a recent occasion, when I was descending the stairs in haste to pop into the train, lo and behold, just as I reached the gate, it was shut in my nose by the churlishness of the jack-in-office!

At which, stung to the quick at so unprovoked and unpremeditated an affront, I accosted him severely through the bars of the wicket, demanding sarcastically, "Is *this* your boasted British Jurisprudence?"

The savage heart of the Collector was moved by my expostulation, and he consented to open the gate, and imprint a perforated hole on my ticket; but, alack! his repentance was a day after the fair, for the train had already taken its hook into the Cimmerian gloom of a tunnel! When the next train arrived, I, waiting prudently until it was quiescent, stepped into a compartment, wherein I was dismayed and terrified to find myself alone with an individual and two lively young terriers, which barked minaciously at my legs.

But I, with much presence of mind, protruded my head from the window, vociferating to those upon the platform, "Let out! Let out!! Fighting dogs are here!!!"

And they met my appeal with unmannerly jeerings, until the controller of the train, seeing that I was firm in upholding my dignity of British subject, and claiming my just rights, unfastened the door,

and permitted me to escape; but, while I was yet in search of a compartment where no canine elements were in the manger, the train was once more in motion, and I, being no daredevil to take such leap into the dark, was a second time left behind, and a loser of two trains. Moreover, though I have written a humbly indignant petition to the Hon'ble Directors of the Company, pointing out loss of time and inconvenience through incivility, and asking for small pecuniary compensation, they have assumed the rhinoceros hide, and nilled my request with dry eyes.

But I shall next make the further complaint that, even when making every effort to do the civil, the result is apt to kill with kindness; and—as King CHARLES THE FIRST, when they were shuffling off his mortal coil, politely apologised for the unconscionable time that his head took to decapitate—so I, too, must draw attention to the fact that the duration of formal, ceremonious visits, is far too protracted and long drawn out.

Crede experto. A certain young English gentleman, dwelling in the Temple, whose acquaintance I have formed, earnestly requested that I should do him the honour of a visit; and recently, wishing to be hail fellow well met, I presented myself before him about 9.30 A.M.

He greeted me with effusion, shaking me warmly by the hand, and begging me to be seated, and making many inquiries, whether I preferred India to England, and what progress I was making in my studies, &c., and so forth, all of which I answered faithfully, to the best of my abilities.

He greeted me by fits and starts and *longo intervallo*, yet displaying so manifest and absorbent a delight in my society that he could not bring himself to terminate the audience, while I was to conceal my immense wearisomeness and the ardent desire I had conceived to leave him.

And thus he detained me there hour after hour, until five minutes past one P.M., when he recollected, with many professions of chagrin, that he had an appointment to take his tiffin, and dismissed me, inviting me cordially to come again.

If, however, it is expected of me that I can devote three hours and a half to ceremonial civilities, I must respectfully answer with a *Nolo episcopari*, for my time is more precious than rubies, and so I will beg not only Mr. HONEYBALL, Esq., Barrister-at-law, but all other Anglo-Saxon friends and their families, to accept this as a *verbum sap.* and wink to a blind horse.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.—Encouraged by the success achieved by his sprightly account of a recent adventurous voyage to the Cape, Baron FERDINAND DE ROTHSCHILD, M.P., is engaged upon a more important literary work, which, when completed, will inevitably find itself in competition with what is, perhaps, the best known book published in the reign of JAMES THE SECOND. The first essay in literature was printed for circulation among the Baron's personal friends. It is to be hoped that his *magnum opus* may reach even a wider circle.



"Let out! Let out!!"



SCENE FROM SHAKSPEARIAN PANTOMIME.

"WHERE GOT'ST THOU THAT GOOSE?—LOOK!"—(*Macbeth*, Act V., Sc. 3.)

EGO!

["Personal reminiscences are to-day all the rage."—*Vide Daily Press*.]

To begin with, I must make an apology. In my character of autobiographer I apologise to him who (seeing how illustrious and important a man I am) would have been deputed, or would have deputed himself, to write—after my dissolution—the record of my life. I "spoof" him—to use a latter-day term—by setting down in an *ere perennius* form my own reminiscences.

I beg his pardon for this act of spoofery.

If there is anything to be made, peculiarly, from the recorded events of a career more or less—I know *more*—distinguished, *coram publico*, let that profit "say I" fall into his hands whose few years' course of usefulness may be thought worthy of recapitulation.

I consider the events of my past years sufficiently important. My would-be biographer, I am told, is of opinion that there is in my career matter sufficiently interesting to be handed down to posterity. I therefore sit down to write my own biography *myself*. I am extremely sorry for my would-be biographer, but following the advice of the immortal Scotchman, SAMUEL SMILES, I *help myself to myself*, and rejoice

that, after the completion of this volume, there will be *nothing more to be said on the subject*. That, *in once*, settles the biographer. There is nothing more harrowing to a respectable Shade than the idea that some corporeal nonentity is writing, or about to write, a six-shilling *post-mortem* (!) dissertation upon his embodied existence.

My life has been an arduous one, and though, as I have reason to believe, no one has ever had occasion "to write me down an ass," I have excellent reasons for thinking that this volume will be generally found *bound in calf*.

In the following chapters I have taken pains to deal with incidents in my life which, according to my conception, I fancy to be of some interest to the reading public. Thus early days in the nursery, tantrums and spankings, surreptitious birdnesting expeditions, and wading in the duck-pond. My first (and last, of course) white lie, and its consequences. A precocious pipe, elementary erudition, and the mastery of "tears without learning." Am sent to Cheam School, thence to Eton College, where am stigmatised as a blockhead, and rapidly introduced to the Warre Office, &c., &c. [*And to waste-paper basket. To be discontinued.*—Ed.]

[THE CHRISTMAS-KEEPER'S VADE MECUM.

(Cynical Version.)

Question.—What is your opinion of the Merry Season?

Answer.—That, "as it cannot be cured, it must be endured."

Q. Then you do not consider it jovial?

A. Certainly not, with its bills, colds, and sad memories.

Q. Are not children's parties pleasant?

A. Only to the doctors, who take a professional interest in the results of gormandising and over-excitement.

Q. Do you not think that a family gathering is delightful?

A. Only from a humorous point of view. It is certainly grimly amusing to see relatives who meet but once a year at loggerheads.

Q. But is a quarrel inevitable when kinsman meets kinsman?

A. Certainly; unless strangers are present to preserve appearances and the peace.

Q. Is there not poetry in the turkey, roast beef, and plum pudding?

A. Scarcely. Indigestion would be nearer the mark.

Q. And yet you would keep Christmas?

A. In my own way. I would carefully forget all about it, and spend the last days of December either in Paris or at Brighton.

Quoth Dunraven "Nevermore."

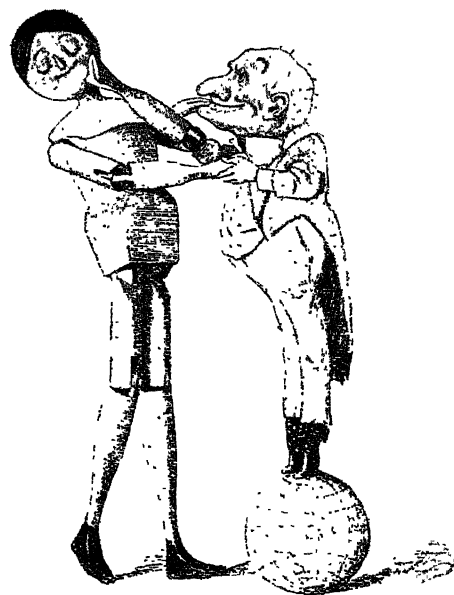
[It is reported in yachting circles that Sir GEORGE NEWNES will challenge for the America Cup next year.]

O! BOLD Sir GEORGE, be warned by me,

And stay your eager hand!

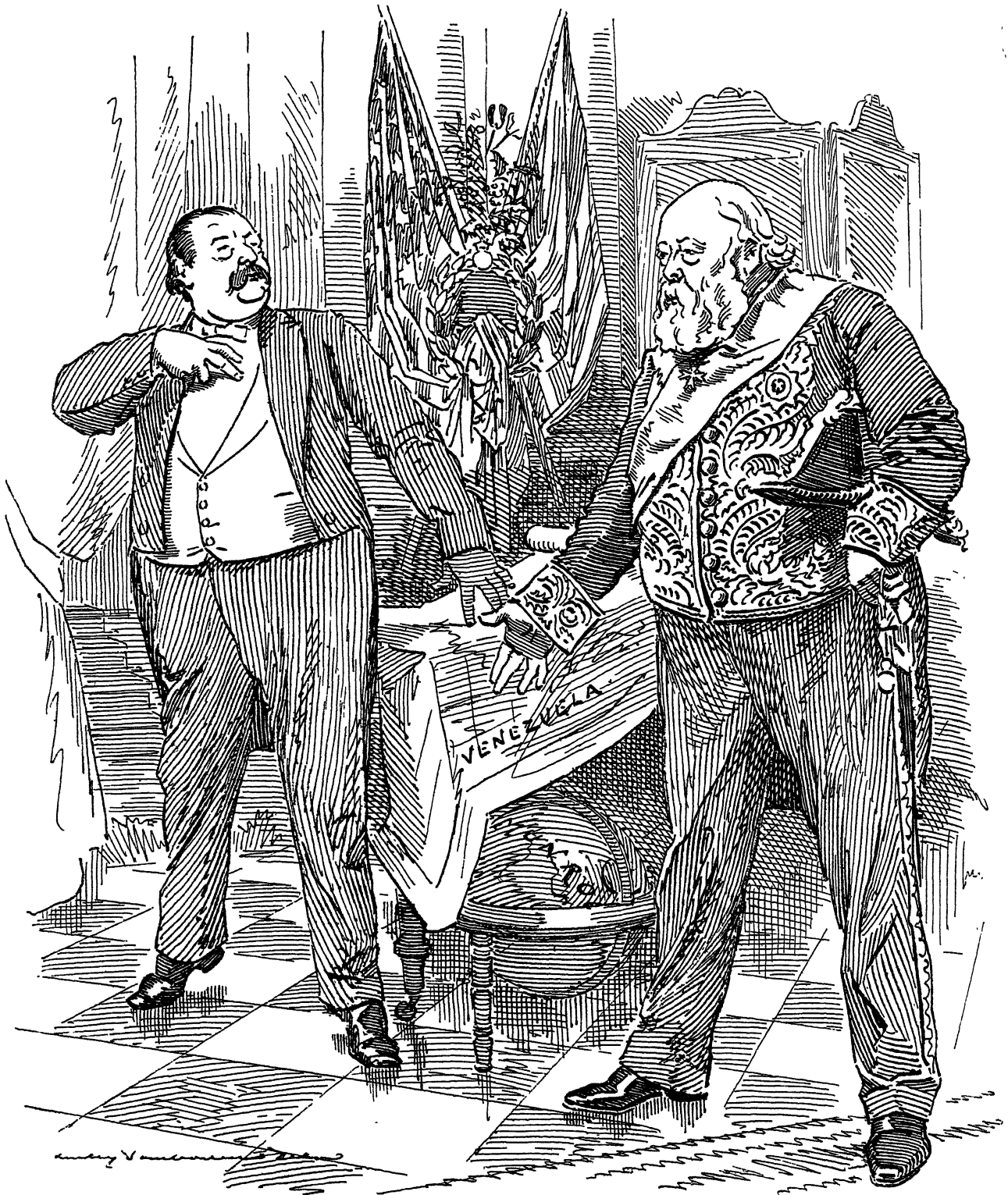
Don't waste your Tit Bits on the sea,

But cleave unto the Strand!



UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

MR. PUNCH AND MISS DOLLY



"THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON!!"

President Cleveland. "WAAL, SALISBURY, SIR, WHETHER YOU LIKE IT OR NOT, WE PROPOSE TO ARBITRATE ON THIS MATTER OURSELVES, AND, IN THAT EVENT, WE SHALL ABIDE BY OUR OWN DECISION."

["An inquiry (as to the true divisional line between the Republic of Venezuela and British Guiana) should, of course, be conducted carefully and judicially. . . . When report is made (by a Commission appointed by Congress) and accepted, it will, in my opinion, be the duty of the United States to resist by every means in its power, as a wilful aggression upon its rights and interests, the appropriation by Great Britain of any lands," &c., &c., "which after investigation we have determined of right to belong to Venezuela."—*President Cleveland's Message to Congress, vide "Times," Dec. 18.*]

STUDIES IN MODERN JOURNALISM.

No. II.—AT THE SIGN OF THE SNIP.

To return once more to a very interesting topic, I picked up at a second-hand book-stall the other day a curious little temperance tract, by a M. FUMISTE, of Paris. Now he asserts in it that JEANNE D'ARC was a rabid teetotaler, and that she made all her followers wear blue ribbons, a theory which is of the utmost importance. But can we believe it? One must remember that almost all the great warriors used to drink—wisely, of course, and not too well—before battle. Thus did ACHILLES and MICKY FREE, and the celebrated Aztec general, ASCEMPATOHL— they all “took their whack,” like Mr. HARRY FOKER, and why not the soldiers of LA PUCELLE? There is plenty of hard drinking, too, in the Sagas. Anyhow, M. FUMISTE's argument hardly seems convincing. Then he attempts to prove that the Maid liked her eggs hard boiled. Well, that is too big a question for me to go into now, but I hope to say a little about it in my next six monthly instalments.

Now let us talk a little about the dear spooks. Here is an interesting and well-authenticated story of second sight. Mrs. A., a widow living in Devonshire, fell asleep in her chair one morning, and dreamed that she saw her son, B., who was in London at the time, fall into the Serpentine. Directly she awoke she jotted down the hour (1.15 P.M.), and told her dream to the other members of her household. Now comes the strange part of the story. At that very moment, as it afterwards proved, B. had been eating pigeon-pie in a Fleet Street restaurant. The association of ideas peculiar to the sub-conscious self is thus strikingly illustrated, and the whole story is a very remarkable one.

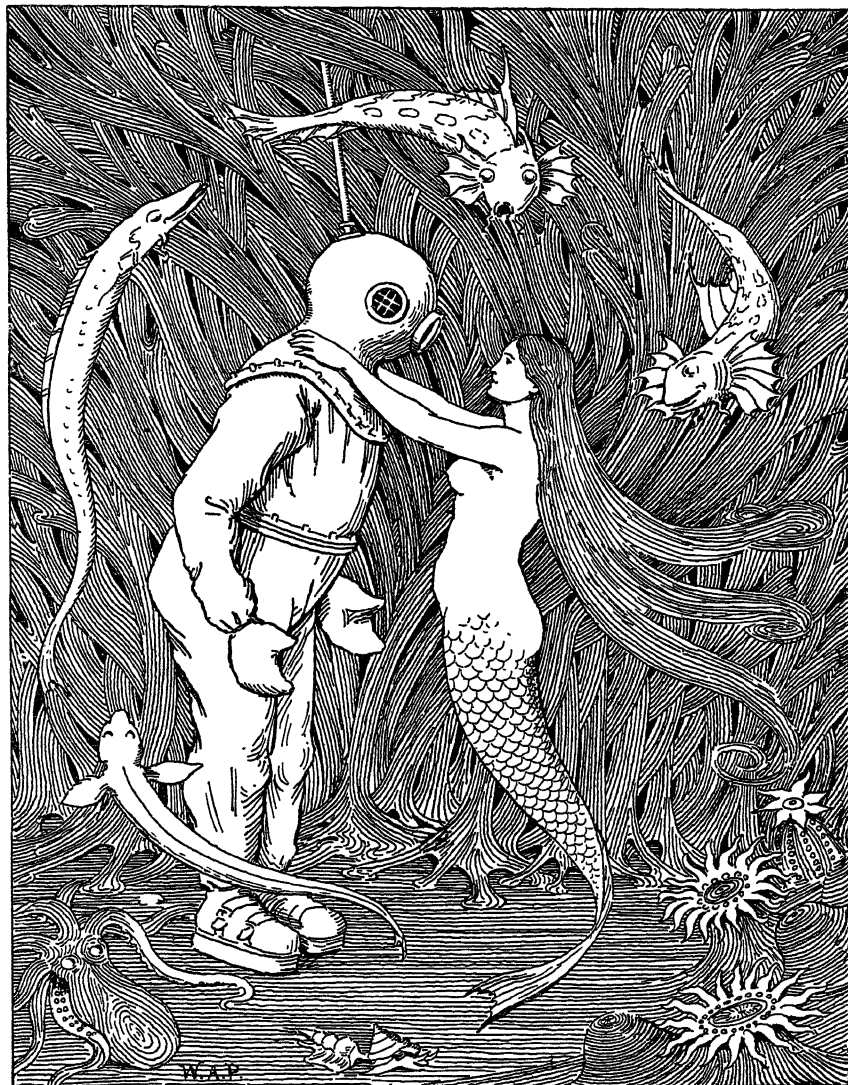
If one may praise a book which has refreshed a reader weary with the ordinary novel, let me recommend you to read *Usquebagh, the Red Indian*. It is only nine hundred pages long, and there are full descriptions of three battles in the first five chapters, in which about five hundred people are killed. The whole volume reeks of gore, and the accounts of the scalping are bravely done. This is, indeed, the true Romance, and what a pleasant change from the New Pathos, and the New Humour!

SOMEBODY has been sending me verses again, and I wish they wouldn't; I always mislay the stupid things; and then the authors—*genus irritabile!*—are vexed. And these aren't even good verses; they are not about Prince CHARLIE, or salmon-fishing, or golf; the only subjects worth a cent., as Mr. W. D. HOWELLS would say. In fact, they are so bad, that I prefer to give some of my own instead.

Ballads of bogies and books,
Paragraphs witty and deep,
Subtly allusive, and highly conducive
To calm and enjoyable sleep,
Scorn of the decadent scribes
(Whose works you are bidden to skip),
And praise of the writing with plenty of fight—
Are sold “At the Sign of the Snip.” (ing,

Homer and Æschylus here,
With Haggard and Weyman you'll find,
Versions of Horace with tales of Tom Morris
Are sweetly and neatly combined;
If *jeux d'esprit*, juggling, or Joan,
Can please you, with confidence dip
In the excellent pages for those of all ages,
Entitled “The Sign of the Snip.”

A. L.-NG.



SCENE FROM A SUBMARINE PANTOMIME.

TANTALISING POSITION OF A SUSCEPTIBLE DIVER.

THE MESSAGE.

A Highly Seasonable (American) Version of a Popular Song.

President Cleveland sings:—

I HAD a Message to send it,
The Congress, which so snubbed Me;
But I had my term to finish,
And then the elections! See?—
My prospects at those elections
Were O, so far from clear!
So methought I'd say to the Congress
What I reckoned it wished to hear.
I had a Message to send it,
And I thought I could hardly fail,
To that applause from both sides,
If I—"twisted the Lion's tail,"
The British Lion's tail!

If I based it on Free Trade fancies,
Or that Behring's Award, I guessed
I should raise the national dander:
More right will not pay—out West.
The true Yank Spread-Eagle, scorning
All limits, must soar and soar;

If its pinions seem faint or flabby
Its keeper will get what-for!
I cried in my passionate longing,
"Has the earth no angel-friend
Who will whisper the sort of Message
It will suit me best to send,
Pay my Party-best to send?"

Then I heard a strain of clamour,
So swagger, so loud, so clear!
It came from our Yankee Jingos,
And I listened—you bet!—to hear.
It came, like our Eagle, rushing,
Abusing all British things,
And I skillfully laid my Message
On good old Spread-Eagle's wings.
I watched them spread farther and farther,
(My Monroe doctrine to teach;)
Farther than sense can follow,
Farther than right can reach,
Far, far, far-ther!

And I know that at least *this* Message
Will echo from State to State;
For I've twisted the tail of the Lion,
And—well, I'm content to wait!
As the Lion (I reckon) will wait!

PHIL AND JERRY ABOUT TOWN.

AT "LE BOXE."

By the device of plastering his hair straight down over his forehead, PHIL succeeds in investing himself with a certain meretricious respectability. He says he has been taken for a monk, but that must have been in the dusk. JERRY has a profound respect for PHIL, who, he believes, knows London Life with a minuteness equalled by few.

"I'll show you round some night," PHIL had often said to his friend, but had not descended to particulars. Now he had proposed to begin with what he called a visit to "a glove establishment." When he explained that this meant a boxing match, JERRY felt a cold chill in the neighbourhood of his spine.

"Do they hurt each other?" he inquired.

"Not much," said PHIL. "There's a knock out occasionally, you know, but you'll soon get used to that."

JERRY had often heard of "knock outs" at mock auctions, and though he did not clearly see the connection, it was all part of London Life. The evening opened under the best auspices. They dined at JERRY's club, perhaps the most respectable in London. At the table next to theirs sat a bishop, "eating soup like an ordinary man," as PHIL remarked. JERRY reflected with pride that PHIL didn't know everything. Evidently he expected there was a well-defined episcopal fashion of eating soup. JERRY was conscious of a certain criminal elation foreign to his breast. "If he only knew where we are going after dinner!" he murmured.

Incidentally PHIL mentioned that, when dining alone in his den, he usually drank his wine out of a skull.

"Do you ever," asked JERRY, with vague recollections of doings at Newstead Abbey in Lord BYRON's time, "drink blood out of it?"

"Sometimes," said PHIL boldly.

When PHIL and JERRY reached the Temple of the Noble Art they found it crowded to the outer ring of chairs and benches. Most of the spectators were in evening dress. Every one was smoking. JERRY at first thought they had tumbled into a fog. Looking down from the gallery he made out a square platform, covered with white cloth and roped in. It was a great night in the sporting world. A popular manager was taking his benefit, and the Fancy flocked round him.

"You're in luck," said PHIL. "It isn't often you might drop in and find such a galaxy of talent. You'll see PETER JACKSON, champion of the world; DICK BURGEE, light-weight champion of the world; JEM MACE, echoes of whose name may have rippled round your desk at school; BILLY PLIMMER, bantam-weight champion of the world; JERRY DRISCOLL, champion of the navy; and FRANK CRAIG, the Coffee Cooler, for a while the middle-weight champion. These only a few. But if you feel inclined to do anything, I'll get you up a list, out of which you're sure to be suited."

Two men, ducking under ropes, presented themselves on platform. Stripped to the waist, with black tights, displaying legs all muscle. With them a comfortably stout gentleman in evening dress, who introduced them by name. He mentioned with pride that one of the twain will sign articles to-morrow for a fight with GEORGE DIXON. (Cheers). The two men in black tights, and nothing else, walked diligently round each other. Now and then they met in fierce fray.

Next to JERRY sat a mild-looking gentleman in evening clothes, who took an intelligent interest in the episodes.

"You watch," he said, to no one particular, "how BILL's straight left finds its way about SMITH's mug."

"Time" was called. The two men suddenly stopped, unlacing arms from about each others necks, temporarily looked in fond embrace. Retired to opposite corners of platform. Sat down on three-legged stools. To either came a man dressed in white calico, suggestive of confectioner out of work. Brought with him a towel. Holding it with either hand on a corner he waved it before the seated gladiator.

"What does he do that for?" JERRY asked.

"To drive away the flies," said PHIL.

JERRY thought that precaution was effectually taken whilst the two men were thumping each other. But these people knew their own business. "TOMMY ORANGE and JIM BROCK" were next announced; evidently old acquaintances.

"TOMMY's getting too old for this work," said a gentleman on other side of the mild-visaged man in white necktie.

"Yes," that authority remarked; "TOMMY's been trotting round for some years. Out of condition, too; carries quite a little tub. But I expect you wouldn't care to be standing up before him."

JERRY would have liked to ask why this veteran professional should carry a little tub. Probably stored cold tea or other light refreshment in it. JERRY could not see any sign of it; concluded TOMMY had left the tub outside.

"Mr. HORACE KING," said the Master of the Ceremonies, introducing the heavy-weight amateur champion of the '94 brand, "and FRANK CRAIG."

This nice distinction in the use and omission of the Mr. indicated the amateur and the professional. FRANK CRAIG is a gentleman of colour, known to a section of the civilised world as the Coffee Cooler. At cry of "Time!" he advanced from corner and walked round the amateur with springy step, his white teeth shining in ecstatic smile. However it may be with others, the Coffee Cooler is out to enjoy himself. His walk is a dance; his sparring rhythmical. JERRY

expected every moment to see him produce a banjo and hear him break forth in song from the far off plantation.

"Instead of which," as the mild-visaged gentleman said, "he got on with a right-handed punch in the jaw."

When the round was over, and the men retired to their respective corners, JERRY observed that whilst the cloth was brought into diligent use, waving about the face and chest of the amateur, no approaches were made in that direction towards the Coffee Cooler.

"Why is that?" asked JERRY, thirsting for information.

"Well," said PHIL, "you see, he's black. The flies don't show on him, so what's the use."

ALECK ROBERTS and PAT CONDON—"PATTY," the mild-visaged gentleman calls him, as if he were a singer—had a set-to. A patter of blows rang through the crowded arena, like a thunderstorm falling on forest leaves; "only more so," JERRY added. When it was over, both men shook hands affectionately, had the flies driven away, and walked off as if they had been merely conversing on the state of the weather.

Item: An eight-round fight between two soldiers, one a drummer in the Grenadier Guards, the other a corporal in the Hussars. Both splendid specimens of manhood. Naturally the drummer beat, the corporal being knocked out in third round. At this stage a touch of pathos was judiciously introduced on scene verging on the severe. The M.C. led on to the platform PEDLAR PALMER and BILLY PLIMMER, who were down for a round or so. But the PEDLAR, alack! had his ear enveloped with cotton wool, evidence of an accident in Scotland, while PLIMMER had put his shoulder out. The two were in morning dress, and looked very sheepish as



"The Coffee Cooler is out to enjoy himself."

the strange coincidence of misadventure was explained. It was disappointing; but the audience generously cheered, and, ducking their heads, the damaged athletes withdrew.

Spirits, temporarily depressed, were raised to highest pitch by appearance of those old favourites JEM SMITH and DICK BURGEE. A big, heavy man, JEM, in spite of a long life of hard work. DICK BURGEE in black tights, slim, puny in comparison with his opponent. What he lacked in weight he made up in skill and activity. Spun round like a grasshopper. JEM, as the mild-visaged gentleman truly remarked, was "usually there or thereabouts." But before he drew back after striking, DICK BURGEE, the pink of courtesy, was sure to have paid a return visit. "If Dick ever wants money, I'm behind him," said the mild-visaged gentleman with exceptional emphasis.

About this time, the hearts of the audience uplifted by this bit of science, the wily M.C. worked off another disappointment. PETER JACKSON, Champion of the World, was down to do something. But no one seemed to want a try with him. As he shuffled across the stage, amid loud applause, you could almost see the blushes mantling his coal-black countenance. So the Champion, who owns in the Coffee Cooler a brother, walked across the platform to show he was there if he were wanted. "Shall we have a round or two, PHIL," JERRY asked, as they walked out into the fresher air.

"I think not," said PHIL. "Your blood is dangerously up."

JERRY thought none the worse of his friend for this judicial remark, based upon keen observation.

ROUNABOUT READINGS.

A CANINE ENGAGEMENT.

THE other day my brown spaniel, *Rufus*, approached me and intimated in the usual manner that he wished to have a private conversation with me. I may mention, by the way, that I have now attached a Canine Cogitograph to every dog in my possession, and I have therefore no difficulty in discussing matters with them and in registering their thoughts. *Rufus's* manner of declaring his desire for conversation is peculiar. He raises himself on his hind legs, places his fore-paws on your knee, throws his head back and glares at you with eyes that almost bulge out of their sockets. He then scrapes at you with one of his fore-paws, wags his tail (it is a mere stump, I regret to say), and hurls himself forward until he has almost buried his head in your lap.

I IMMEDIATELY requested all the other dogs to retire from the room, and then addressed *Rufus*. "Well, *Rufus*, old man," I said, "what do you want?"

"I want to talk to you particularly about a little matter, which—about something I—the fact is, I scarcely know how to put it."

Here *Rufus* blushed. Of course you know how a dog blushes. He drops his eyes, then suddenly curls himself round and seizes his tail in his teeth, as if entirely absorbed in the pursuit of a legion of fleas. As I have said, *Rufus's* tail is short, and the effort of blushing is therefore a very severe one for him. I gently removed his head from his tail and encouraged him to proceed. "Nobody can hear us, my dear boy; pull yourself together, and tell me what is on your mind."

Hereupon *Rufus* sighed, looked round at the garden window to see whether the St. Bernards were about, metaphorically cleared his throat, and made this astounding declaration. "I am in love with *Nellie*, and have asked her to be my wife."

Now *Nellie* is a deerhound, a lady with a most aristocratic head and deep brown, expressive eyes. I had noticed for some time that *Rufus* had been particularly attentive to her. He had constituted himself her guardian, and had growled with more than ordinary fury when any of the other dogs had approached her. On one occasion she had abstracted from him a remarkably succulent cutlet-bone, and he had suffered the indignity without protest. All this I had noticed, but I confess that it had not prepared me for *Rufus's* avowal.

"My dear *Rufus*," I said, "this comes upon me rather suddenly. Is there not a slight disparity in size and general appearance between you and *Nellie*? Your legs, for instance—"

"Legs!" said *Rufus*, disdainfully. "Is a dog to consider his legs when his heart is involved? Besides," he continued, "*Nellie's* legs are quite long enough for both of us, and, after all, if *Nellie* has the longer legs, I have the keener nose, and that makes up for them."

"WELL," I said, "what did *Nellie* reply?"

"*Nellie* told me that she had no objection to me"—as he said this, *Rufus* hung his head in a most affected manner—"that, in fact, she rather liked me, and that she would consider herself engaged to me if her dear master didn't object. She didn't know where her mother was, and as for her father, she had never known him at all, so she was unable to refer me to either of her parents."

"But look here, *Rufus*," I put in, "how do you propose to live?"

"I have thought of that," he said. "There will be room enough for both of us to live quite comfortably in one of the kennels. I shall settle upon her my collar, my chain, and a considerable store of bones, which I have invested in a corner of the garden. Besides, I intend to give her a life interest in my tail."

WELL, to cut a long matter short, *Rufus* was so eager, so pressing, so energetic, that I was forced at last to yield to his request. I then called *Nellie* in, and communicated my decision to her, while *Rufus* retired under the table, and blushed with great vigour. *Nellie*, I am bound to say, showed no special enthusiasm in the matter, but accepted the situation with a placid dignity all her own. I then extracted *Rufus* from beneath the table, joined their paws together, and gave them my blessing. As it was now time for the morning walk, I called the other dogs, *Roy* and *Don*, the two youthful St. Bernards, and *Ben*, the retriever, and we all went out together.

IN some mysterious way the intelligence of an engagement between *Rufus* and *Nellie* must have been communicated to the others, for they all frisked round the happy pair and barked their congratulations. "Look here, you two," said *Ben* to the St. Bernards; "we had better get on ahead a bit and leave these two fools together. They are sure to have a lot of things to say to one another. I have



CHRISTMAS SCHOOL TREAT.

Athletic Curate. "Now, wait a bit there, wait a bit! You mustn't start yet. Now, are you ready?—are you ready? G—"

[*Recollects himself, and "rushes" grace.*]

been like that myself and know what it is." So the three capered on ahead leaving *Rufus* and *Nellie* at my heels. Their conversation was so interesting that I here transcribe it.

"Darling *Nellie*," said *Rufus*, in his most pathetic manner, "I love you awfully. I am sure I love you much more than you love me."

"Nonsense, *Rufus*, you only say these things to annoy me. I love you very, very much, really much more than you love me—there!" "Oh, but what can you see in me to make you love me at all? I am only a short, little, bandy-legged dog, and you are the most beautiful being in the world. No, I'm sure you don't love me more than this," and with that he pointed to the little extra claw on his left fore-paw.

"*Rufus*," said *Nellie*, with a certain amount of asperity; "if you go on like this I really shall have to bite you. You make me doubt whether you love me even a teeny weeny little bit."

"There, there, my own," said *Rufus*, "I didn't mean to vex you. But oh, shan't we be happy?"

At this moment there was a tremendous scurry amongst the three dogs who had gone on in front. They had seen a tabby cat at the distance of one hundred yards, and were off, helter skelter, in pursuit. The instinct of the chase asserted itself in the two lovers, and in a moment they, too, had joined in the racket. The cat, I am glad to say, escaped up a tree, but for the time all further love-making was suspended.

"THE MISSING LINK."—At a meeting of the Berlin Anthropological Society last week, Dr. DUBOIS, of Leyden, exhibited and lectured upon the fossil bones of what he contended had been an ape-man, found in Java. But Professor VIRCHOW argued that the skull and bones were not those of an ape-man but "of a large gibbon." Surely this was going one better than Dr. DUBOIS, who only asserted that the remains of the skeleton had once belonged to a mere ape-man. But to have been connected with a "Gibbon," was an honour of which any admirer of the *Decline and Fall*, including Mr. BOFFIN, might well be proud. These "Gibbon Bones" ought to be placed on the shelves of a public library next to "BOHN'S GIBBON."



NECESSITIES OF LIFE.

"YES, MY LADY. JAMES WENT THIS MORNING WITH THE HUNTERS, AND I'VE SENT ON THE HEAVY LUGGAGE WITH CHARLES. BUT I'VE GOT YOUR PENCIL-CASE, THE BICYCLE, YOUR LADYSHIP'S GOLF CLUBS AND HUNTING CROP AND BILLIARD CUE, THE LAWN TENNIS RACKET, THE BEZIQUE CARDS AND MARKERS, YOUR LADYSHIP'S BETTING BOOK AND RACING GLASSES AND SKATES AND WALKING-STICK—AND IF I'VE FORGOTTEN ANYTHING I CAN EASILY WIRE BACK FOR IT FROM THE FIRST STATION WE STOP AT."

SHE AGREED.

FOR hours they lingered down the glade
Beneath the leafy trees,
To take her hand he seemed afraid,
Much more her waist to squeeze.
"All flesh is grass," at length he sighed;
The maid replied "It's true,
As all must know who've sat beside
A youth so green as you."

CERTAIN AND APPROPRIATE ACCOMPANIMENT TO A CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME.—Waits.

A DOLL DRUM.—First-rate show of dolls at Albert Hall. That's Truth,—with a "High T" and refreshments for visitors. This hall is now the home of dolls at Christmas. "*Dol-ce Domum*." Or as a little girl said to her mother, "Doll see! Do mum-my!"

HONORIS CAUSA.—When Sir WALTER BESANT has completed his exhaustive *History of London*, of course the name of our Metropolis will be changed to Besantium, in honour of the author's labours in the East.

WINTER CHEER.

A Secular Christmas Carol.

["Winter Cheer," the name of a crimson Carnation.]

"CHRISTMAS comes but once a year,
And when it comes it brings good cheer.'
So runs the good old saying,
Drawn from the days men scarce remember,
When Britons danced in drear December
As lightly as when Maying.

The brave old folk! They loved their joke,
Nor, donkey-like, to Dullness' yoke,
Mere Issachars, went crouching.
They named their very flowers as though
They saw the sun above the snow,
Good hope and pluck avouching.

When "milk came frozen home in pail,"
They warmed their hearts with song and tale,
And cheered their souls with carol.
Cheeks reddened at the Christmas-rose,
Not like *our* pessimistic crows,
All "black as a tar-barrel."

They did not "pull a kite" and sniff,
Or cock a cynic nose, as if
All love and fun were folly.
They plucked bright flowers in Summer's
prime,
Yet knew to cheer white Christmas-time
With mistletoe and holly.

And why not we? Let Mirth and Glee,—
Not Tweedledum and Tweedledee
In everlasting shindy,—
Be our companions for the hour;
Though frosts may chill, or rains may show'r,
Or nights be wild and windy.

There's Winter cheer,—for those who look,—
In home, and child, and friend, and book,
Despite the dismal croakers.
Trouble returns, maybe, to-morrow,
To-day avant with brooding sorrow!
Hurrah for honest jokers!

To those who fret old griefs and whims on,
The old carnation flushed and crimson,
And named so patly, prettily,
Might teach a lesson good to learn,
When boards are piled, and Yule-logs burn,
And girlish eyes gleam jettily.

When Christmas comes it brings good cheer!
But there are regions dim and drear
Which never *know* his coming.
Where boards are bare and grates are void,
Whose very children ne'er enjoyed
The season's mirth and mumming.

What "Winter cheer" have such poor souls
In their foul slums and stuffy holes
Where sunrays are a rarity?
None, none!—unless the outcast band
Are succoured by the open hand
Of Christian Christmas Charity!

So *Punch*, whilst preaching pluck and mirth,
For generous goodwill on earth
An earnest prayer must mingle.
Since Christmas comes but once a year,
Let the poor share your Winter cheer!
A good old tag, though trite, yet clear,
To close his Christmas jingle!

THE PROPHECIC SAGE OF FLEET STREET.—At this particular moment *Mr. Punch* refers his readers, which means everybody, everywhere, to his cartoon for November 2, where to Master JOHNNY's question as to the meaning of "The Monroe Doctrine," Master JONATHAN answers, "Wa-al—guess it's that everything everywhere be-longs to *US*," Which "US" of course stands, as usual, for the United States. President CLEVELAND has pointedly illustrated the illustration.



A CHRISTMAS PUZZLE.

FATHER CHRISTMAS. "NOW, MY LITTLE MAN, WHERE'S YOUR STOCKING?"
POOR LITTLE WAIF. "PLEASE, SIR, I AIN'T GOT NE'ER A ONE!"

REQUEST OF AMOROUS ARGONAUT.

You always loved to be afloat
In skiff or in canoe,
Or any other sort of boat
With only room for two.
To feather you would not be taught,
Did not know stroke from bow,
And what a lot of crabs you caught!
I wish you caught them now.

Can you recall the dreadful shock
You caused when you would steer,
You meant to make for Molesey Lock
But went to Molesey Weir.
In agony you cried "Which string?"
Too late, as we upset.
I would that now to me you'd cling
As you did dripping wet.

On Boatrace Day you'd always don
The dark and azure blue,
So when the match was lost and won
You wore the victor's hue.
You asked, on Henley's classic stream,
What time the tide was low?
And why they didn't race by steam,
For rowing was so slow?

If living ninety years from hence
(I wish you no such fate),
You'll never know the difference
'Twixt four-oar and an eight;
But this perhaps you'll comprehend,
I've house-boat room to spare,
And single sculling I will end
If you will make a pair.

EFFECTS OF THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE
—NEWS FROM MADAME TISSAUD'S! (*By
Our Own Schoolboy.*)—All the figures are
awfully waxy.

A SCIENTIFIC PARADOX.—A druggist,
in the very act of using drugs, dispenses
with them.

CHARMING CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY SUBJECT.

FANCY PORTRAIT.



"THE NEW USHER OF THE BLACK ROD."

General Sir ROBERT BIDDULPH, G.C.B., has accepted
the post of Usher of the Black Rod.]

"HUSH! 'TIS THE BOGEY MAN!"

ALL BUT A JOKE.

THE following replies to a message seemingly emanating from President CLEVELAND, and apparently couched in the same terms as that referring to England, has been forwarded to 85, Fleet Street, presumably with a view to their being transmitted to America. *Mr. Punch*, however, prefers to retain them for his own columns. In the cause of peace the Sage of sages has suppressed the signatures.

(Post-mark, Paris.)

You tell the greatest nation of the earth that you are going to adjudicate, on your own responsibility, in a matter affecting exclusively that great nation's interests! You are insolent! You are absurd! You are American roast beef! No; a thousand times, no! Your folly is not magnificent, but it may cause the war!

(Post-mark, St. Petersburg.)

You are not of course serious! But if you are, I have the honour to inform you that I shall be glad to discuss the matter further with you when I have got you safely landed—in Siberia.

(Post-mark, Constantinople.)

Infidel dog! Take away your stationaries; you will want them to defend New York. All that is good about you is your doctrine of MUNROE PASHA! I shall adopt it in Turkey. But as for your pretensions, speak to me again when you are ready for war—in 1900!

(Post-mark, Berlin.)

Oh, goodness gracious! Oh, dear me! What, insult my army! and insult me! Oh, you degraded, insolent, pig-headed —(remainder of reply is *absolutely unfit for publication*).

At Christmas time every woeful tale ought to end with a tip.

"MARIA, THE BRUNETTE."

(Framework of a Christmas Story, Old Style, but Topically up to Date.)

THE three city men, while they waited, exchanged experiences. Their stories had been told before, but to a different audience. As it happened, when each had his biography related by an expert, the others had been away. But now they were together. They had not much leisure for recollections. Every moment they expected the attendant who was to "personally conduct" them on their tour. Not that they would be long with him; they were soon to part company. One was going after a week's delay to the south coast; another to the extreme west; another to the bracing air of a northern suburb of the metropolis.

They laughed as they recognised one another. They had met before, but with different surroundings.

"How shall we pass the time?" asked one.

"By following the precedent set by CHARLES DICKENS years ago, and telling one another stories," was the prompt response; "and I beg to move that our friend who has hitherto kept silence should lead the way. Gentlemen, attention for a yarn."

Thus encouraged, the third man commenced.

THE FIRST CITY MAN'S STORY.—*The Company Promoter.*

I had half-a-crown in my pocket, &c., &c. (for ten pages), and so, in spite of all my toil and trouble, the Wooden Nutmegs Company turned out a failure.

"Dear me!" observed City Man Number One, "you had distinctly hard luck. Well, I suppose we must consider it the fortune of war."

"Can you not tell us something about your own adventures?" said the original speaker. "Ah, I see you have no objection."

Thus invited, the man in the white hat commenced.

THE SECOND CITY MAN'S STORY.—*The African Explorer.*

I had not been happy at home, and was partial to a roving life. I had quarrelled with all my relatives; so, securing eighteen pence

in copper (my entire capital), I commenced my wanderings. I went to Africa, &c., &c. (for ten pages). Then when the official receiver issued his report I found that the Far Above Rubies Gold Mine had not been (to put it mildly) the safest of investments.

"We should think not," said the others with a smile. "We should think not."

Time was now running short. And consequently, in compliance with his promise, the last merchant commenced.

THE THIRD CITY MAN'S STORY.—*The Stock-Exchange Jobber.*

I had just fivepence. However, this carried me into the House. I was not ambitious. I took a broom, and used it. This gradually, &c., &c. (for ten pages), so the shares ran down like the mouse in "*Dickory Dock!*" The slump came, I went with it, and you see me where you find me.

At this point the personal conductor entered.

"Here, you three," he said roughly, "stir yourselves."

"Where are we going?"

"To Holloway, in the first instance." And without further fuss he pushed the convicts into Black Maria.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

A CAPITAL book of "nonsense" verses and pictures, quite the best thing of the kind since Mr. LEAR's illustrated rhymes, has been produced anonymously by "A Nobody," and "obligingly published" by GARDNER & Co. The Baron, at Christmas time, cannot do a better turn to young and old friends than by recommending them, one and all, to procure this book, which provides a store of lore for Christmas holidays. The Baron likewise advises them to add to their purchases *The Adventures of Two Dutch Dolls*, written by Miss BERTHA UPTON, and capitally illustrated by her sister, Miss FLORENCE. "*Doli sine ratione non possunt*,"—which, being translated, means that these 'Dolls (*Dols*) couldn't do what they do unless they had all their wits about 'em," quoth

THE LEARNED AND CHRISTMASSY BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.



ALL THE DIFFERENCE.

Shortsighted Sportsman (thrown out—having followed innocent-looking Youth down to corner of field). 'CONFOUND THE FELLOW! I THOUGHT HE WAS GOING TO OPEN A GATE!'

THE ROAST BEEF OF OLD ENGLAND.

(Some Seasonable Encore Stanzas dedicated by Mr. Punch to the Duke of Westminster.)

[THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER is reported to have presented HOGARTH'S celebrated and patriotic masterpiece, "Calais Gate; or, the Roast Beef of Old England," to the National Gallery.]

WHEN mighty Roast Beef was the Englishman's food,
They painted some pictures the world allows good.
Now the Duke makes a gift, in munificent mood,
Of HOGARTH'S "Roast Beef of Old England."
Sing Oh! this old English Roast Beef!

The Roast Beef HARRY FIELDING and LOVERIDGE praised,
Britons still have a love for, in days crank and crazed,
So Punch holds that a stove to our Duke should be raised,
Who gives Bull this "Roast Beef of Old England."
Sing Oh! the old English Roast Beef!

If ever a true English painter we had,
It was WILLIAM HOGARTH, free from freak and from fad;
So a true English Duke makes true English hearts glad
With this timely "Roast Beef of Old England."
Sing Ho! the Duke's English Roast Beef!

PLAYING ON THE BEACH.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—After selling my wife's trinkets to pay income-tax, judge of my astonishment on reading this:—

In replying to the toast of "Her Majesty's Ministers," the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER said he had only had a single representation asking for remission of taxation.

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER seems actually to be offended because only one individual has asked to have his money back! Just to undeceive him, I may say that a cheque for £1 5s. 4d. (the amount of my aforesaid income-tax) will be most welcome to

ATTHEL ASTGASP.

P.S.—I look upon the income-tax this year as a "Hicks Beach-em pill" which all have to swallow.

VAN WINKLE ON THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

(A Sequel to the Hundred Years' Sleep.)

RIP awoke after a slumber of a hundred years. He was too weary to talk, so he listened. There were two strange persons speaking with an accent that he recognised of Devonian origin. In their features, too, he recognised a trace of faces of Plymouth extraction. He thought that some more excursionists had come over from England to settle in the youngest of British colonies.

"I tell you what it is," said the first of the two men, "we cannot tolerate foreign interference."

"That is so," returned the other; "these Britishers must keep their distance. We are going to boss our own land, and that's a fact."

"You are about right. The great American Continent belongs to the great American People, and they claim their inheritance."

"I say," said RIP, sitting up and rubbing his eyes. "What are you talking about? And as I have been asleep for a long while, tell me first, how is King GEORGE?"

"We know nothing about kings," was the reply. "We are citizens of the United States, and we are not going to stand any foreign interference from Britishers."

"Foreign interference!" exclaimed RIP. "What are you talking about! Why, England was in America ages before your new-fangled Republic. And how about Canada, and the British possessions in the South?"

For RIP, although he had been asleep for a century, had managed to keep his dreams decently up to date.

"We know nothing about history," cried the citizens of the U.S.A. "All we feel is that we ain't going to brook any foreign interference."

"What rot!" returned RIP. "Because Nephew (not Uncle) SAM has declared himself independent of JOHN BULL, that does not give him a right to call all Transatlantic Britain his own. If JOHN were to turn nasty and turn you all out, what would you do then?"

"Well, I suppose we should have to go back home. After all, England isn't such a bad place to live in."

But RIP was dissatisfied with the situation in spite of this assurance. So he returned to his slumbers.



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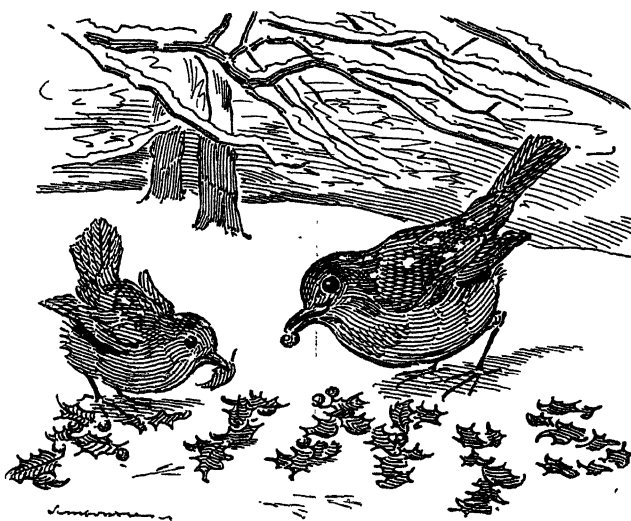
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